THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekl gazine
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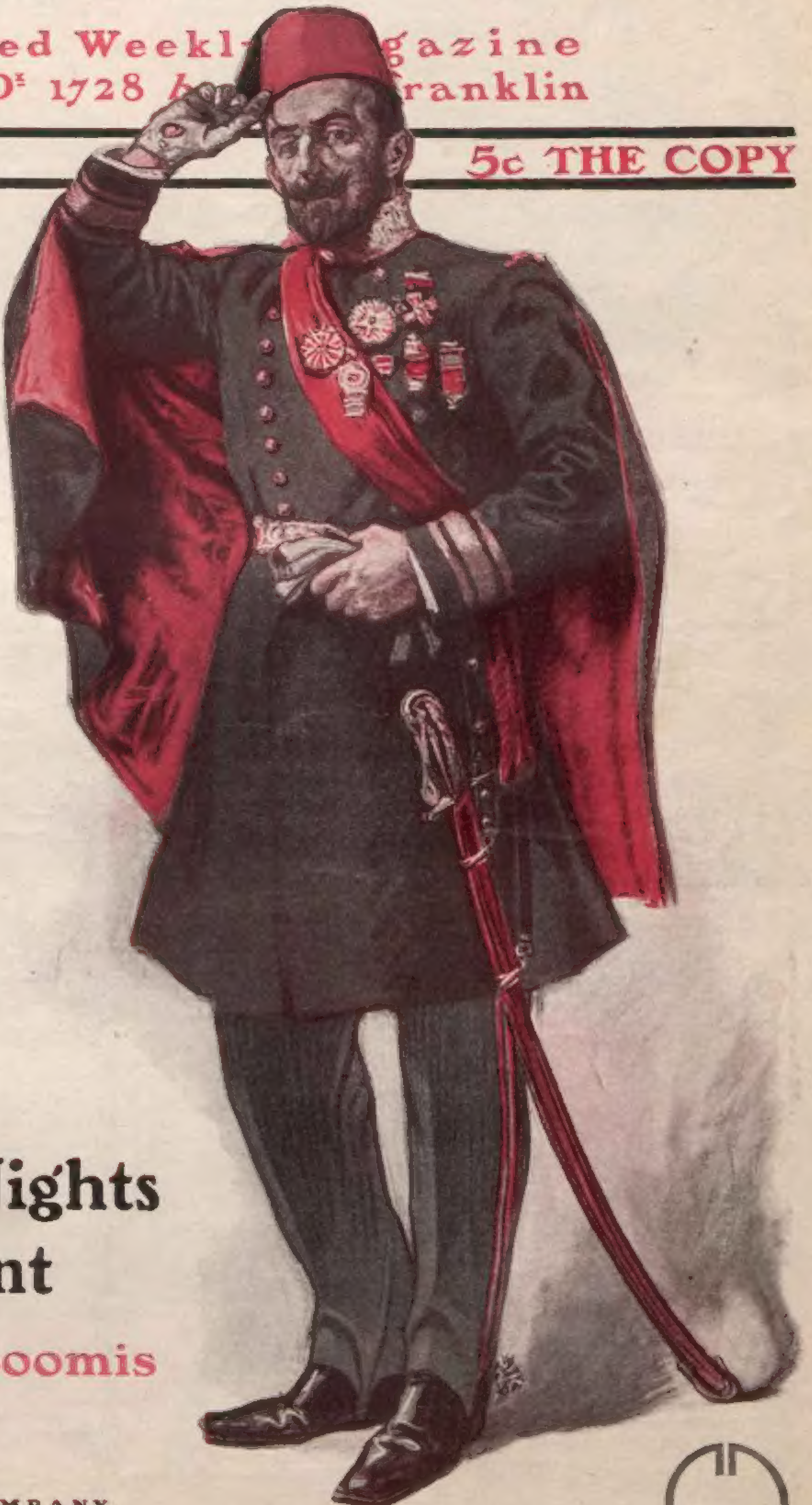
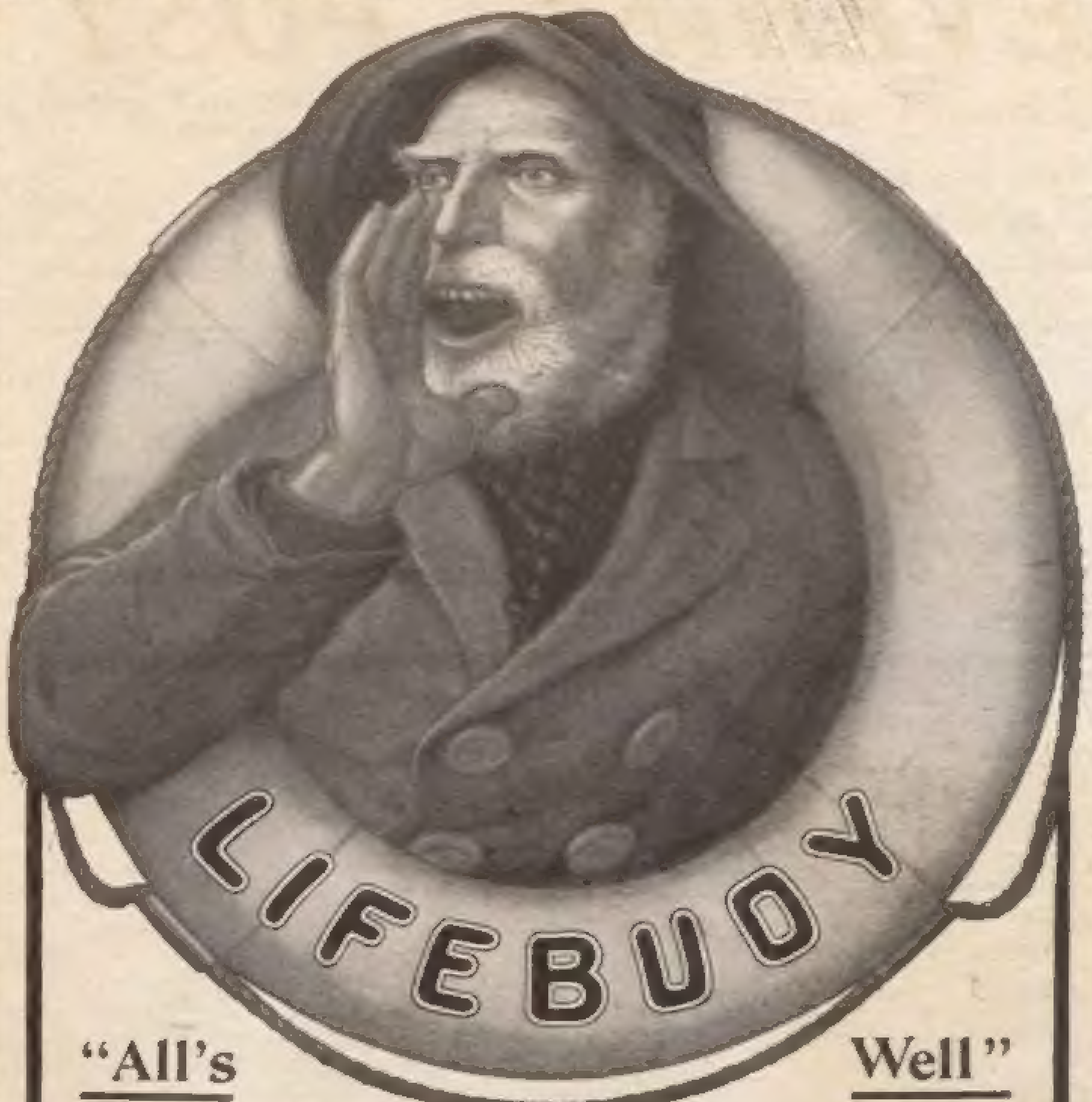


Recollections of M. de Blowitz:
THE SULTAN

The Bride at Heart's Desire
By Emerson Hough

The American Nights Entertainment
By Charles Battell Loomis

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
PHILADELPHIA



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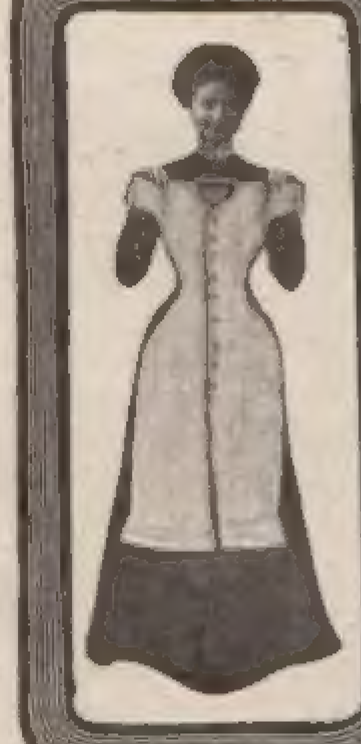

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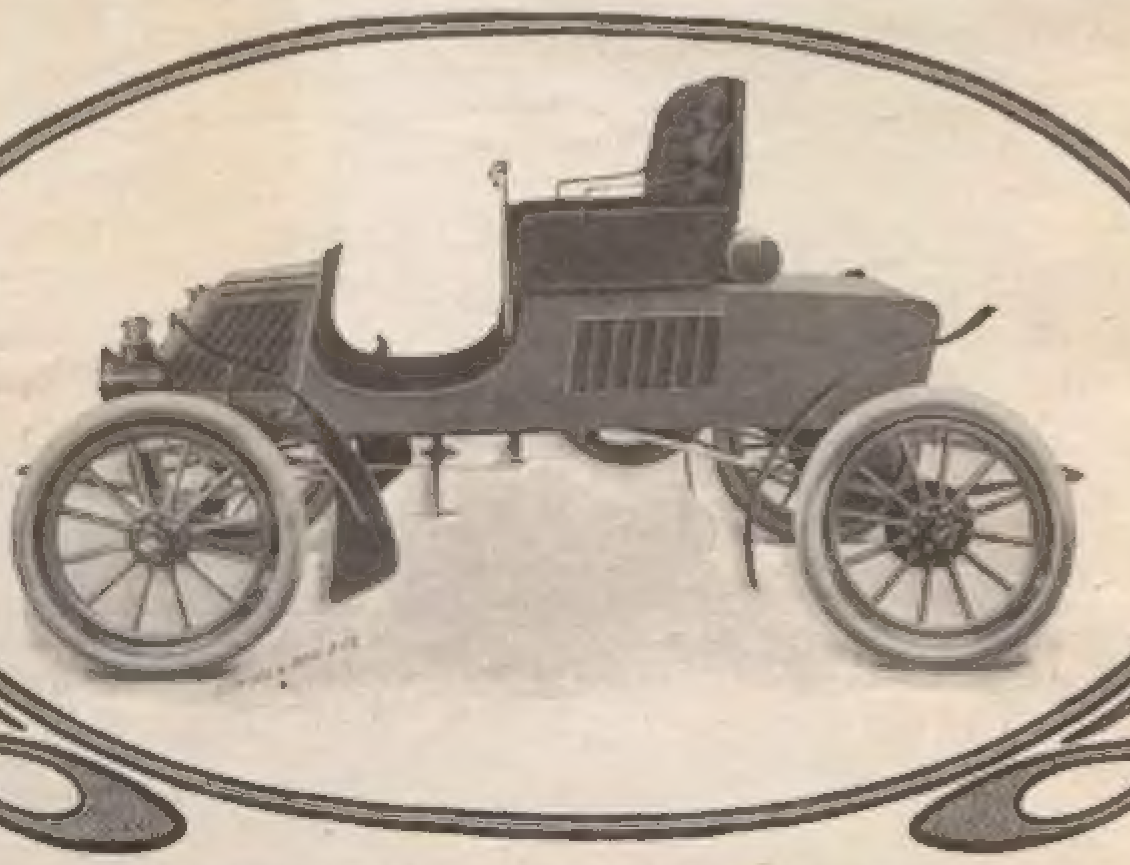

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Recollections of M. de Blowitz

My Interview with the Sultan Abdul-Hamid

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WHEN I left Paris, in 1883, for Constantinople, on the inauguration train of the Orient Express, Essad Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador in Paris, gave me two letters of introduction: one for Said Pasha, the Grand Vizier, the other for Munir Bey, the Master of Ceremonies.

I had not hidden from Essad Pasha my desire to avail myself of this visit to Constantinople for approaching the Sultan, and, although the letters of introduction he gave me were, according to diplomatic custom, sealed up, I am sure they mentioned my wish and suggested that I should be helped to carry it out.

On arriving at Constantinople a good friend of mine, who lives in that city, called upon me. He knew every one and everything there, and I told him that I had come with some friends who were leaving in four days, that I wanted first to see Constantinople with them, and that I intended waiting until they had gone before using my letters of introduction, as I was staying a week longer than they were. My friend advised me to deliver the letters at once and he undertook to see that they reached their destination.

Two days later, on Thursday, we were told that it was the eve of the Courbam-Bairam, and that the fêtes would commence on Friday and last until Monday evening.

This was a great disappointment to me. I understood that I should not be able to meet any members of the official world until after the fêtes, on the following Tuesday. As I was to leave on the Saturday following this only left me four days to settle the complicated question of an audience with the Sultan. During the three days I had been in Constantinople I had seen a great many people and had talked about a great many things, and I had begun to understand that this was no easy matter. The Sultan had never granted a private audience to any one in my position, and the persons on whom I was relying for asking the Sultan to receive me would more likely prevent my obtaining an interview than otherwise.

Missak Effendi, the first secretary of the Ottoman Embassy in Paris, a delightful man, a clever diplomatist, always pleasant and amiable, as well as a good linguist and an excellent functionary, had traveled with us. He told me that I ought not to leave Constantinople without seeing the Sultan, and he had mentioned the matter to Said Pasha and to Munir Bey. With his usual courtesy he had told Munir Bey not to forget to remind the Sultan who I was, and in what capacity I was there, so that he might weigh his words and not lose sight of the fact that what he said to me would not escape publicity. To any one who knows Constantinople and the Palace it will be very evident that after this recommendation, of which I knew nothing until just before my departure, there was no chance whatever of attaining the end I had in view through official influence. Neither Munir Bey, Said Pasha, nor any of those whose responsibility is publicly acknowledged, would have cared to risk the consequences of an audience accorded to me by the Sultan. Abdul-Hamid was too attentive and too enlightened not to take into account the Press, and particularly the independent Press of Europe, and not to keep himself well posted about the various correspondences published in Europe. Now, as it happened, some of the correspondents of certain newspapers in Constantinople, by their free and independent criticism of Turkey and of the Ministers, and the deeds of the Sultan himself, had roused the susceptibilities of His Majesty, who still had a lively remembrance of some of these articles.

Who would be responsible if in my turn I should add to the Sultan's bitter impressions, and who could ask these high officials, whom a glance from their lord and master could annihilate, to accept the consequences of such an interview and to bear the responsibility of having brought it about and of having asked the Sovereign to grant it?

ABDUL-HAMID, SULTAN OF TURKEY

As my brief sojourn furnished timorous officials with a justification of their fears it was quite probable and almost certain that I should not see the Chief of Believers before leaving his capital. A fresh circumstance added to the complication of the question.

The Friday after the Bairam I went to Thérapia to call on Lord Dufferin.

The English diplomat thought as I did, when I told him that I had left two letters of introduction from Essad Pasha—that the time was too limited for me to count on an audience.

He assured me that Mr. Forster had obtained an audience, but that it had been postponed twice, and that as he could not remain any longer he had left without waiting for the day appointed the third time.

I thought, naturally, that if so important a personage as Mr. Forster had been kept waiting like this I might as well give up all idea of succeeding. I asked Lord Dufferin, nevertheless, if he would not be kind enough to second me in my attempt. With his usual perspicacity and knowledge of all that concerns Oriental men and things, he saw immediately that we should have to avoid taking any direct, official step in the matter, as this would only create a fresh obstacle. He told me that he would write a private letter to Munir Bey, merely informing him that I was among the passengers of the Orient Express, and suggesting that, perhaps, His Majesty might like to be informed of the fact. He did this that same day. I happened to know, too, that Munir Bey was always pleased to receive information of this kind through an Ambassador, because in this way he was obliged to convey it to his Chief without incurring the responsibility of having taken the initiative. The Sultan was, therefore, apprised on Saturday that I was in Constantinople, and when communicating to him the note from Lord Dufferin those who presented it added that, having now discharged their duty, they had only to await the decision of the Sovereign. Under these conditions, during the next two days a profound silence was maintained with regard to me. The amusing side of the affair was that two parties were formed round the Sultan on my account, in spite of the unimportance of my personality. Some had proceeded officially, almost compulsorily, and when once their official request had been made they had remained quiet, rather glad, on the whole, of the silence which was maintained with regard to me. Others, anxious, on the contrary, that I should see the Sultan and, in their enthusiasm for him, convinced that this interview could only leave an excellent impression on my mind, were most impatient as the hours slipped by and the hour of my departure approached. They could do nothing to break this silence themselves, nor to get it broken by others, prevented as they were by the note sent by an Ambassador and by the official intervention of those whose functions authorized them to intervene. Things went on in this way until Tuesday evening.

In three days' time I was to leave Constantinople.

On Tuesday evening I received from Said Pasha the following letter:

> *Sir:* I had the pleasure of receiving the letter from His Excellency, Essad Pasha, which you were kind enough to forward to me, and also the letter in which you ask for an interview. I regret that on account of my numerous occupations I could not reply earlier. I will let you know the day and hour when I shall be able to see you. Accept the assurance of my perfect consideration.
>
> SAID.

As I was to leave on Saturday this letter was equivalent to a refusal, and I heard the very next day that, on account of Abdul-Hamid's silence about the communication made by Lord Dufferin in his note, Said Pasha deemed it prudent not to receive me, which fact was very evident from his letter.

Thereupon I hastened the preparations for my departure and that very evening went to keep an appointment, which had been arranged for me, with the Sheik Abul-Huda el-Rifai, the Grand Caziasker of Anatolia, in order to complete, at any rate, my interviews with the men of note of the capital.

My conversation with this eminent man lasted until very late into the night, and I have heard since that the next morning he wrote to inform the Sultan about it.

The following day one of my friends came to tell me that he had just received the visit of a person who frequented the Palace who had told him that every one there wanted me to see the Sultan, but that no one dared introduce the subject for fear an official demand for an audience should exist, as that would prevent any other steps being taken.

I understood, then, the tact and finesse with which Lord Dufferin had acted, and I was able to declare that no official demand for an audience existed.

My friend appeared to be delighted.

That same day I had a visit from Waiss Bey, the Turkish Consul-General in Venice, a very distinguished Orientalist, thoroughly devoted to the Sultan and connected with the Palace. He is an active, intelligent man, very anxious to show up Turkey, of which he is an ardent defender, in its best light.

He appeared to know what was going on. We talked for a long time and I heard later that, on leaving me, he wrote a long letter, which the Sultan would see, in which he pleaded warmly in favor of the audience. All these movements, all these applications, and one might even say all these struggles, were going on without my suspecting them in the least. As my visit was to come to an end in a couple of days I considered my cause lost. In spite of this, the next day, Thursday, I heard that Philippe Effendi, the editor of the Vakhit, the special journal of the Sultan, a man who is very devoted to

His Majesty, and who is broad-minded and a protégé of Osman Bey, the first chamberlain, had said that I ought not to be allowed to leave without seeing the Sovereign. I knew, too, that Reschid Bey, the Sultan's chief secretary, a very highly educated young man, in whom his master has every confidence, and who looks at things in an unprejudiced way, was among those who were inclined toward the audience. Mr. Guaracino, too, an Englishman, who had been in Constantinople almost all his life, and who used to be a member of the English Consulate, a very active and intelligent man, who was liked by the Mussulmans and a great favorite everywhere, was particularly interested in the success of my enterprise. As I have said, all this agitation was going on around me and the greatest precautions were taken that I should not have any idea of it, yet I understood that all these poeple had not abandoned the cause, and had not given up all hope of conquering the resistance opposed to them. I felt that I was breathing in an atmosphere which, even for Constantinople, was full of exceptional mystery. The Turks, who usually converse in a low voice, spoke still lower in my presence, and uttered Turkish monosyllables, almost in a whisper, as they glanced at me. I went about like an actor in a conspiracy on the stage, knowing that whatever happened, whether failure or success, the result would not be fatal to any one.

On Thursday, in the afternoon, Waiss Bey came to tell me that it would be well for me to go the next day, Friday, to the Sélamlik which would take place at the Médidjeh Mosque near Dolma-Bagchi.

"But," I said, "I went to the Bairam last Friday and I saw the ceremony and the Sultan; there will be nothing fresh to see to-morrow."

"No matter, it's better to go; there's no knowing. It sometimes happens that the Sultan notices foreigners and asks to see them. Besides, you will see him again, and the ceremony is interesting."

"Very well," I said. "At what time must I be there?"

"At midday."

He had just gone away when I received a message to the effect that Khair-eddin Pasha would receive me the following day at Nichanne-Tache, at half-past nine in the morning. Soon after, one of my friends called to tell me that Said Pasha would see me at Nichanne-Tache at six o'clock, Turkish time.

"What time will that be?" I asked.

My friend began to calculate and then replied half-past eleven.

I reflected that if I went at half-past nine to see Khair-eddin, and at half-past eleven to the Said's, I should never be at the Sélamlik at noon. But as Said Pasha had given me Turkish time it was quite allowable for me to make a mistake of an hour in my calculations, and so arrive at half-past ten to see him. If he received me then I should have time to go to the Sélamlik, and if he did not receive me I could apologize and leave a few lines for him, explaining that it was impossible for me to wait.

In the evening I went to a dinner given in my honor at the club. I asked Mr. Guaracino whether a seat at table had been purposely left vacant, and he told me that Philippe Effendi was to have been there, "but," he added, lowering his voice, "he must have gone to the Palace to see whether there is anything fresh." I finished the evening at the house of Mr. Smythe, a very pleasant sort of man, a director of the Ottoman Bank. I was able to admire, at his house, some charming specimens of the English colony, and I then returned at rather a late hour to the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Early next morning Waiss Bey and Mr. Guaracino came to tell me that they would wait for me, between half-past eleven and twelve, on the Dolma-Bagchi road, to take me to the guard-house which faces the Médidjeh Mosque, where I could see the Sultan quite close. I went to Khair-eddin's at half-past nine, and left him at half-past ten to go to Said Pasha's, who lives just opposite.

I had done well to go an hour earlier, for Said Pasha received me at once. When I took leave of him, although the hands of my watch pointed to a quarter to twelve, I feared that I should miss the Sélamlik.

THE MOSQUE OF SOLIMAN, CONSTANTINOPLE

THE SULTAN ON A VISIT TO THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTANA VALIDE AT ORTA KANI

I had scarcely departed from the house when I met Mr. Guaracino, who had brought a horse and who had come at full speed to tell me that it was late. We found Waiss Bey stamping about impatiently, and we went along at full gallop toward Dolma-Bagchi, when we were told that the Sélamlik was to take place at Bechik-Tache, and not at the Médidjeh Mosque. There every one was waiting in a state of hesitation, for it was expected that the ceremony would have taken place at the Médidjeh Mosque, and although the troops were drawn up, the officers present, and instructions had been given to the softas, yet at the last moment a counter-order might arrive, and the Sultan, with that persistent care not to appear in a locality that has been indicated beforehand, might change the meeting-place. In cases of this kind nothing can give an idea of the rapidity with which this official change of quarters is effected. The troops, the officials of the procession, the horses and carriages, and the assembled crowd disappear in the twinkling of an eye and go quickly to the mosque indicated, without any surprise or displeasure, as though it were the most natural thing; the guard-house looks just as usual, and, five minutes later, a stranger passing by would never imagine that only a few minutes before a crowd had been waiting there, soldiers had been drawn up in line, carriages with the horses unharnessed amidst all the ceremonials of an absolute government whose chief designs to be saluted once a week. But when we saw that sand was being thrown on the ground where the Sultan was to pass we understood that it was certainly here that the ceremony would take place. The Turkish finances are not in a state that allows of sand being wasted.

A few minutes later an aide-de-camp, on horseback, galloped up, announcing that His Majesty was about to leave the Palace and come to the Mosque of Bechik-Tache.

I was then advised to mount on the highest of the steps leading to the guard-house, so that I might be above the crowd and see the Sultan.

My companions, however, looked greatly distressed. At Bechik-Tache the mosque is some distance from the guard-house. It is beyond the little triangular square, just opposite the door, through which the Sultan enters. I was in the midst of all the foreigners who had rushed to see the ceremony, and if I should manage to see the Sultan how could I have the slightest chance of being seen by him! If, just then, I had suggested to my two companions that we should go away they would have been delighted, so convinced were they that we were merely wasting our time, and that I should simply witness the failure of their plans. As these thoughts were crossing my mind a tall, strongly-built man, dressed in a gray suit of European cut, holding a soft hat in his hand, crossed the square which the troops were guarding. He had a full face and dark complexion and a black, stiff mustache. He was quite out of breath as he approached us, and he murmured a few words to the officer in command of the guard-house and then made a sign to us to follow him.

"It's Philippe Effendi," said Mr. Guaracino; "he has an *iradé* for us to have good places."

We went through the guard-house, turned down a small corridor to the right, and came into a drawing-room which was very clean, and furnished with armchairs, and a wide sofa occupying the whole length of the two windows, which looked out on the square and the mosque. Evidently this word *iradé* was of the same derivation as "irradiation." From the moment it had been pronounced in my favor I felt that luminous effluvia were irradiating around me. As we entered, the officers with their gold lace, who were seated, rose, looked at me with respectful curiosity, and invited me to take a seat on the sofa. As soon as I was seated a soldier brought me coffee and another one cigarettes: I had become the Sultan's guest.

Suddenly a great noise was heard in the street. The Sultan was approaching. Philippe Effendi said a few words to Mr. Guaracino, who opened the lower part of one of the windows, told me to get up on the sofa, and then invited me to sit down on the white marble of the window.

Every one drew back a little, and at the same moment, in obedience to an order given outside, a clear space was made in front of the window in which I was seated.

I was thus completely isolated, both from the outside and the interior, against the somewhat dark background of the room with the sun full on me, showing me up in the foreground of the picture. I was seated sideways, my legs hanging over the sofa, my body leaning forward and my head out of the window.

I understood that I was posing for the Sultan.

"It is to be hoped," I said, in real terror, to Mr. Guaracino, "that there is no photographer here with his apparatus, just facing us. My pose would certainly not be to my advantage."

The cheering of the troops could be heard as the Sultan appeared in a close carriage with the windows shut. I did not see him very well. I knew he would look toward me; he could scarcely do otherwise as I had been placed in such a conspicuous position, and I bowed with all the respect due to the Sovereign of the country. The carriage stopped, Abdul-Hamid entered the mosque after turning round toward the crowd, and, the *muezzin* having appeared on the gallery, we understood that prayers had commenced within.

I at once left my uncomfortable seat and entered the room again, but I had only been inside a few minutes when Philippe Effendi suddenly rushed out.

"What's the matter?" I asked Mr. Guaracino.

"Another *iradé*," he answered.

"Where?"

"There, the gentleman wearing a fez, who is just crossing the road."

He was right, for the *iradé*, in the red fez, was talking to Philippe Effendi. The latter soon returned and said:

"An order for us to be ready to go up to Yildiz Kiosque after the Sélamlik."

Things were advancing very slowly, but still they were advancing. My pose at the window had not caused the Sultan to change his plans.

At this moment Mavroyeni Pasha, a clever and witty Greek, who was private physician to the Padischah, came in. We talked together for a few minutes.

"I am sorry you have not seen the Sultan," he said; "you would have acquired for yourself proof of the stupid untruths that are told about him. You would have seen for yourself how sound his mind is, how just he is and how healthy, too. People say that he has scrofula and is subject to fainting fits. It is infamous. I have never known him ill, and I am the most expensive luxury that he allows himself."

On looking round I noticed that Philippe Effendi had disappeared.

"Where has he gone?" I asked Waiss Bey.

"There's another *iradé* on your account."

Philippe Effendi came back again.

"Strict orders have been issued to take you to Yildiz Kiosque. When there a chamberlain will tell us what is to be done," he said.

My companions were radiant. Evidently one of those mysterious battles had been waged round the Sultan with regard to me, one of those battles the secret of which is guarded by the walls of the Palace, and about which conquerors and conquered are equally silent. I was gradually penetrating it, and if I am able to tell all the details now it is because, in the first place, I was able to observe everything for myself and also because victory makes the conquerors more readily inclined to be communicative. Very soon the fourth and last *iradé* arrived and I knew from the faces of my friends that victory was nearly certain.

"An order to go to the Marshals' room and to wait there."

We were now in the stronghold, or rather we were just about to enter.

"But who gives these orders, one after the other?" I asked.

"The Sultan communicates them to a chamberlain who transmits them to officers on duty outside."

"Well, then, the Sultan is not at prayer?"

THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE

"No, that is one of the thousand European errors. The mosque is not a place entirely consecrated to prayer. People can pray everywhere, since Allah is everywhere. The mosque is principally a meeting-place; all things can be discussed there and they are discussed. It often happens, too, like to-day," and they pointed to some servants who were carrying some trays, "that the Sultan invites those who are with him to take some refreshments. It is well to remember that the Sélamlik was only instituted by the reigning family. Formerly the Sultan always remained invisible, and he might be assassinated in his palace and a successor substituted for him without the people having any idea of it. It was, therefore, decided that, cost what it might, he should show himself at least once a week to his people. It once happened that a Sultan, who was dangerously ill, was nevertheless carried to the Sélamlik and he died on his return to the Palace."

Just at this moment military orders were heard, the music struck up, the horses began to paw the ground, people rushed to the windows, and Abdul-Hamid, leaving the mosque, took his seat in a victoria, with Osman Bey at his side and two of his aides-de-camp opposite, and started. We left the guard-house; our carriages were waiting for us, and we drove to the Palace by the new road.

As we reached the gate of Yildis Kiosque a soldier acting as sentinel advanced toward us. Philippe Effendi leaned forward and murmured the word *iradé*. The soldier stepped back respectfully, and by a path which starts from the gate and turns to the right a hundred yards farther along we reached a low door and entered Yildiz Kiosque. Philippe Effendi left us for an instant in order to ask Osman Bey, the first chamberlain, to have us conducted to the Marshals' room. As soon as he entered it a *cavédji* brought us some coffee and cigarettes. We were invited to sit down and asked to wait.

Ten minutes later a chamberlain appeared at the door, bowed and asked me to follow him. We passed through two drawing-rooms, then along a large gallery divided by a red screen, and another drawing-room covered with fine matting, and the chamberlain who walked in front of me made a sign for me to wait there. I thought that this chamberlain was taking me to one of the Sultan's aides-de-camp, who would tell me when I could see his master, for so far neither Philippe Effendi, nor Waiss Bey, nor Mr. Guaracino, either because they did not know, or because, with that stubborn discretion peculiar to Oriental diplomacy, they did not want to compromise themselves, could or would tell me which day would be fixed for my audience with the Sultan.

THE YILDIZ PALACE (AT THE LEFT), AND THE HAMID MOSQUE (AT THE RIGHT) WHERE THE SULTAN WORSHIPS

After a few minutes the chamberlain who was conducting me stopped in front of an open door, beckoned to me to approach, and I must confess that I was taken aback, on advancing, to find myself face to face with Abdul-Hamid, who was standing up in front of me. The Sultan was wearing the insignia of a Marshal of his army and the uniform of his Life Guards. His trousers were blue with a double band of red, and were held by straps over his patent-leather boots finished with rowels. On his straight coat he wore the military medal which had been presented to him by his army, his cloak was lined with red and finished with plain large buttons of reddish gold, and on his head was a red fez. His large sword, in its sheath of red velvet relieved with embossed gold, to the hilt of which were attached a cord and gilded tassels, dragged slightly on the ground.

Abdul-Hamid advanced to meet me and held out his hand. He was wearing gloves of soft white kid such as are adopted by European officers when on service. He invited me to sit on an armchair and he sat down himself on a sofa covered with red damask with large blue flowers. He leaned back against a cushion and signed to a chamberlain who was standing in a doorway. This chamberlain was Raghib Bey, and the Sultan ordered him to take the armchair next mine.

To my left, between the armchair on which I was seated and the sofa where the Sultan was, there was a small wooden table, gilded and with a slab of malachite, upon which were placed an onyx match-box, a small oval ash-tray, also of onyx, and a cigarette-case of chased silver.

Raghib Bey was to serve as interpreter. The presence of an interpreter certainly does prevent the conversation being carried on rapidly, but this inconvenience is largely compensated by numerous advantages. In the first place, when one is in the presence of a personage like the Sultan it is more easy to express one's ideas to an interpreter, who will transmit them, than to the personage in question. Then, too, while he is replying one can study his face without being preoccupied, because one does not understand what he is saying and one can also be preparing the conversation which is to follow.

During my interview I noticed these three advantages, and, to begin with, I was able to study Abdul-Hamid at my ease.

He was rather above the average height, slight and almost thin; he had a brown skin, warm and dry looking; his beard was black, well groomed and rather short and thick. His mouth was energetic but sad; his nose, a regular Turkish nose, large, long and bony, with a slight deflection of the upper part of the nostril. His eyes were black, rather large, resolute, thoughtful, penetrating but not gentle looking; they were deep set in the orbit, and when the light fell on one side of his face leaving the other side in the shade, his eyes appeared to be remarkably deep-sunk. His forehead was wide and straight, of medium height and slightly furrowed. The black hair which was visible on his temples, between the fez and the beard, was short and almost close shaven. Abdul-Hamid was then forty-one years of age, but he looked more, particularly as he had lost an upper tooth on the left side near the middle. He spoke in a louder voice than his subjects, his language was sonorous, his words distinct, and his phrases lengthened out and terminated without any hesitation.

I expected to have Munir Bey for interpreter, as he is the usual interpreter in such cases, but it was explained to me later that it would have been imposing upon Munir Bey an extraordinary task to have made him act as interpreter for an interview which he had by no means facilitated.

"I am very glad," I said, bowing, as the Sultan signed for me to commence the conversation, "not to leave Turkey without being admitted to Your Majesty's presence, for, from all that I have seen and heard here, I believe that I am in accordance with the absolute truth in proclaiming that in Your Majesty is centred the great hope of this country, and the most certain remedy possible for all the many evils from which it is suffering."

"I am very pleased to see you," he answered, "and I thank you for having wished to judge this country for yourself, for in Europe and even in America every one slanders it systematically, without taking the trouble to examine it closely. I am greatly encouraged in my desire to remedy the evils of this country by the fine qualities of its subjects and also by the great resources of the land. Those who maintain that Turkey is incurable slander us deliberately and as though on purpose. What is required are ameliorations in our finances, in our laws and in our administration. People are wrong in representing me as opposed to liberty. I know that a country must keep up with the times, but the excess of a liberty to which one is unaccustomed is as dangerous as the absence of all liberty.

"A country to which one gives liberty which the people do not know how to use is like a man to whom one gives a gun, the handling of which he does not understand. He kills his father, mother and brothers, and then finishes by killing himself. We must, therefore, prepare the country for this liberty, and that is what I am trying to do. I have opened schools and these are being multiplied. Education, in its various developments, is the best means of preparing people for liberty. I have also organized an administrative school, which has given very good results; its pupils now occupy posts in our administrations; Raghib Bey, here present, is one of them. You see that the idea of making men capable of aspiring to liberty, and of knowing how to use it, does not alarm me. Then, too, not one of our ills is incurable, and we have within us forces and qualities which will facilitate a complete cure. We have not many friends, but our country must be very fine since so many envy it, and their policy consists in discrediting us in order to make an easy prey of us."

After a minute's silence he asked:

"Were you at the Berlin Congress?"

"Yes, Your Majesty, and if the Sultan will allow me to say so, Turkey, on that occasion, made one of her greatest mistakes. When she ought to have been represented by one of her most important and most imposing personages she was represented by men who no doubt were very devoted and well intentioned, but who had no authority, who trembled before Prince Bismarck and upon whom he could impose silence by a mere glance. I do not know why this mistake was made, but in Berlin every one was struck by it, and it was generally thought that the Turkish Government had sent plenipotentiaries of foreign origin so that the eventual consequences of the Berlin Treaty should not fall upon the Mussulmans."

"Yes, you are right; I have greatly regretted what you wisely call a mistake, and I still regret it. I understood it when I saw that Greeks had been admitted to the Congress who had no right to be there, and when I saw that, in presence of their admission, my plenipotentiaries did not protest and leave the meeting. It is when nations have been conquered that it is their duty not to cheapen their pride. But we were in a painful situation, the enemy was at our gates, and we did not reckon much on the equity of Europe, for our friends there were not numerous. There were very few men who cared to go to Berlin to affront the decisions of this Congress, and to give their signatures to the treaty of spoliation which we foresaw. Sacrifices were imposed upon me then from which I am still suffering. Do you imagine that Bulgaria and Thessaly are any happier at present than they were before their separation? But no matter; this explains the mistake we made; it does not excuse it."

"Your Majesty said that you did not count much on the equity of Europe; but neither England nor France have abandoned the defense of Turkey, and Your Majesty cannot reproach them with that."

"Yes, I have never reckoned them among my enemies. We have always sought their friendship, and in spite of all that has been done we have never failed to recognize the necessity of it. Unfortunately, of late, clouds have arisen between us; but I hope that these clouds, and particularly the two chief sombre points, will be dissipated by a friendly understanding."

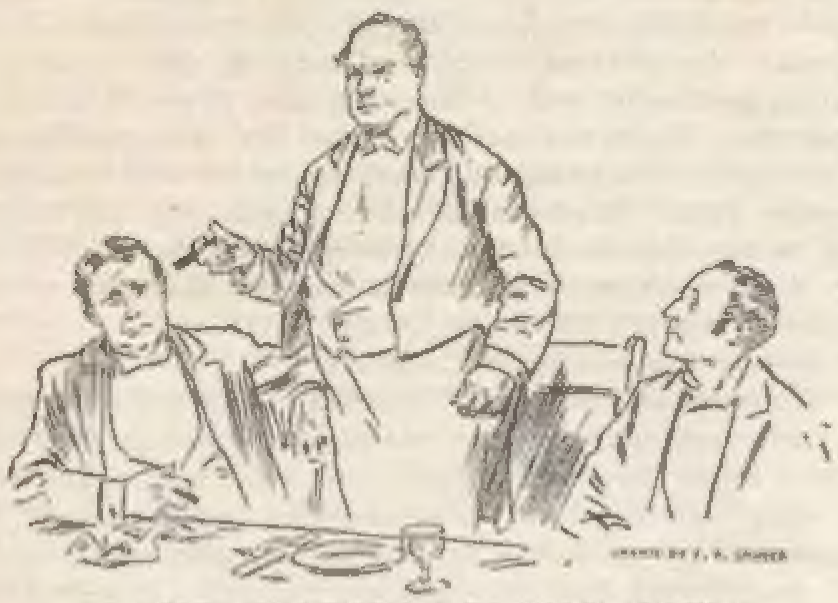
"Your Majesty is alluding to Egypt and to Tunis?"

"Yes. I saw with satisfaction that quite recently the English Government seemed disposed to evacuate. Do you think that England will soon decide to carry this into effect?"

"I think, Sire, that in England they are contemplating political evacuation; but, although every one is convinced that England neither proposes annexation nor an indefinite occupation, one must take into consideration the political situation of that country. There is in England a force which it is difficult to appreciate elsewhere, and which is called public opinion. When England saw herself obliged to go alone to Egypt it was necessary to stimulate this force in order to make it consent to a costly and dangerous expedition, and at present it will be necessary to allow the English Cabinet, which depends on the public opinion of the country, sufficient time to influence it and to make it admit that the occasion has come for evacuating Egypt. Beside this, with the exception of these two points, Egypt and Tunis, France and England can have no reservation at present with regard to Turkey, and if Turkey, like all nations which are suffering, had not become more distrustful than in her better days, she would understand promptly that she can, from henceforth, trust herself without reserve to the friendship of these two nations."

(*Continued on Page 20*)

THE LIGHTER SIDE



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TALK ABOUT"

Little Comedies of Mr. Cleveland's Second Cabinet

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

CLEVELAND, following his second inauguration, called about him certain forceful personalities. And save in the one attribute of honesty, no two of them, had they been set side by side, would have agreed in any least detail. Gresham, border-born, raised in the forests, living in a day and region where the great thing was the man, stood distinctively a natural partisan of the people. He was for the rights of men rather than the rights of money; he would override property, and do an injustice even, in favor of an interest of perishing flesh and blood. Olney on his side was Gresham's precise opposite, though clear and limpidly honest as a mountain stream, and as much as Gresham himself a very steam-engine for indomitable force. Olney had emanation in the conservative, property-owning, property-loving East. As a lawyer he was reared at the knees of corporations. They were the result of two opposing schools, were Gresham and Olney, and as far apart as the poles; and each was honest from his viewpoint.

"There are different kinds of honesty," said Morrison, once chief of the Ways and Means, and House leader when Carlisle was Speaker. "Sam Randall was honest; McKinley is honest; and, when the last is said, I reckon I'm honest. But there's this difference to be remarked. If I were to die a lot of rich men wouldn't contribute a fortune and make Mrs. Morrison rich; if I were to fall into financial distress a lot of rich men wouldn't come about to help me out. And for this reason: my sort of honesty never did that sort of fellow a splinter's worth of good."

Morton, the Stormy Petrel of the Cabinet

MORTON, of the Cabinet, was a wide shot from either Gresham or Olney; while of an equally aggressive integrity, Morton liked war; he was a born petrel and never happy outside the heart of a tornado. When he prepared his first annual report — addressed to the President, of course — the introductory paragraph carried an earnest suggestion that the Department of Agriculture be abolished, and gave the reasons. Morton said the Department was in its argument illogical and unjust. No rights existed in favor of farmers that were not as cogently alive for bricklayers or tailors or preachers. If the world at large were sure of the public propriety of an Agricultural Department, then he, Morton, was sure that Departments of Masonry, of Tailoring, of Divinity, and many more should at once be instituted.

Morton was looking for contention when he framed that report. However, the conservative Cleveland was not; and while he laughed over the pugnacious ingenuity of Morton's reasoning, he pointed out to that vigorous Secretary how, after all, they had been called to power to administer the various Departments, not to wipe them from the earth, and at his request Morton struck out the opening and destructive chorus of his report before it was given to the general ear.

Morton believed in contention for contention's stormy sake. Peace was the only failure, war ever a success, in Morton's eyes. And, because of his innate mood for strife Morton had backed into every conviction he possessed. Bent for conflict, he must be the opposite of an environment. Being among free-soil folk, he had been for slavery in the old day; coming from a silver region (Nebraska), he was a fierce champion of gold; finding protectionists all about him, he was for beating tariff to the flat levels of free trade; hemmed in at home by a solid wall of Republicans, he was a Democrat whom Jefferson would have applauded and Jackson taken by the hand. And yet, for all his spirit of a berserk, he was one of the kindliest, noblest, tenderest of men.

Carlisle, in the Treasury, was not a militant soul. Still, in sort, he had the military instinct. He regarded politics as war and looked on a party as an army. The President was commander-in-chief; there abode no latitude of discretion, no right of argument in a subordinate. An order from headquarters must not be criticised, subtracted from, nor gone about; it must be executed to the letter — executed with blind eyes. This was excellent as a code for Carlisle, since he lacked powerful initiative to originate, and to lay out a course. Mentally he was strong like a horse, but like a horse he was incapable of harnessing himself to a load. Some one must be there to hook the traces as well as to hold the reins for the hauling. Thus directed and seconded Carlisle would move a proposition of government that weighed tons.

How Gresham Held the Gate of Greatness

YOUR Cabinet man has officially two rooms; one is the reception-room, the other that special lair into which he may retire and bolt the door against mankind. When the second Cleveland Administration took hold I, on the first day, was driven to make a visit to Smith, of the Interior Department. There were full five hundred people standing in the reception-room; they were so packed that the much-mentioned sardine in its oft-quoted box was suffering solitary confinement by comparison. Smith was in the second room, and into his cautious presence one by one the callers were conducted. Each remained from ten to twenty minutes. It would take a month to receive the folk ahead of me.

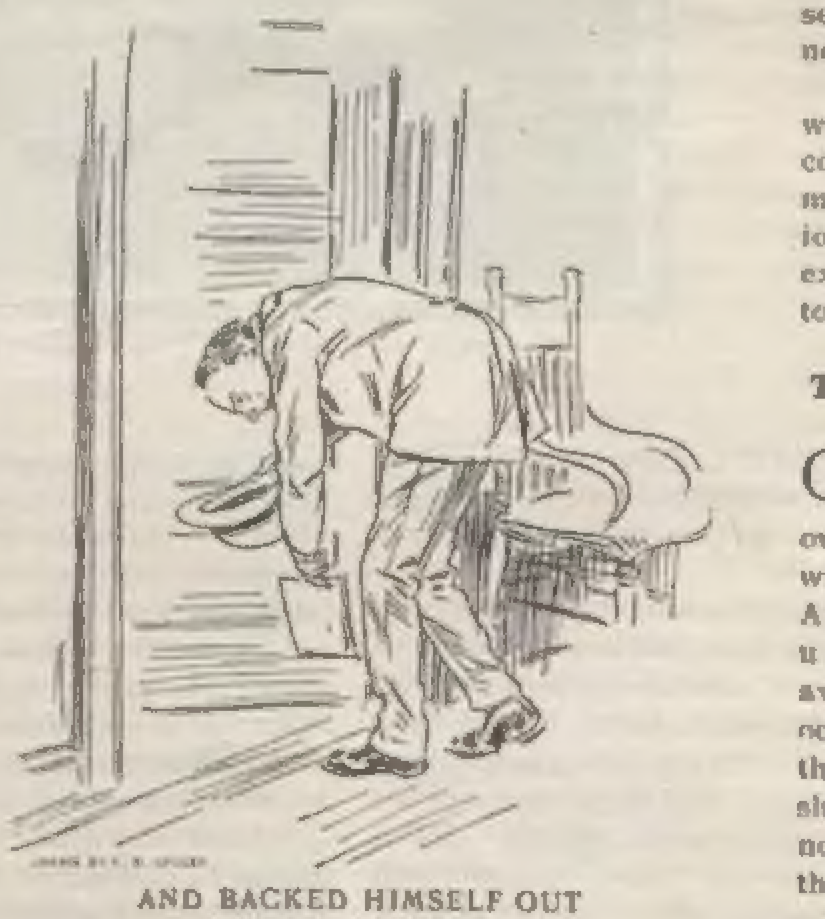
As I could not wait a month I went away. Since my business of the day pointed also to Gresham, I wended to the Department of State. My hope was low; it stood to reason that twice as many folk would be crowding Gresham's portals as I'd found about Smith's.

To my amazement, I encountered no throng at all. All the doors were swinging wide. Gresham, tall, grizzled, straight as a pine tree, smiling like a day in June, was standing in the outer office talking with several gentlemen. There was no sign of an interposing "messenger"; no flunky of place was there to cross-examine you and ferret forth your mission at this gate of Greatness; none indeed to molest you or make you afraid. As I walked into the unguarded room Gresham turned:

"What is it?" he asked.

When my business was accomplished I called attention to his loneliness compared with Smith's crowded house. Gresham beamed.

"They've been here," he said; "thousands. But they've got through and gone away. My system is better than Smith's. He locks himself up and lets in one at a time. Now, a man whom you've kept waiting half an hour feels as though he were entitled to a half-hour of your time. They have Smith alone, and he can't get rid of them. Now I stand in the middle of the room and let in everybody. While one man is talking a dozen others are glaring at him like impatient wolves. He hurries to a close; he cuts his business short; he gets through. The feature of my method is that one caller puts another caller out. That's why I can see two hundred people while Smith sees two. My folks go away better satisfied at that, since, whether for success or failure, at least they've seen me and talked with me."



AND BACKED HIMSELF OUT WITH A RED FACE

Gresham was in manner and habit as democratic as an Indian. Withal, he owned a dignity. No one was ever known to slap Gresham on the back and call him "Walt." One would have been as likely to slap a mountain on the back and call it "Walt." He was forbearing and yielding with underlings or ones no match for him in power, or men helpless. But when Harrison was President he would fight him to the bitter last; also he would tear a Wabash receivership to tatters while all the railroad influences of the country were not strong enough to hold his hands.

His Encounter with the Flying Wedge of Journalism

GRESHAM'S good humor and tolerant kindliness would gain proof in this fashion. His secretary was as unusual in his kind as Gresham himself, and lived on the most easy, old-shoe terms with his illustrious principal. There was a newspaper young man — one of your gushing, rushing personalities that, fresh from football fields, carries the flying wedge into journalism. Gresham's secretary took no joy of this headlong scribe who, with little tact and less appreciation for the proprieties, would come down upon one at moments most inopportune like a pan of milk from a top shelf.

This breezy youth of news burst into Gresham's outer office on one occasion.

"How are you, Landis?" cried the breezy one. "Where's the Judge?" meaning Gresham.

"In the other room," growled Landis without looking up.

The breezy one flung wide the intervening door and entered the diplomatic room. As the door clanged behind him Landis grinned in sour victory.

The next moment the breezy young man reopened the door and backed himself out with a red face, bowing and mumbling the while profuse apologies. When the door was again safely closed he turned on Landis with an eye of grief.

"Why, the Secretary is holding a conference with the English and Chinese Ambassadors!" he gasped.

"I knew that," retorted Landis, still with the old growl. "They're trying to fix up the Chinese treaty; but I supposed, of course, Gresham would stop to see you."

The breezy young man crept away, something bowed of spirit. Twenty minutes later, when the aliens had departed, Gresham came out. He smiled on Landis in a paternal way.

"You were playing some trick on that young man," said Gresham in tones of amused reproach.

"He's too gay," returned Landis complacently, "and is guilty of the crime of overconfidence. I thought it might do him good to let him fall into a coal-hole or two; it will teach him caution."

"Still," returned Gresham mildly, "you have hurt his feelings. Being under thirty yourself you should have some tenderness for the youth of others."

"Tenderness!" snorted Landis with deep contempt. "Well, if I conducted my negotiations with mankind in the widespread fashion of that citizen, I should expect nothing more tender than to be tenderly killed."

The Judge's Wabash Diplomacy

GRESHAM could be stiff enough with gentry of his own weight. He conceived a wrath against the British Ambassador — the speciously urbane Sir Julian. Gresham averred that the Briton on one occasion deceived him. After that he took no chances; there should come no second deceit; nor did he in his methods spare the vanity of the English.

"Put that in writing," was Gresham's cold suggestion the moment the Englishman approached him with any proposal of state.

Sir Julian would shrug his diplomatic shoulders while his diplomatic brows worked up and down. But Sir Julian was driven none the less each time to "Put that in writing." It was a specimen of what Landis called "The Judge's Wabash diplomacy."

Landis was of the humorists. One afternoon he came to Gresham with a letter in his hand.

"It's from my father," said Landis. "He records a curious accident. He tells how with a scraper and his best team — Morgan horses they were, and worth five hundred dollars — he was filling up a quagmire at the back of our farm. The first time he drove through the place to dump the scraper the team bogged and sunk as though in a quicksand. He couldn't get them out; they were smothered in the mire; all he saved was the scraper."

"That's too bad," observed Gresham sympathetically.

"Of course it's too bad," repeated Landis. "But at the same time, doesn't it strongly remind you, Judge, of the State Department — this filling up a five-cent mudhole with a five-hundred-dollar team? It's on a par with our experiences over the seal-killing question."

The Encouragement of a Modest Secretary

JUST before Hoke Smith was inducted into his Department of the Interior he had a plate at a great dinner. Smith was six feet five inches tall, wide as a door, and modest to the point where blushes take the place of conversation.

Frank Hatton, editor of the Washington Post, was chairman for that dinner, and when the Commons, then and there seated about the tables, clamored for a speech from Smith, Hatton earnestly seconded the demand. Smith hung back; he was fair forced upon his feet; there he stood, red and wordless. At last he managed to say:

"I don't know what to talk about."

Hatton, at one time a member of Arthur's Cabinet, thought to encourage the troubled Smith. He would give him a start.

"Thmith," lisped Hatton, "tell uth what you'll do when you're the Thecretary of the Interior. I've been through the mill, and can give you an idea, if that will help you along. You'll find when you're thafe in your theat that an eighteen-hundred-dollar clerk will do the bithness and Cleveland will do the retht. Wherefore, Thmith, there exithts no reathon why you thouldn't thpeak your mind freely here to-night."

Why Carlisle Didn't Resign

THOUGH there lived some spunks and sparks of truth in what the excellent Hatton said, his statements were far too broad. Few White House folk have interfered less with what went on in the Departments of Government under them than Cleveland. Now and then he would have his way; a notable occasion being when he compelled the silver Carlisle to turn his coat for gold in the beginning of his term. Vest, Cockrell, Blackburn and others of Carlisle's friends in the Senate could not believe their eyes when Carlisle-for-gold stood forth in print. They had prophesied deeply the other way. Now, when they knew their error, bitter were their sighs. It was silver's death-wound, that Treasury pronunciamento of 1893; it was the beginning of the silver end, and wise Senate men of silver such as Vest and Cockrell knew it. Hence their deep-drawn lamentations. Also their idol, Carlisle, was shattered; he had gone down; Cleveland had broken him to pieces.

"Why doesn't Carlisle resign?" said Vest, wrathfully discussing the ignoble phenomenon of Carlisle-for-gold with a knot of friends. "Why doesn't he resign his portfolio?"

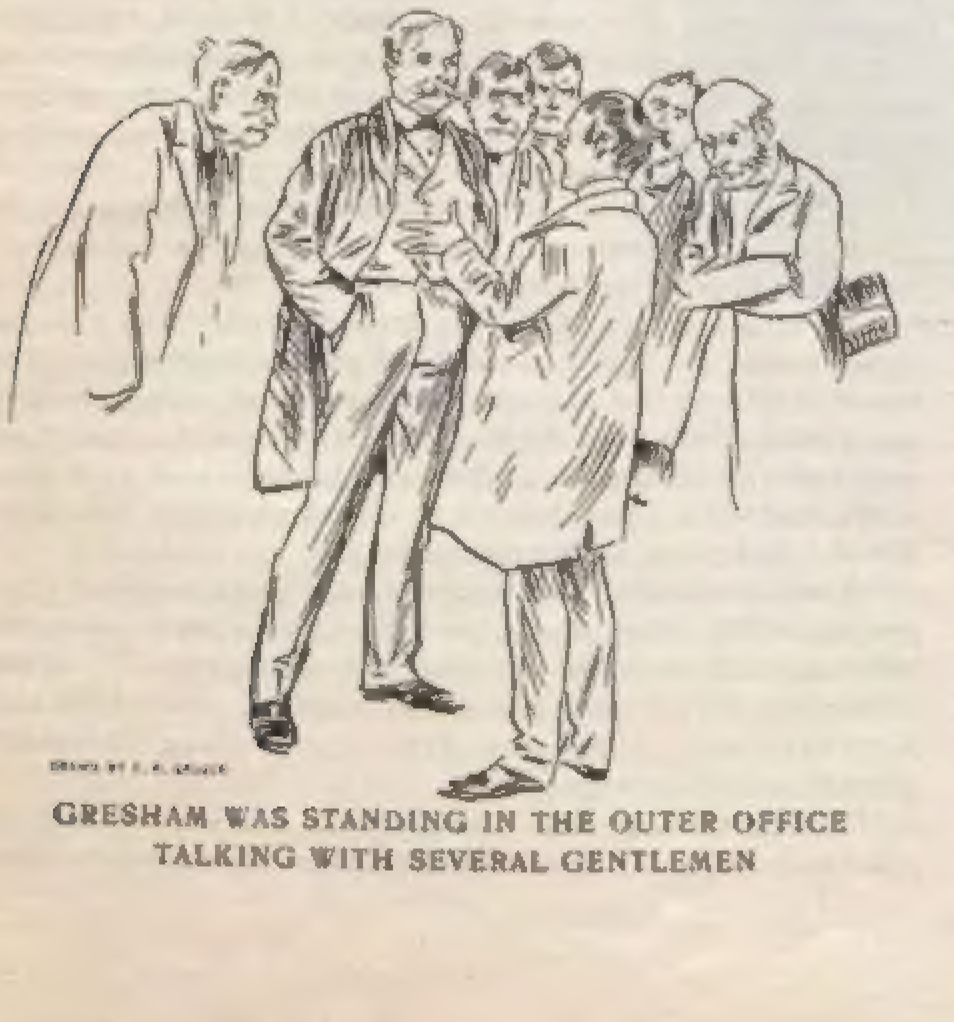
"You forget one thing," said Morrison, smiling. "What could Carlisle resign to? Lindsey's got his Senate seat."

The Friend of the Newspaper Defined

THE stubborn Morton, of the Department of Agriculture, was by training a newspaper man. Long ago, in Wilbur Story's day, and when the Chicago Times was a power and the Government used to arrest its publisher for treason, Morton wrote editorials for that imprint. Perchance it was thus he cultivated that profound taste for combat. Morton had the true Wilbur Story notion of how a paper should be conducted. Said the ill-used Sir Peter Teazle: "Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better." That was the Wilbur Story thought; that, too, was Morton's.

Long ago the latter set forth the cardinals of proper newspaper control, as he understood them, in an after-dinner speech. He was called upon to respond to the toast, "The Friend of the Newspaper," a sentiment supposed at that time to conceal within itself a compliment for the guest of honor at the dinner, and who may be supposed to have been a gentleman having charge of the public advertising for the city of Chicago. Morton went to his point with a clear directness.

"I am called on," said he, "to speak to the toast, 'The Friend of the Newspaper.' What is the friend of a newspaper? The friend of a newspaper is a man who wants you to leave out something you ought to put in, or to put in something you ought to leave out. Friendship to a newspaper is a disaster to a newspaper; friendship gets between the newspaper's feet, trips it, and over it goes on its nose. To succeed with a newspaper it is only required that you interest folk; you do that even more thoroughly when you kick a man into the gutter than when you help him out. My own thought is that, for the best interests of his paper, your wise publisher will list his enemies as an asset and his friends as a liability."

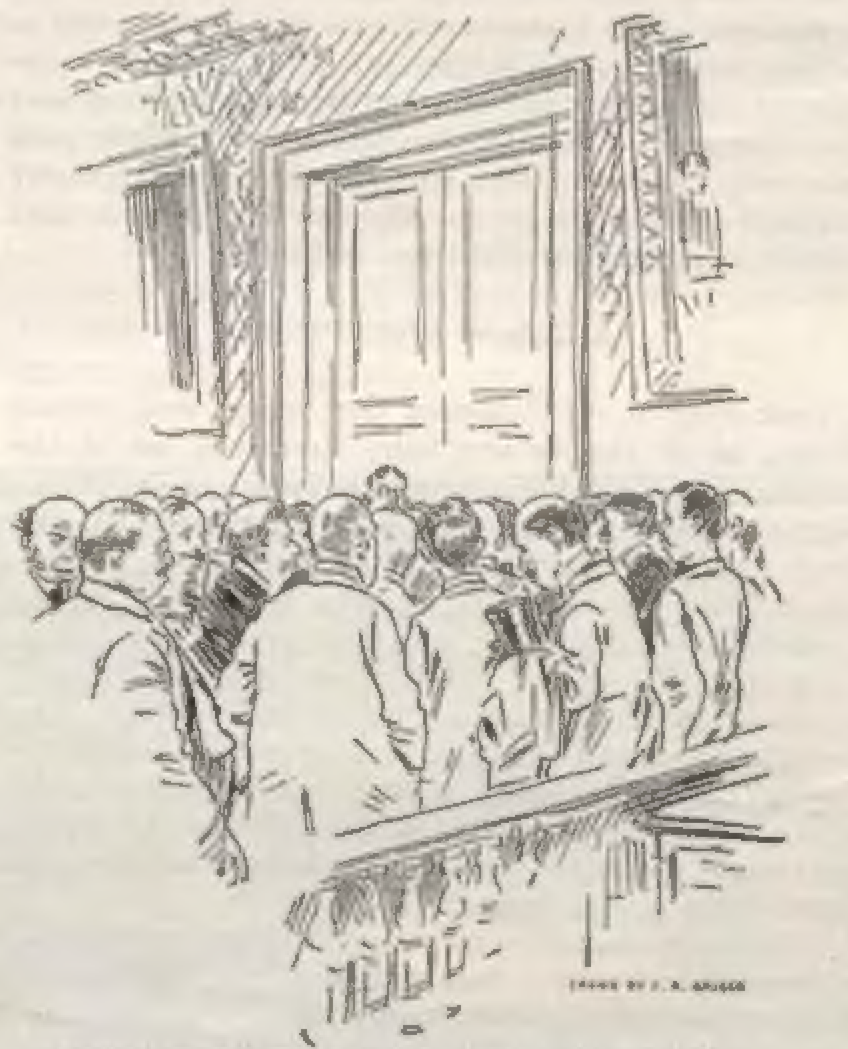


GRESHAM WAS STANDING IN THE OUTER OFFICE TALKING WITH SEVERAL GENTLEMEN

The Frills and Flounces of the State Department

BOTH Gresham and Morton were gifted with a mighty deal of what folk call common-sense. They hated frills and flounces, and had scant patience with the mysterious high assumptions of office as though a Phœnix were to be presently hatched. They came from peoples and regions where men eat dinner at noon; where diplomacy is direct and proceeds by that axiom, "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." And they were impatient of pretense. Speaking of the State Department and its demands, Gresham on one occasion remarked:

"Men are dazzled by the size of a stake. They think because billions are at bay in a controversy the principle involved must be as abstruse as a secret of the tides. As a matter of fact, every country justice of the peace grapples continually with questions quite as difficult as any one will meet in the Department of State. The dispute over our Alaskan boundary involves nothing more desperate than a common case of trespass would present, while our wrangle concerning the Canadians killing seals does not propose so many nor such tangled law riddles as might be flung at one in any replevin suit for a pig."

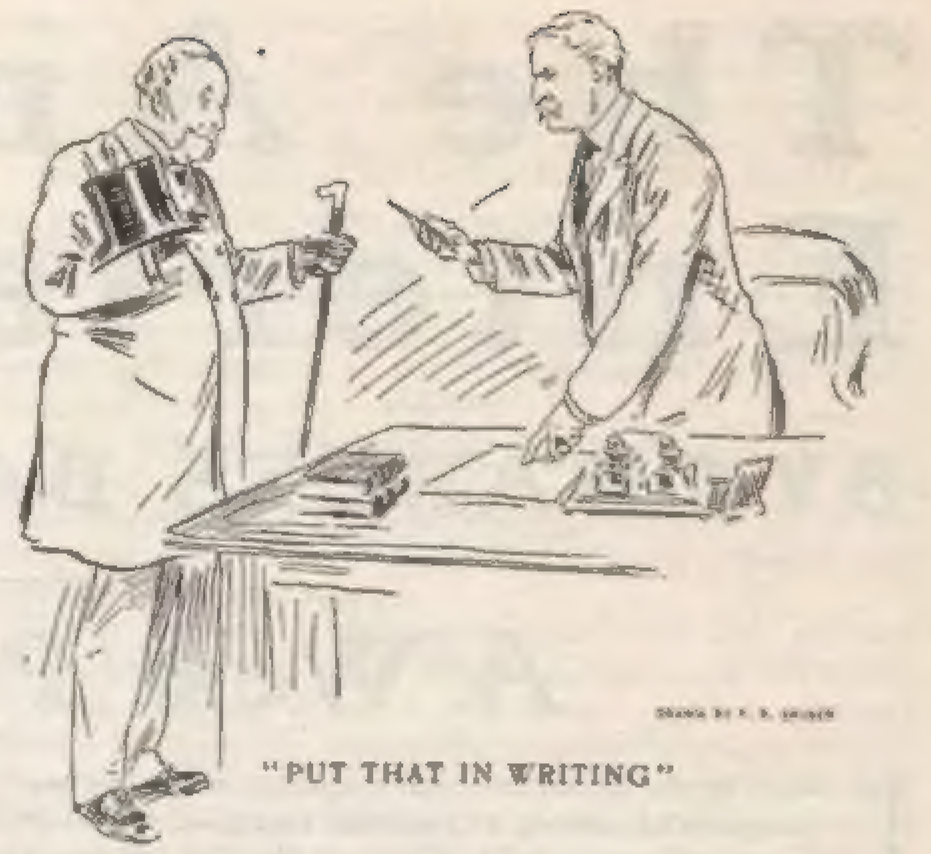


THERE WERE FULL FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE STANDING IN THE RECEPTION-ROOM

Morton's Twenty-Thousand-Dollar Bug

MORTON added to this attitude of commonplace which distinguished Gresham a bent to be ironical. He looked on his department as a humbug practiced upon the people—it was root and trunk and branch an imposition.

"Ever been in that little house east of the main building?" he would ask. "That's my bug house; you ought to go in there. I've got a twenty-thousand-dollar bug hived up in that house. Common-looking bug at that; you'd hardly think he was worth the money. You see, he's a new sort of bug. My scientists heard of him, and at once organised an expedition. He was said to be hiding in the Rocky Mountains. It was last summer, when my predecessor, Jerry Rusk, held this post. My scientists burst into the Rockies and took the trail of this bug. They pressed him hotly; they chased him to a point northward of the Yukon River, in Alaska. Then he doubled on them; he was running into the winter, and so were my scientists. Naturally they headed for the South, for neither the bug nor my scientists are such fools as one might think. The hunt swept along until the bug again eluded my scientists somewhere in the more tangled central regions of the Isthmus of Panama. My scientists were in despair. They were to succeed at last, however; a scientist always succeeds. Just as they were packing up to come home they got word that their bug had been heard of in the District of Columbia. You see he had surrendered; finding escape impossible, that bug had come on to Washington of his own accord, and sent in word that he was ready to take the oath of allegiance or anything else we might prescribe. On the heels of the news my scientists came trooping into camp and captured the bug somewhere out toward the Soldiers' Home. The expenses of that bug hunt were over twenty thousand dollars. But we got the bug; so what more could a taxpayer ask?"



"PUT THAT IN WRITING"

The Incident of the Backward Weather Breeder

MORTON was ferocious with his "scientists," as he called them. The chief of his weather bureau came in one afternoon. He laid a typewritten report of two thousand five hundred words on Morton's desk.

"Mr. Secretary, I can tell you in a few words what that is," said the weather maker briskly. Morton looked coldly on him. "The man at our observatory in Baker City, Oregon, has not reported the weather for four days. I set forth the fact in this report. Also, I make the recommendation that our Mr. Smith, at San Francisco, be instructed to proceed to Baker City at an expense not to exceed three hundred dollars, investigate the silence of our Baker City man, and report."

"Yes," drawled Morton with an ineffable contempt dominant in his tones. "Well, we'll send our Mr. Smith, at San Francisco, at an expense not to exceed three hundred dollars when ordinary means have failed. What's this Baker City fellow's name?"

"John Drake." The weather maker was much crestfallen.

Morton wrote the following wire to "John Drake, Baker City, Oregon: Why have not you reported the weather during the past four days?" Within the half-hour he received the return message: "Because the wires were down in the mountains. Fixed this morning."

"There!" said Morton. "Of course that's not the scientific way to do this. It costs seventy-five cents, instead of three hundred dollars, for one thing; besides, it saves time, which is as unscientific as saving money."

Cleveland would now and then take a gentleman at his word in a way calculated to both embarrass and surprise. Particularly was he prone to do this when he thought the attitude of the other one not generously loyal to himself.

When Bissell was Taken at His Word

"THERE'S no use talking," said Bissell to Cleveland on a certain Cabinet occasion, "I shall have to resign. My law business is going to pieces; all my old clients are trooping over to Lynd. Stetson. I can't afford this thing."

Bissell had no immediate thought of resigning. Cleveland, when Bissell recounted his lost law business and the luck of the industrious Stetson, said nothing whether of sympathy or of acquiescence in Bissell's thoughts of a resignation.

Within a week Jules Guthridge, a friend of Bissell, and the correspondent in Washington of a Buffalo paper, came into the Postmaster-General's room.

"Sorry you are going to quit us, General," said Guthridge. "Still, I thought I'd call 'round and give you a chance to say something gentlemanly and nice in the Buffalo papers about your successor, Wilson. If you will, too, you might tell your reasons for resigning. Business, I suppose?"

While the genial Guthridge was getting off this statement Bissell sat glaring with round, astonished eyes. At last he said:

"Guthridge, come over to my house after dinner, say at 7:30 o'clock, and I'll have an interview for you."

"You got your information straight," sighed Bissell when Guthridge and he were walking downtown after dinner. Then he told Guthridge of that casual speech to the President of a few days before. "I did not, however," continued Bissell, "expect to be taken up so short. But I've been to the White House since I saw you, and that is the way it stands. My resignation goes in to-morrow, and Wilson, of West Virginia, will be named in my place.

"Still, you may imagine, Guthridge," concluded Bissell, "how you took my breath away this afternoon when I tell you that your questions and what you stated were my earliest news that I was no longer a Cabineteer."

The American Nights Entertainment

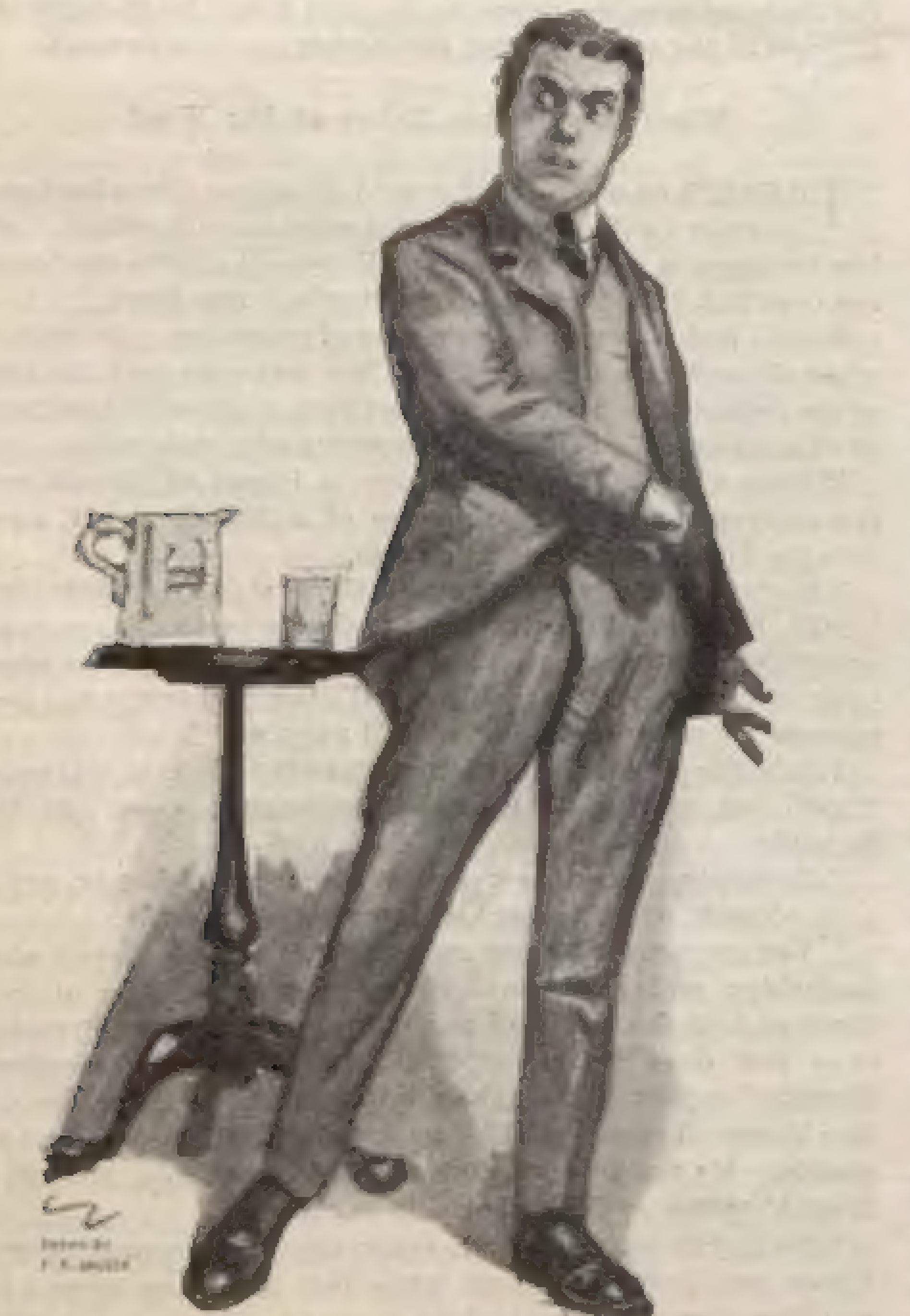
BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

A West Point Start

IT WAS in the wintertime and a special train was bearing a company of men up to Syracuse to attend the T. M. A. dinner. Whether T. M. A. stands for Tired Men's Association or Trinitarian Ministers' Alliance or Traveling Men's Amalgamation is not vital to the purposes of this tale. The special had been chartered for pleasure and the host was Tom Chandler, advertising man, who is responsible for the pictures of pretty girls that serve to enliven the advertising pages of the present-day periodicals. He had gathered together a congenial crowd to accompany him, have a good time on the way and make speeches at the dinner.

There were men of business who were glad to take their noses from the grindstone for a few hours; a clever draughtsman who kept up *his* business even on the train, for he drew caricatures of every one in the party; a clergyman to leaven the lump and an actor to offset him — if he needed offsetting; and in the whole company there was not a man whose life had been plain sailing from the time he had begun to shift for himself.

Why, the clergyman had begun life as a canal boy with a mephitic vocabulary of which it had taken him several years to rid himself, and the actor had studied for the priesthood, but had been seized with doubts of his fitness just about the time the first Pinafore company struck his town, and having a good bass voice he had changed from candles to limelight and a career of varying success. One of the business men had hoped to become a great painter, and had led the struggling, buffeted life of an artist for ten years until it was brought home to him that he had no real talent for the brush; and then he had gone into the real-estate business and made a fortune in five years. On the other hand, the artist had tried business after business with never a thought of art and never a ghost of success until one day his left arm was broken, and while he was lying idle in bed he had drawn to amuse himself and had discovered that he had the talent that the other man had lacked. And to-day his name is known wherever New York papers penetrate, and jealous artists say he has commercialized his art, and his wife is glad of it because — well, aren't his sons going through college?



I IMITATED DANIEL WEBSTER

Only one, the advertising man, had begun in the line in which he had continued, but he had amassed the biggest fortune, which is perhaps proof that concentrative force along one channel leads a man higher sooner than energies poured into various channels — and perhaps it's only a mixed metaphor.

It took the members of the party an hour really to warm up to the pleasures of the day, but by the time luncheon had been discussed and the fact that it was a pleasure party had dawned on every one they fell to telling stories, and after several anecdotes with snappers of wit at their tail-end had been perpetrated, and the clergyman had told a capital story of a best man who stole his fee, the man with the curly and extremely red hair and the mobile mouth, who had hitherto kept silence, overcame his diffidence and told

A Tale of West Point

"Your story of the dishonest best man," said Robert Green, he of the auburn hair, "reminds me of the turning point in my career which, by a curious coincidence, was also West Point. You said that the scene of your story was laid near Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, which is the next station beyond West Point. Rather far-fetched, but I want to tell my story, and one beginning's as good as another."

"Say," said Tom Chandler at this point, "let's get together so we can hear you better."

After they had formed a semicircle of rattan easy-chairs with Robert Verplanck Green, the red-headed raconteur, facing them, they all lighted cigars and stretched themselves out comfortably and he began.

"This story begins with me on my uppers, to speak somewhat metaphorically. As a matter of fact, I did have a decent business suit on my back, but only sixty-eight cents between me and bankruptcy. Have any of you ever been as nearly penniless as that?"

The cartoonist, who was something of a character observer, said in his big bluff voice, "Run along, honey. We've all been there more than once."

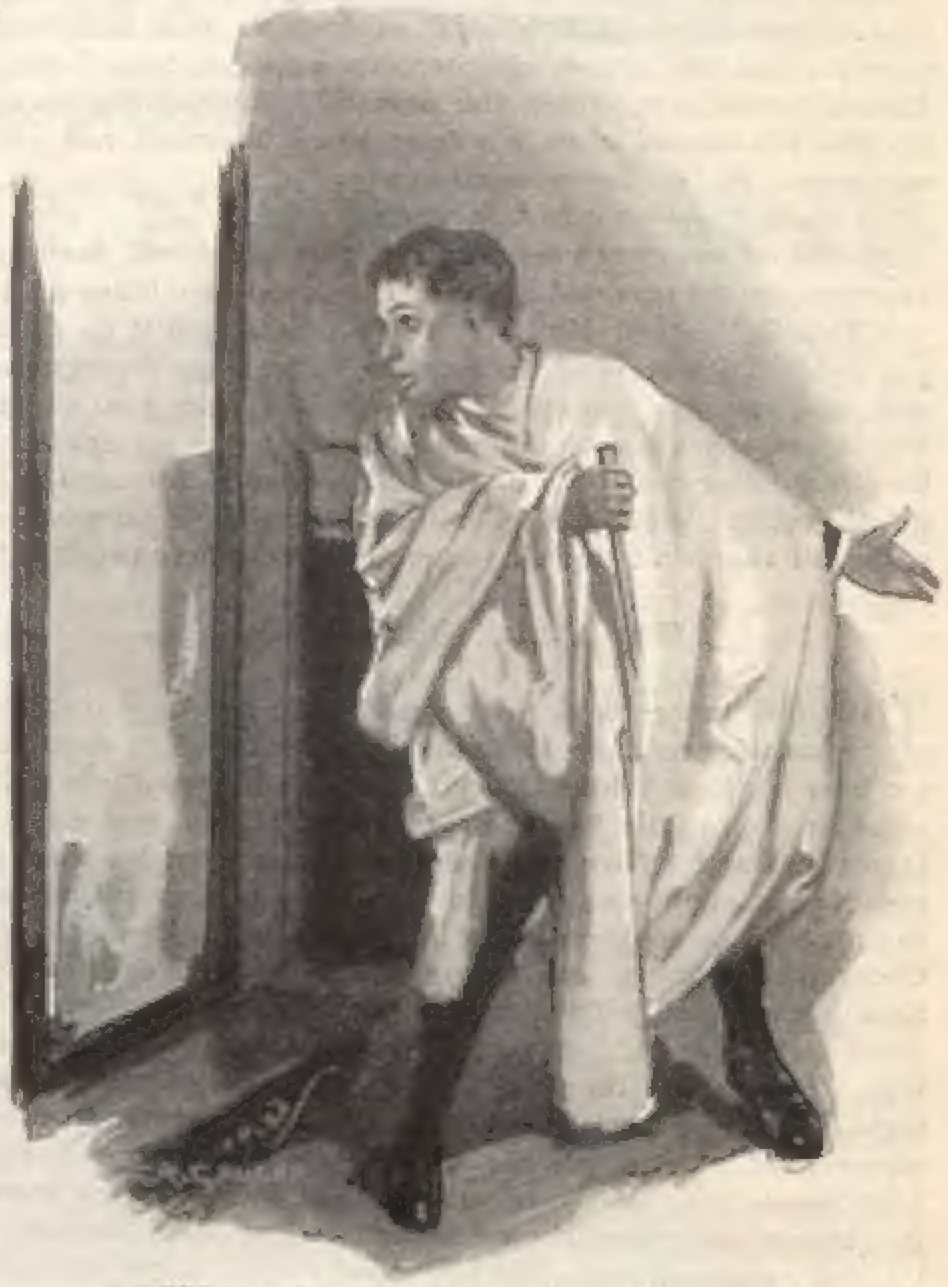
"Sure," said the actor, looking up the river toward Troy, and nearly every man in the party nodded assent.

"Well, I had tried hotel clerking and three or four businesses that did not call for any great amount of training, but I was not a success at any of them. In fact, at that time the only thing I could do better than most people was to mimic and impersonate. When I was a kid and ought to have been studying my arithmetic I used to spend hours in front of the looking-glass trying to look like a miser or a madman or a minister, and when I wasn't doing that I was apt to be imitating the cries of all the animals I had ever heard and all the dialects I had ever read. I slid through school somehow, but the day I left I could give old Elijah Kellogg's flamboyant speech of Spartacus to the gladiators at Capua, 'Ye call me chie*f* and ye do *well* — to call him chie*f*,' etc., with much more spirit and understanding than I could give the various rules of grammar and arithmetic.

"Pretty poor equipment for life, and so I had found it. In the intervals of making stabs at different occupations I tried reciting at Sunday-school and lodge entertainments, but there wasn't much money in it, and I had to satisfy myself for the most part with the thought that here at least there was something I could do without breaking down.

"Well, one day in December I found myself out of a position in the neighborhood of West Point with, as I said, just sixty-eight cents in my pocket, a moderately decent suit of clothes on my back, and the rest of the winter before me.

"I didn't know a soul from whom I could borrow money, but I did want to get to New York the worst way because I felt that I could easily get something to do there. I'd never been in New York or I might not have been so sanguine.



I USED TO SPEND HOURS IN FRONT OF THE LOOKING-GLASS

"It was snowing hard when I got to West Point and night had settled down. I had intended to go as far as I could and then to try to get a lodging for the night, and the next day I hoped to strike New York, for I was a good walker and sixty-eight cents ought to pay for bed and breakfast somewhere.

"I don't know what it was that impelled me to leave the railroad track at West Point and to mount up the steep hill that leads to the hotel and the Academy buildings, but I did toil up there, and when I was half-way up I knew I was going to seek shelter at the hotel.

"When I passed the buildings of the Military Academy and thought of the youngsters who were learning something that would give them life positions I felt pretty bitter toward them and looked on them as a favored class. Why hadn't I been entered at West Point? I was strong, my grandfather had fought in the Rebellion; I really deserved something of my country. Certainly I deserved better than to be on the verge of starvation, with nothing doing and nothing in sight except the winter snow that was very much in evidence and very damp and chilling.

"I reached the hotel in course of time, and going up to the desk I asked the old gentleman who was standing behind it whether he could give me a position as clerk. I think he was the proprietor — or maybe he was the clerk himself. At any rate he gave me the laugh and said there wasn't enough doing to keep half a man busy; that there were only two guests in the hotel and that they were both going away in a day or two.

"Now I had never begged, because I had never got down quite so low before, but the old chap had a sort of a kindly look about his eyes and I wanted to make that sixty-eight cents last a little longer, so I was just going to ask him for the loan of a dinner when something inside of me said, 'Register, you fool,' and I turned the register around and registered my name and — my birthplace. That was as near home as anything I had, having been an orphan for ten years with a different abiding place for every year.

"When I had trailed out my signature he looked up at the clock and said, 'Supper is ready. Will you go up to your room now or wait until after supper?'

"My stomach said 'Get your supper quick!' but I looked at my hands and said I guessed I'd go and wash them. I've heard of fellows that always dress for dinner, even when they are dining alone in a desert or on a raft in mid-ocean, but I only had one suit, so I limited my preparations to a good wash, and while I was doing it I was asking myself how in the world I was going to pay my board bill.

"You can imagine that supper tasted good, because I had not had a bite since the night before, being anxious to preserve my little hoard of pennies. I won't tell you the names of the things that I ate, because it wasn't so much what they *were* as the way I *felt* at getting them inside of me. An empty stomach never asks questions.

"I lingered long and lovingly over that supper, and the good-natured darky who waited on me helped me twice to

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Editor's Note — This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Loomis under the title, The American Nights Entertainment. The next will appear in an early number.

roast beef just because I asked him where he was born and gave him a chance to *reminisce*, and I felt that he had earned the dime I gave him when he had finished, although I really didn't see how I could afford it. It isn't every waiter that gets one-seventh of a man's capital as a tip.

"When I went back to the office I said to the proprietor, 'Guess it's warmer here than it is in my room, so I'll keep you company if you don't mind.'

"The hotel man was a genial soul with a drawling, comfortable voice, and we sat up to the stove and talked hotel business. I knew a good many of the ins and outs of it, of course, although I wasn't in any danger of becoming a Leland.

"While we were sitting there a young cadet came in to call on his father, who was one of the two guests, and after he left the office I said, 'They're an ugly lot, aren't they? Give you trouble with their pranks?'

"'Oh, no,' said he in his easy, lazy voice, 'they're all right. They're the same stuff that gave us Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, you know. Pretty nice boys.'

"Then I vented what was left of my spleen against West Point, but there really wasn't much. It's hard work to be cross when your stomach is full. I have an idea that the stomach is the most ill-tempered member of the body, and when he's busy he has no time to be cross and the rest of you doesn't want to be.

"While we were sitting there talking there came a ring at the telephone bell and the old man stepped to the 'phone.

"The one-sided conversation ran something like this:

"'Hello!—hellohello!—yes, this is the West Point Hotel.

"'What?—I didn't get that. You can't get the West Point Mills—oh, you can't get West Point Military Academy. Their telephone's out of order? Yes, I know it. I understand. What do you want? *What-do-you-want?* Hellohello!

"'Oh, you're Percival Ingraham, the lecturer. You're to give a lecture there?

"'Oh, you caught cold? What's that? Hellohello! You caught cold? Oh, you *can't come!* Yes——

("'Wait a minute, Central. No, no, I'm not through.) Where are you?

"'At Schenectady? Train delayed? Oh, I under*stand*. Want me to send word to the Academy? Sorry *for* you. Hard lines.

"'Yes, I'll send word. What's that? Oh, goo'-by.'"

Mr. Green had given a very excellent imitation of the attitude and speech of a man at the telephone—eyes closed, voice steady and low at the beginning, but rising and irascible at the end owing to the interruptions of Central, and when he was through the little pleasure party gave him a round of applause which he took very much as if he were used to it, merely inclining his head and then going on with his story.

"Gentlemen, I don't know whether you see what I saw, but I want to tell you that Opportunity was ringing that bell as hard as could be, and just as soon as I gathered from the old man's repetitions that some one was to have lectured at West Point that night I determined to take his place if such a thing were possible. I knew enough about such things to be sure that as far as West Point was concerned the lecturer was minus a fee, but that as far as the cadets were concerned they were hungry for amusement of some kind—and if I could please them at all I stood to win out.

"The old man hung up the receiver and 'rung off,' and then he stepped over to the desk and was just going to ring a bell for the hall boy when I said, 'What's the trouble?' and stayed his hand. He was one of those men who can't do more than one thing at a time, and it never occurred to his hand to bang the bell because his tongue was talking.

"'Why, this man Percival Ingraham,' said he, 'was going to give a lecture over in Memorial Hall, and he's stuck beyond Schenectady and can't make it. Too bad all 'round. He's done out of his fee and the boys will miss his talk. Telephone's out of order at the Academy and he had to call me up. I could have *told* him the other telephone was out of order because I tried to get Colonel Miller this afternoon and couldn't.'

"While the old man was talking I was making up my mind. I asked him whether the lecturer was known at West Point and he said he knew he'd never appeared there, but that old General Malet, of St. Louis, who was stopping there, had heard him at home and had said he was a splendid lecturer.

"If he was not personally known to the people at West Point I stood some chance of successfully carrying out the scheme that had popped full grown into my head.

"'When was the lecture to begin?' I asked.

"The old man looked at the clock. 'It's due to begin now,' said he.

"'Well, let me take the message over to the Academy. I'd like to see something of the buildings.'

"'Oh, dear, no,' said he; 'it's a wild, stormy night. I'll send the porter.'

"'Yes, but I'd like to go,' said I, getting up and feeling pretty nervous. I felt I *must* go and I didn't want any misunderstanding of my motive to prevent it.

"The upshot was that I ran to my room and got on my overcoat and then I came down and learned all I was able to learn from the hotel man. It wasn't much, but at least I ought to be able to play my part all right. Of course, you've tumbled to the fact that I intended to give them a show myself. You know in my business anything is a lecture that isn't a concert or a sleight-of-hand performance.

"I turned up my coat collar, put on my gloves, which were not any too warm, and faced the storm. It was a tedious walk in the face of the wind and snow, but I was urged forward by a desire to do my prettiest before an audience that I felt would be sternly critical and perhaps antagonistic.

"Just as I reached the hall a sleigh drove up to it. It flashed through my mind that it had been down to the station to meet the lecturer, and that in a minute or less the driver would go in and tell the authorities that the lecturer had not arrived unless I could prevent him, so I hurried up to him and said as nonchalantly as I could with my heart doing double time, 'Did you go down to meet me?'

"'Are you the lecturer, sir?' said he.

"'Yes,' said I shortly.

"'Yes, sir. I don't see how I missed you,' said the driver with a good deal of chagrin, and casting an anxious glance at the entrance to the hall as if he expected some one in command to come out and berate him.

"'You were late,' said I, summoning my nerve, and I could see by his face that I had hit it.

"I was feeling tiptop now. So I handed him a quarter, thereby cutting me down to something like thirty cents.

"The fellow touched his hat and wheeling around he drove off hurriedly and I made my way into the brilliantly lighted building.

"If you've never seen Memorial Hall you ought to run up to West Point some day just to see it. It is a beautiful piece of architecture, worthy of the cause it stands for. It would be beautiful in any land, but it looked particularly beautiful to me, for I was half-frozen from my walk and it was warm inside, and warmth and beauty are the same thing when you're very cold. I was met at the door by a handsome young officer, plainly a Southerner both by his accent and his appearance.

"He was evidently expecting me for he held out his hand and murmured the name of the lecturer. As for me, I plucked up a double handful of courage and said, 'I'm sorry to be so late and I'm awfully sorry there is no time for me to change to evening clothes. Accident on the road, and I thought I'd better come at once without going to the hotel. Couldn't get you on the telephone.'

"'No,' said he, 'the telephone has been out of order all day.'

"As he spoke we walked toward the stairs that led to the auditorium and he was in too much of a hurry to notice that I had absolutely no baggage.

"'Your audience is waiting for you,' said he, 'and the boys are beginning to get a little impatient. I think if you tell them why you're late it will make a good beginning; although I suppose you don't need to be told the proper thing.'

"He led me through the hallway and up a noble staircase decorated with bronze tablets and with portraits, some of them notable by virtue of their painters and others notable solely on account of the subjects, until we came on one of the most brilliantly lighted halls I was ever in. It did me good to see the light because a great light is one of the best things a lecturer or an actor can have. There were at least three hundred incandescent lights set in the ceiling and they gave a gala air to the stunning-looking audience that was waiting for—waiting for Bob Green, ex-hotel clerk and potential tramp.

"Of course, they thought they were waiting for Percival Ingraham, brilliant lecturer. If they had known the truth then I think there would have been a general exodus, for five feet five surmounted by a mop of red does not ordinarily carry conviction."

"Were you nervous?" asked Tom Chandler, making the first interruption since Green had begun his story.

"Yes, of course I was, but I was not half so nervous as I had been just after I made up my mind to undertake the deception. In fact, when I actually faced my big audience I was scarcely nervous at all. I couldn't afford to be.

"Captain Randolph—that was the name of the young officer who had met me—asked me if I cared to be introduced. 'You're so well known it won't be necessary, will it?' he said. I could see that *he* was nervous, and so I said laughingly (and with a great deal of truth), 'I'm not so well known as you think, but it really won't be necessary. I'll introduce myself and break my own ice.' And then I mounted the steps that led to the stage and advanced to the table with the inevitable pitcher of water on it, and bowed to my audience.

"And it was an audience to do a fellow's heart good and to make even a tyro do good work. In the middle seats were five hundred splendid-looking cadets. I tell you as soon as I saw them all antagonism vanished. They were *so* erect, so stalwart, so natty, so alert. They were flanked on their right by a number of the officers with their wives, the latter in full evening costume to pay honor to the man with thirty cents in his pocket. On the left of the cadets were the members of the garrison, including the band — minus their instruments. All three classes out for a good time and absolutely depending upon me to give it to them. And me innocent of any sort of lecture.

"I don't remember just how I opened my remarks, but I do know that when my lack of evening dress was noticed there were several covert glances of surprise, and so I made the most of my predicament, as you may imagine. Whatever I may have said, it seemed to strike the cadets just right, for they burst out into laughter and applause that gave me a boost toward success.

"It wouldn't interest you if I told all I did, but among other things I imitated Daniel Webster, and not a cadet there could say from personal knowledge that my imitation was a bad one. I had gotten it from my grandfather, who was a born mimic and who happened to be a Member of Congress for several terms while Dan'l was casting that magnificent

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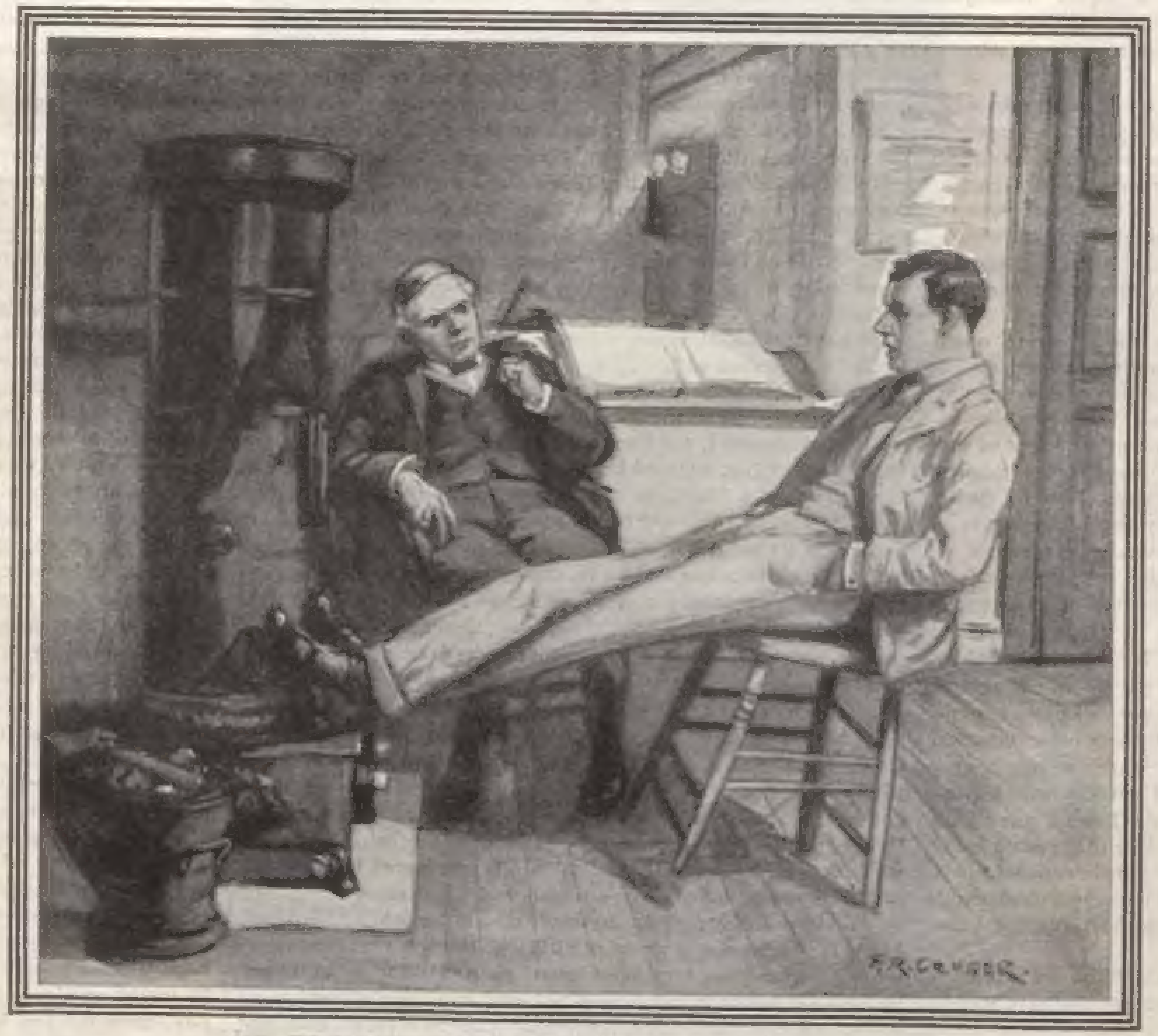
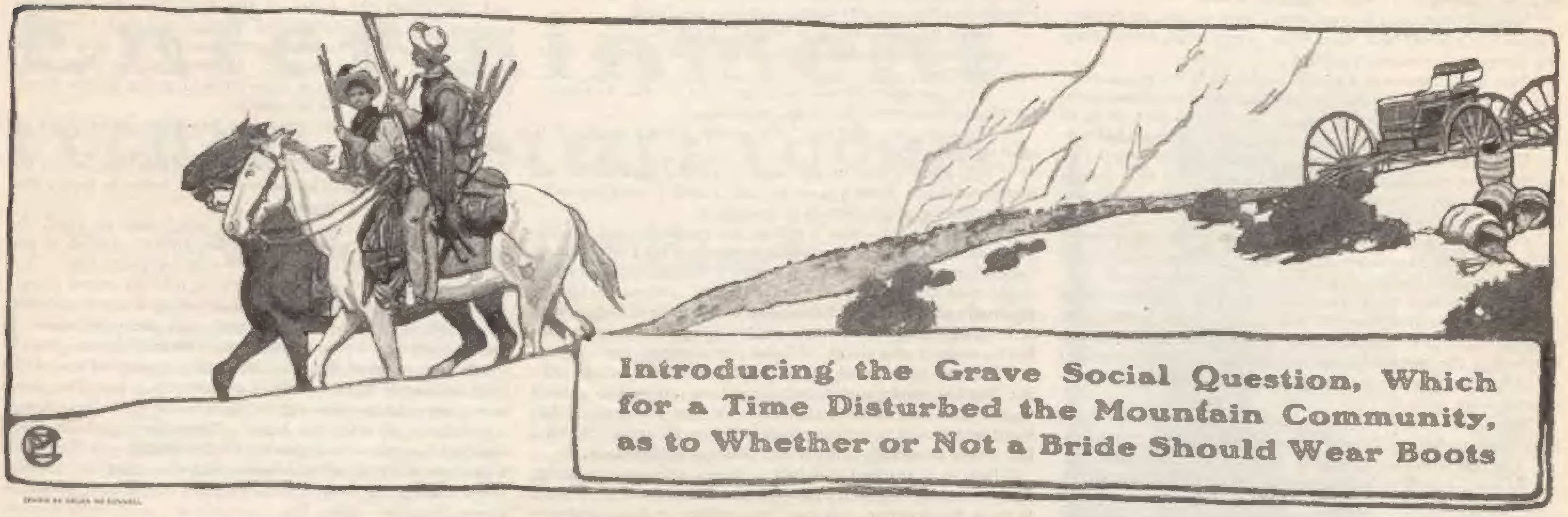


AND WE SAT UP TO THE STOVE AND TALKED HOTEL BUSINESS

The Bride at Heart's Desire



Introducing the Grave Social Question, Which for a Time Disturbed the Mountain Community, as to Whether or Not a Bride Should Wear Boots

By Emerson Hough

Author of The Mississippi Bubble

SO FAR as can now be determined there never were but two brides at Heart's Desire. The first of these, of course, was the Littlest Girl from Kansas; but at the time now in question Curly and the Littlest Girl had been married for more than six months, and had settled down, as Curly expressed it, "plumb like old merried folks." This second bride, the one who caused temporary pangs of jealousy in the heart of the Littlest Girl, was a stranger to the place, a transient visitor, entitled to none of the honors of residence in Heart's Desire, a mere traveler whose tarrying lasted scarce a day and a night. And yet that tarrying, brief as it was, caused immeasurable social disturbance, not to mention other embarrassments which fairly amounted to industrial panic.

In order fully to understand how such epochal happenings could become possible through a simple and unpretentious wedding tour, it is necessary to know something of the industrial as well as the social fabric of the community of Heart's Desire, more especially as pertaining to its two most prominent institutions, the Bank and the Hotel, both of which figured largely in the incidents connected with the above-mentioned visit of the second bride ever known in Heart's Desire.

As to the bank, which was at that time just about to open its doors to the public, it was without doubt destined to be the show place of the town, the apple of its eye, its especial pride. This "leading financial institution" was established soon after the arrival of the second resident manager of the Gold Mills Company, a gentleman who seemed not wholly devoid of enterprise, although later discovered to be quite without certain other equipment commonly and conservatively thought to be requisite in the establishment and conduct of financial institutions. The bank building proper, now just upon the point of being thrown open, consisted of two rooms in the largest and most ornate log house of Heart's Desire. The window-glass of this edifice was of far larger size than was to be found in any other building of the town. It seems to be a peculiarity of all banks to use larger and more expensive window-glass than that employed by any other manner of business concern; as who would say, Search ye our heart, and discover therein that simplicity and probity which constitute our pride! No citizen of Heart's Desire, gazing at this broad front of glass, could fail to realize this gentle invitation, could fail indeed to recognize the gentle reproof to all suspicion which existed in this wide and transparent expanse—panes which in actual measurement must have been at least as much as thirty inches.

The establishment of the prospective Bank of Heart's Desire was now approaching the end of its preliminary stages not without a certain flourish. The stage from Socorro upon this very day brought in the specie that was necessary, and a mule team following close behind brought the iron safe which was to contain that specie. That there were five kegs of coin every man in Heart's Desire knew very well, for he had counted them as they were unloaded at the bank door. If that were not enough for the establishment of a banking institution then Heart's Desire would like to know! A feeling of calm settled down upon the place. It was realized with satisfaction that this second manager of the Gold Mills was employing methods different from those of the earlier director of the same property. It was customary for the latter gentleman to give checks on a bank at Las Vegas, which latter bank customarily sent back the same protested. Perhaps it was Billy Lee who broke up the old system of paying the men who worked in the mines and the mill of the Gold Mills Company. Billy Lee, hearing that his mother was very sick back in the States, called for his "time" at the mills, and hurriedly prepared for a journey home. The resident manager offered him a check on Las Vegas, pointing out that Las Vegas would be directly on his way East. "All right," said Billy, "I'll take it; but if it ain't cashed at Vegas, do you know what I'm goin' to do? I'm goin' to come back here, an' then I'm goin' to kill you. Do you understand?" The resident manager understood. This was the reason that the company had sent out another resident manager, the same who had founded the new bank. At the sight of these five kegs of specie it was cheerfully admitted that the company had vindicated itself. After this checks would be good, and they would be good at home. There was even talk of practicing certain vaunted qualities hitherto not intimately known, the much vaunted qualities of industry and economy; these being traits which come in with banks and other paraphernalia of civilization.

As to the hotel at Heart's Desire, that was an institution of a wholly different sort. If the bank was modern, certainly the hotel was not. If the bank meant civilization, meant things radical, new, progressive, the hotel certainly stood for all things opposite, for the conservatism of the mountains, for the old ways that existed before the coming of the Law. If the bank was a business institution, certainly the hotel was not. If the bank stood for what is known as Progress, then assuredly its neighbor, the hotel of Uncle Jim Brothers, stood for all that sweet barbarism of the past which now so surely though unsuspectedly was slipping away forever from the men of Heart's Desire.

The hotel of Uncle Jim Brothers was a long, low adobe, earthen roofed. The window-panes were very small, where any still remained. The interior of the hotel consisted of four rooms, a long dining-room, a kitchen, a room where Uncle Jim slept, and another room, a sort of guest chamber, where any man might rest if very weary from one cause or another. The front door was always open. The hotel of Uncle Jim Brothers, not being civilized but utterly barbaric, was anchorage for the Dead Broke. It was haven for all sick, sad or weary folk. It was a mission of brotherhood. There was a citadel of strength, my brethren, although we did not know it; there was a great institution, though we recognized it not; there was a temple of charity, of kindness, of hope, though we, being blind, saw it not, and ran after other things, things of the new days, forgetting the sweetness and the strength of the days which now are old. Ah! Uncle Jim Brothers, where are you to-day across this teeming sea of years? Gone back to Kansas, perhaps? Not—no! I will not believe that you have gone Over the Range. Ah! Uncle Jim, if this shall find you, though you be a thousand miles away, at least one of those who knew the anchorage of the Dead Broke at Heart's Desire will cross those thousand miles to see you; and if you can lead us to any land to-day like that of Heart's Desire, then some scores of us, scattered from the Andes to the Yukon, or stranded here in the States, will band up and follow you for love of the days that were.

Now, prior to the advent of the new bank, Uncle Jim Brothers' place had been in a way both hotel and bank. There was in Heart's Desire, at least before this recent coming of the five kegs of specie, only $300 in the total and combined circulating medium. That was all the money there was. No one could be richer than $300, for that was the limit of all wealth, as was very well known. To many who have not lived in a Land before the Law this may seem a restricting and narrowing feature; but as a matter of fact, $300 is not only plenty of money for one man to have, but it is plenty for a whole town to have. The wealth of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, for instance, or of any other of our millionaires, is really far more than he needs; and $300 would do him just as much good—indeed, might possibly do him much more good.

As to this circulating medium in Heart's Desire, it might have been called small but sufficient. If one man had it to-day, another had it to-morrow. There is no evener like the great American game of poker, nor any agency better for the equitable distribution of wealth, although this fact seems to have been overlooked by writers upon political economy, whose experience is necessarily limited. This money, this $300, this total circulating medium—"'twas mine, 'twas his," and was the slave of very many at one time or another in the course of a year. Not even Johnny Hudgens of the Lone Star was able to retire overmuch of it from circulation. Any man of Heart's Desire would have told you that $300 is ample for any town.

These latter facts are offered in explanation of certain phenomena which might have been witnessed any day in the hotel of Heart's Desire. A stranger dropping into that hostelry, and taking a glance behind the front door, might have thought that he was in an armory or some place devoted to the sale of firearms. There were many nails driven into the wooden window facings, the door-jambs and elsewhere, and all these nails held specimens of weapons. Excellent weapons they were, too, as good and smooth running six-shooters as ever came out of Colt's factory; and Winchesters which, if they showed fore ends bruised by saddle-tree and stocks dented by rough usage among the hills, none the less were very clean about the barrels and the locks. At times, more especially about the middle of the week, there were dozens of these guns and rifles to be seen on the wall at Uncle Jim's hotel. The visible supply fluctuated somewhat. Any observer of industrial economics might have discovered it to move up or down in unison with the current amount visible of the circulating medium.

I do not know who first invented the system which obtained at Uncle Jim Brothers' hotel. Certainly it was not Uncle Jim himself, for he never asked cash or security of any man. If a man paid, very well. If he could not pay, it would have been unkind to ask him, for assuredly he would have paid if he could, as Uncle Jim very well knew. And if he could not pay, none the less he needed to eat, as Uncle Jim also knew very well. There were no printed rules or regulations in Uncle Jim's hotel. There was no hotel register. There were no questions ever asked. Uncle Jim felt that his mission, his duty was to feed men. For the rest he often had to do his own cooking, for Mexicans are very undependable; and if a man is busy in the kitchen, how can he attend to the desk? Indeed, there was no desk. The front door was always open, the tables were always spread. That any man should take advantage of this state of affairs was something never dreamed in Heart's Desire. Yet one day a sensitive young man, fresh from the States, who had blundered, God knows how, down into Heart's Desire, and who was at that time reduced to a blue shirt, a pair of overalls, one law book, one six-shooter and one dime, slipped into the hotel of Uncle Jim Brothers; since by that time he was very hungry. He sat on the edge of the bench and dared not ask for food; yet his eyes spoke clearly enough for Uncle Jim. The latter said naught, but presently returned with a large beefsteak which actually sputtered and frizzled with butter, a thing undreamed! "Get 'round this," said Uncle Jim, "and you'll feel better."

Who would not go a thousand miles to see Uncle Jim Brothers to-day? The young man "got 'round" the beefsteak. Perhaps it was the feeling about the butter, which of itself was a thing unusual. At any rate, as he went out, the young man quietly hung up his six-shooter behind Uncle Jim's door. This act meant, of course, that for the time he was legally dead he no longer existed. The six-shooter hung there for nearly four months, and Uncle Jim said nothing of pay, and the meals were regular and good. The intention of every man in that little valley to do "about what was right" was silently and fully evidenced. That a man would give up his gun was proof enough of that. So this became the custom of the place, the unwritten law. When by any chance a man got hold of enough of the $300 to settle his bill with Uncle Jim, he walked in, handed over the cash, and without comment of his own or of any one else, took down his gun from behind the door, and then walked off down the street with his head and his chest much higher in the air. It is astonishing how much business, how much safe business, can be done in a community with $300 and a good general supply of six-shooters.

On this particular day in question, thanks to certain pernicious activity of Johnny Hudgens at the Lone Star on the night previous, nearly all the six-shooters of Heart's Desire were hanging behind the door of Uncle Jim Brothers, pending the arrival of better days. The financial situation stood thus Johnny Hudgens had all the $300, and Uncle Jim Brothers had all the guns. Temporarily, male Heart's Desire did not exist. This situation was not of itself dangerous, and indeed not entirely novel, having been at least approached in other times of tight money in Heart's Desire. The crisis might have been easily tided over had it not been for the arrival, at precisely this interesting juncture, of the bride who has been mentioned aforesaid as coming to Heart's Desire

If the situation was epochal when the treasure train with its five kegs of specie drove into town, what should be said of the popular eagerness when there appeared from Baxter Cañon way a well-worn buckboard, drawn by a likely span of broncos, and occupied by two persons, one of whom was a woman? The man, as presently appeared, was tall, dark, self possessed, and dressed in the garb of the land, .45 and all. As to the woman, it could only be said that she was small, petite, and of shrinking mien. Her attire was semi-Mexican, although the wearer seemed to hurried observation not wholly Mexican. The strangers appeared a bit mysterious, and the situation became still more interesting when the young man strode boldly into Uncle Jim Brothers' hotel and announced that he and the young lady had just been married, and that, having arrived at this unqualifiedly unworthy hole of Heart's Desire, they now proposed to pass the night there. He did not mention the place where the wedding had taken place, did not refer to his past residence, or state where he purposed to make his future home. He did not register at the hotel, for the simple reason that there was not any hotel register. In that land man went and came as he liked, and no man asked questions. Yet, since a groom was almost as rare as a bank at Heart's Desire, small wonder that the population was almost upon the point of forgetting etiquette and seeking information pointblank of these newly-arrived travelers. Every one wanted to know about the new bride. This was what caused the Littlest Girl from Kansas to experience sore heartburnings. "She shore seems some crazy over this here," admitted Curly frankly.

The anomalous new bridegroom and the mysterious new bride went into Uncle Jim Brothers' hotel for dinner, and there they ate as those should eat who travel far. The bridegroom did not lay off his gun, but little attention was paid to this obvious violation of mountain etiquette. "Like enough he's some rattled," said Curly with the wisdom of experience. "I know how that is."

"But did you notice how the bride done et?" said Mackinney. "I seen a bride oncet, back home All I got to say is, this here bride is some coarse. Not that I want to be findin' any fault"

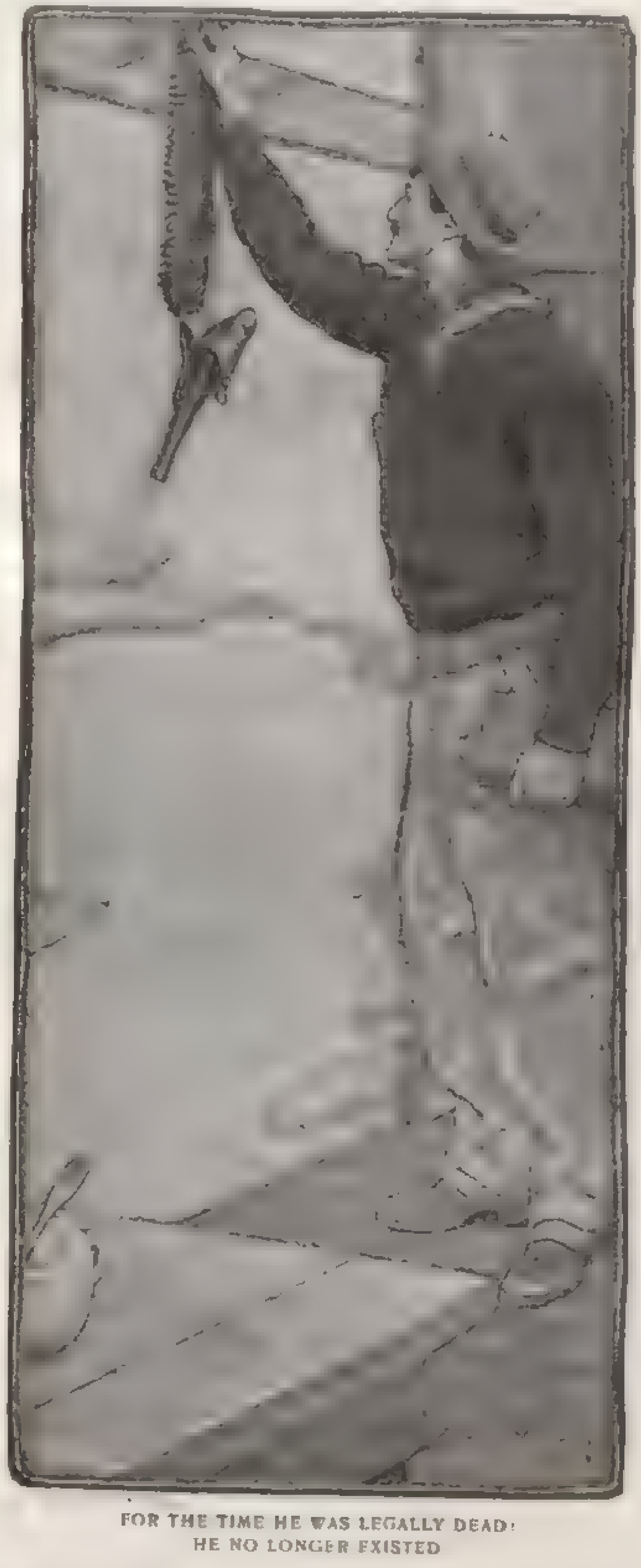
"I can't make out where she got them Mexican clothes," said McGinnis, foreman of the ore dump. "She ain't Mexican, and she ain't white."

"Anyhow, they're almighty unsocial," said Mackinney "As though we didn't have a bride o' our own'

"Vat's the madder vith you poys unt dem clodings?" said Whiteman the Jew. "It's like enough der hyoung feller boughd der laty der best clodings he gould find vere he vas at Do youse all expegd a mairchant in a *plazida* by der Rhio Chrand to geep a Proadway stockg of pride goots? How many vas he goin' to sell in a year? Der hyoung laty do der pest she gould. Vhat!'

This view of Whiteman's came to be accepted as practical by most of the population, who by three o'clock had withdrawn more or less en masse to the upper part of the street, with the purpose of discussing the stirring and singular events now crowding so thickly upon the social horizon of Heart's Desire. The discussion lasted pretty much all the afternoon, and was not wholly unproductive of results. There was more combed hair at Uncle Jim Brothers' supper-table that night than was ever seen there before or since, and more than one necktie, fished out from some unknown hiding-place, adorned a shirt front long unaccustomed to such decoration

At supper-time the bridal couple retained their frigid reserve, eating busily and in silence; yet, as was observed out of the corner of the eye of Heart's Desire, they seemed after all, not so timid and embarrassed as might have been When the bridegroom wished for anything he called for it in a tone whose volume and insistence marked him as master of his faculties; and as to the bride, she was more than once seen casting glances more or less direct about the room. After supper the two rose and started into the room which Uncle Jim kept as his guest-room, and which was now generally dignified by the name of the bridal chamber. Passing the point where the hotel desk would have been had there been any such desk, the bridegroom paused for a moment, and gazed briefly at the array of firearms which hung behind the door Then he cast a second glance at the beltless waist of the male humanity of Heart's Desire. A strange look passed for an instant across his dark, impassive features as he stepped on into the further room. This passing shadow was not more one of interest than of perplexity. Heart's Desire was not alone engaged in interesting puzzles upon that evening At the window of the bridal chamber one in passing heard the bridegroom say, with a certain gloom in his voice, "It looks mighty queer!" Indeed, from any angle things did look queer in Heart's Desire. The population went to bed that night keyed up to such state of excitement as had never been known in all the history of the community.



FOR THE TIME HE WAS LEGALLY DEAD:
HE NO LONGER EXISTED

Heart's Desire slept lightly that night. There was a feeling of eagerness in the air, as though we were upon the eve of some great event. It was about half-past one o'clock in the morning when I was startled by a knock at my door. It was Dan Anderson who entered, and who presently sat down upon the edge of the table as he rolled for himself an inevitable cigarette. At length he remarked carelessly, "I was just thinking of the bride, down there at Uncle Jim's.'

Knowing something of a Girl Back in the States in Dan Anderson's case, I said nothing. There were so many cases in Heart's Desire of Girls Back in the States. "It ain't so strange that a bride should wear spurs under her skirts," resumed Dan. "No, not a bit" He puffed on for a few moments. "No, that ain't it," said he. "That's common. But why should this particular bridal couple have two cow-saddles along, when they're traveling by buckboard? That's what troubles me

Now this gentle, childlike paradise of the Southwest was not wholly so soft and mild as it appeared The valley of Heart's Desire lay in the heart of the wildest and most savage land which ever was in all the West, a land of which less was then known or is now known than of any region on either flank of the Rockies. Sixty miles away the Lincoln County war was raging, its battles unknown then and now to the outer world. A hundred corpses already lay about in the brown foothills or the piñon-covered mountains of the land surrounding Heart's Desire. Already the men of that village were accustomed, as were those down toward the Hondo and the Felix and the Pecos, to meet all travelers with hand close to one's gun, and to be careful of asking or answering questions when among strangers. To which faction, that of the Kid or that of the Chisums, did the chance rider met on the mountain trail belong? It was sometimes essential to guess quickly and to guess correctly. Therefore some import might have been discovered in these casual remarks of Dan Anderson at midnight.

There were others who felt this vague atmosphere of doubt. These things go by a sixth sense, and men who live among dangers learn to scent danger instinctively, just as animals do. Dan Anderson and I had hardly stepped out of the door before we met Curly, McGinnis, Mackinney and several others coming down the street.

I ain't for disturbin' no man at this sort o' time," said Curly apologetically. "But then, I'm d——d Which speech seemed to cover the general attitude of mind at that particular moment.

After all, it was too late. It was bright moonlight, and never in all the world was such a moon as that of Heart's Desire. At one time or another this community had been shot up in sport or earnest by this, that or the other man or party of men seeming to find sufficient reason therefor; but never in all the history of that long, crooked, bloody little street had there been so continuous a rattle of shots as now began to pop and crackle and echo from Baxter Peak to old Carrizo. There swung at full gallop into the street a long, low buckboard, with creaking floor planks but well greased wheels which cut the dust into ribbons as the horses buckled down, belly to the ground, on the way to Baxter Cañon. There were two figures in the buckboard, one whose dress skirt came scarcely to the knees. Neither was driving, so far as could be seen. Both stood erect; and from right and left of each figure, the tall and the short, there issued a scarce broken stream of fire and a rolling series of reports.

"Yeeeeeee-ip!" sang the bridegroom, and "Hi-i-yeeeeeee!" sang his bride, until voices and shots faded away along the trail to Baxter Cañon. It was unparalleled. It was glorious! The smell of powder straightened up each man of Heart's Desire into an attitude of eagerness, the blood surging into his hair. With unanimity the right hand of Heart's Desire made a semi-circular movement to the left and back. And then, with equal unanimity, the manhood of Heart's Desire sank down, crestfallen and abashed. Heart's Desire was disarmed. It was legally dead. It did not exist. The collateral of Heart's Desire, the conjoint sign and symbol of its manhood, hung behind the door of Uncle Jim Brothers' hotel!

At least it had done so. Thus passed the second bride ever known in Heart's Desire. Misfortunes do not come singly. Upon that same night Heart's Desire lost its bank. The reason why the new resident manager took the first opportunity to leave town was discovered upon the following morning. He did not care to remain and be hung. For, following down the trail to Baxter Cañon, where the swerving horses had carried the flying buckboard, certain persons found the mark in the trail where one of the kegs of the bank of Heart's Desire had jumped the buckboard rail, and gone down over the edge of the trail to the bottom of a deep arroyo. It lay there far below with the bottom burst out, and there, scattered about in the red sand, lay hundreds of shining—nails! They were tenpenny nails, and very valuable in many ways, though I believe that not even the Napoleons of to-day have ever thought of them as useful in the establishment of financial institutions.

The Littlest Girl from Kansas was among those who in the morning visited the bridal chamber at Uncle Jim's hotel. There were many stumps of cigarettes, likewise the ruffle of a dress skirt carelessly torn off and abandoned, upon the floor.

"Bride!" said the Littlest Girl from Kansas. "Bride! Huh!" And so turned away.

At ten o'clock that morning there came into town a certain sheepherder known as William Willey, or Bill Willey, commonly called Willie Bill for short, because he stuttered and was "some *loco*," as are all sheepherders of seven years' experience. Willie Bill was for some time unable to talk, but finally added something to the suspicions of the population.

"I s-s-see—I s-s-see—I s-seen something," said Willie Bill. "D-d-do b-b-b-brides wear b-b-boots? This o-o-one w-w-w-was w-w-wearin' b-b-boots. They sh-sh-sh-shot me up a f-f-f few, and d-d-d-done took my g-g gun, an' I g-g-got s-s-s-scared, I got scared, I did."

Later it was learned from Willie Bill that the bridegroom and his bride had abandoned the buckboard at the edge of the mesa below Baxter Cañon. They had opened the remaining four kegs. Three of these also contained nails.

"This here feller only got some confused," said Curly, referring to the late resident manager of the gold mills and the bank. "He really meant for to start a hardware store, but he got sidetracked with this here bank idea."

The fourth keg, however, really had contained money, silver dollars, half-dollars and quarters, almost as much as the total hitherto existing circulating medium of Heart's Desire. The bridal couple had stuffed their pockets and their saddle pouches with as much silver as they could carry. They had left silver in order to carry away firearms. How they did it no man could tell, but they managed to take away practically the last six-shooter and rifle which had belonged to the population of this bereft community.

"They l-l-look, they l-l-looked l-l-like *haystacks*, them f-f-folks, they did," said Willie Bill, describing the appearance of the newly-married couple as they moved off after abandoning the buckboard. The "littlest un," according to Willie Bill, at that time had on no skirt at all, though still retaining the bright, flowered-silk bodice, the long, flowing Mexican mantilla, and a picture hat whose like, as one may testify, has not since been seen in any corner of the land. Willie Bill was not appeased even after having food and drink offered him. Something was upon his mind. "D-d-d-do b-b-brides wear b-b-boots?" he wailed continually.

"No, Willie," said Dan Anderson, gently removing the cigarette from his mouth as he spoke; "I think we may as a community decide that boots are not the correct upholstery for any self-respecting bride."

"I reckon it was the Kid, all right," said Dan Anderson a moment later. "I hope he ain't plumb disappointed at our financial methods. It stands to reason we want strangers to go away with good impressions of the place."

Mackinney was of the opinion that the Kid and the bridegroom were doing wrong in robbing the town of its bank and its stock of firearms at the same time. "Just look," said he. "We'd lay up money, wouldn't we, a-followin' them now, with not a shootin'-iron left in town."

Thus it may be seen that there were grave social and industrial problems attendant upon this somewhat haphazard visit of the bride to Heart's Desire. We had been deprived of our bank, and not even the hotel had been left free from a certain blow to its system. To be sure, there was something like a half-keg of silver money, but the question arose as to the ownership of this coin. It was then that Blackman, J. P., rendered the most famous decision of his life. "It's plumb legal," said Blackman, J. P., "to use this here speshu of the late bank in trust until the owner of the bank comes back."

The owner of the bank never did come back. The bride never came back. The six-shooters of Heart's Desire never came back. The community, shorn of its strength, legally dead, since it was practically weaponless, for weeks listened timorously for the sounds of the Lincoln County war, now rolling perilously near just over the Divide.

As to Heart's Desire, it registered its firm dislike for all brides who wore boots.

OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

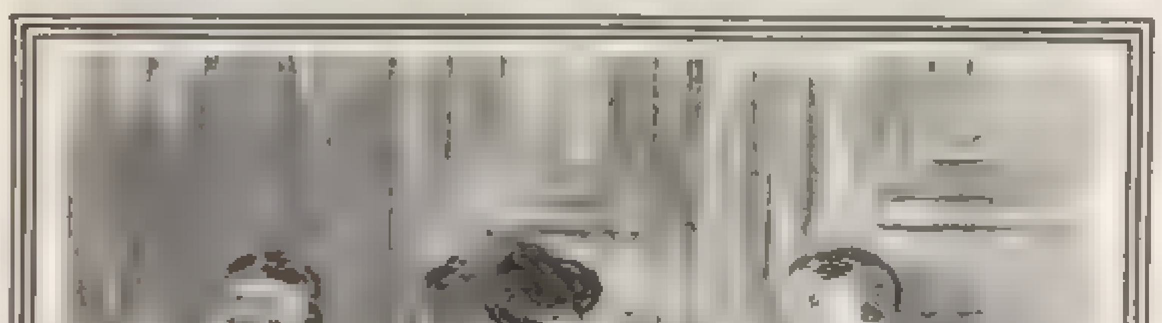
By James L. Ford—The Patron of the Fine Arts

ONE afternoon not many years ago I sat in a London drawing-room munching cake, drinking tea and telling people I was glad to meet them. Now and then I uttered "an awfully clever American joke," as such pleasantries are termed by fun-loving Britons, and watched its uncertain course as it sped about the room provoking guffaws of laughter at unexpected places until its force was spent, for all the world like that old-fashioned piece of fireworks, the "nigger chaser." An extremely beautiful bit of pottery attracted my attention, and I asked my hostess, a noted authority on such matters, and a writer known in this country as well as her own, what it was. English women of breeding often surprise us by their brusque fashion of enunciating wholesome truths, and it was in this spirit that the lady of art and letters made answer:

"You Americans have a habit, which is not unknown in other parts of the world, of laughing at the English people and calling them insular and provincial and narrow. Well, you would be better off if you were to evince a little of that provincial and insular spirit in an appreciation of some of the beautiful things created in your own country. That piece of pottery, which you do not seem to recognize, is from America, but if it were made in Munich or Moscow or Rome there would be a specimen of it in half the rich houses in New York. It cannot, however, be made in any city in Europe, and I have this piece here because I am writing something about it for the leading art magazine of Germany. It is greatly admired here and on the continent as well—this pottery of yours—and so it would be in your own country were it made in Europe or India and sold to you under some foreign name."

I was reminded of this conversation on the night that Mrs. Grinders came bursting into Mrs. Catnip's dining-room to announce that Mrs. "Fen" Bertram, Miss Wynn Mordaunt and two or three other members of what is termed in Park Row "the fashionable, intellectual set," had "discovered" a remarkable Portuguese actor who was performing in a small theatre on the edge of Mulberry Park and had determined to "make him the fashion" by their patronage.

"I tell you what it is," cried Mrs. Grinders, "those Four Hundred folks are no fools. Just think how smart it is of them to go down into that dirty, out-of-the-way street and find a man who's a second Booth. I always said that Mrs. 'Fen' was a clever, brainy little woman to put herself where she is in the smart set, and this proves it. If that dago actor turns out to be what she says he is, it'll make her the leader of the intellectual set."



"I WON'T ACCEPT ANY EXCUSES"

"She won't be no leader so long as Winnie Mordaunt hangs on," said Mrs. Taffeta. "Ever since she started in translatin' them Rooshian dramas into English, an' givin' talks an' conversaziones an' what not on this, that an' the other foreign subjeck, she's been the acknowledged intellectual leader of society, an' they can't down her. It was her that got up the Scandinavian Lenten mornings that was all the go last season. Oh, you can laugh all you like," she continued, addressing herself with some asperity to me as I sat grinning over my food, "but I happen to know that when Matthew Arnold—and he's about as intellectual and literary as they make 'em—was in New York he said that nothing ever gave him greater pleasure than meeting the intellectual set of the Four Hundred."

While it is gratifying to learn that Mr. Arnold had a sufficient sense of humor to find entertainment in that curious blend of fashion and wit to which we owe the discovery of the Portuguese actor in Mulberry Park, it is positively disheartening to reflect on the true and sensible, if mortifying, speech of the English woman, and the contemptuous rebuke to our snobbish worship of the foreign brazen calf implied in her words. Years ago we were ridiculed for our self-assertive pride in our native land and all its products, but it seems to me that we have entered upon another phase of our national life that is far more demoralizing in its influences and infinitely less worthy of a virile, progressive young nation.

Understand me, I have no sympathy whatever with that wretchedly narrow spirit of "know-nothingism" which would drive everything foreign from our doors and "protect" the native arts by placing an exorbitant import duty on the paintings of Millais and Meissonier and the books of Tolstoi, Daudet and Goethe, and bar out such players as Irving, Duse and Bernhardt. In order to realize the amount of our debt to European artists and writers, we have only to remember what we owe to Henry Irving, who has raised the entire standard of dramatic production in this country by his splendid manner of presenting plays, and to Coquelin, Duse, Bernhardt, Sonnenthal, Geistinger, Terry, Réjane, Barnay and a score of others, not alone for the pleasure that they have given us but for what they have taught our own artists of the difficult and fascinating art of acting.

The snobbery against which I raise my voice—and which is, after all, but a single phase of this disgusting worship of a foreign calf because it is foreign—is that which finds expression in the exploiting of a foreign actor by a parcel of women who, I will venture to say, do not know the names of the best American players and who have never been known to contribute in the slightest degree to the welfare of native dramatic art.

"Discoverers" of this sort are always fond of noisily celebrating the talents of some mummer who plays in an

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of Mr. Ford's papers on Our American Snobs. The concluding paper will appear in an early number.

ill-smelling East Side theatre, speaking a language which they do not understand; but not one of them ever speaks a word of encouragement or raises a hand in behalf of the worthy young men and women who are working hard in the cheap variety houses doing their best to learn the entertainer's art and to lift themselves to a decent position in the popular esteem. Not a season passes that does not see the rise of some quick-witted, nimble-footed performer from the variety stage into the bright white light of fame, but in no case that I ever heard of did any member of the "fashionable, intellectual set" give so much as a God-speed to a flight prompted by such a worthy ambition.

Fortunately for our stage it is not dependent upon the whims of a handful of calf worshipers; but in other forms of art their influence has been simply deplorable. I know of no more pitiable history than that of the little artist colonies which are to be found in nearly every one of our cities, fighting gallantly against poverty, public indifference and snobbery. It is only those who, like myself, have seen the threadbare artist seated in a fireless studio, in the midst of pictures that are certain to bring their price in the years to come, who really know how pitiful that history is. For not until he is dead and unable to spend money can an American artist earn it from the hands of his calf-worshiping countrymen, unless, of course, he can first make a reputation abroad.

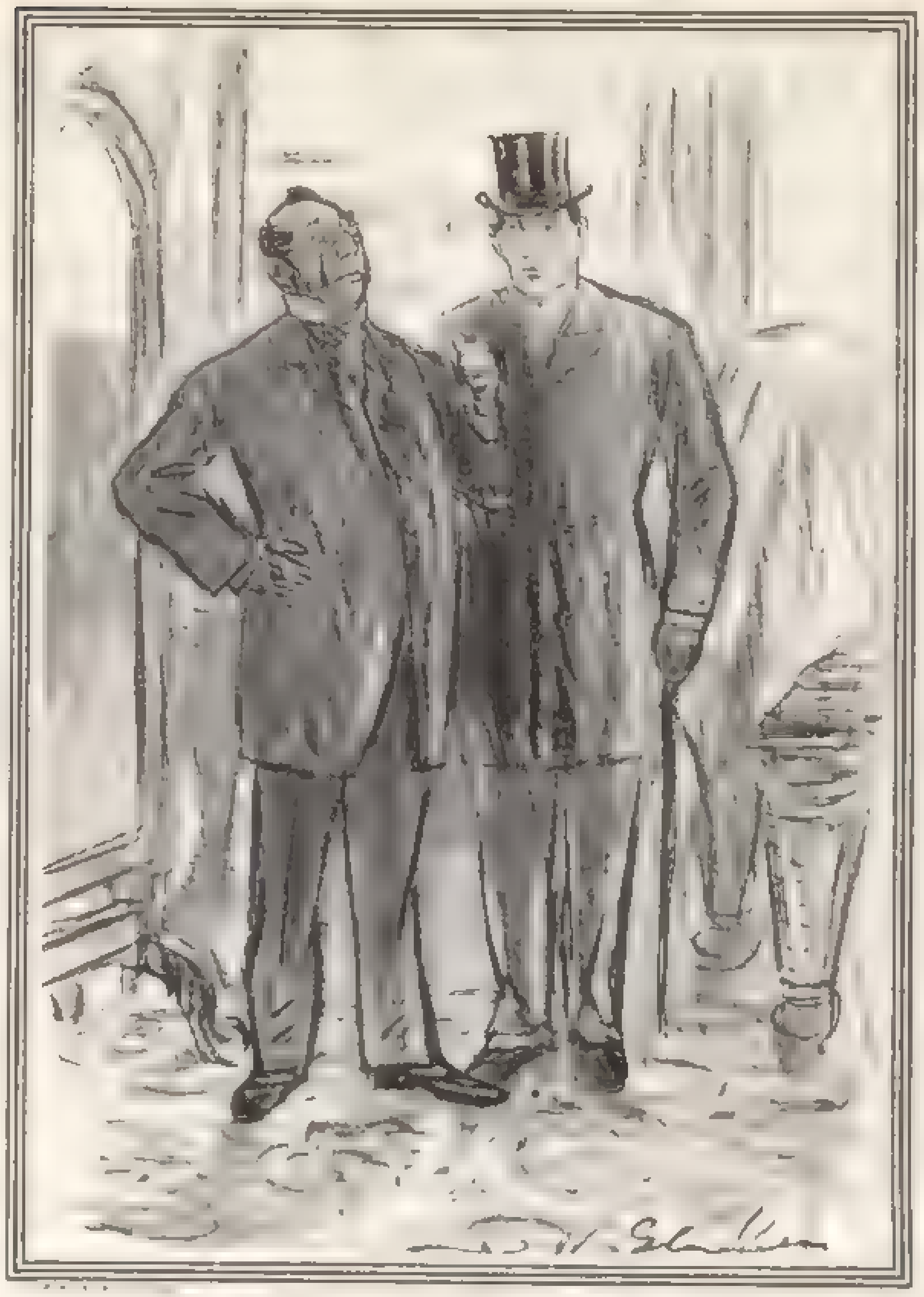
The story of American art is indeed a pitiful one, but it is not sordid and disgusting, like that of portrait painting, as it is practiced here by foreign craftsmen with the aid of adroit and conscienceless picture dealers, to whom they indenture themselves before leaving their own shores, and the meretricious puffery which they receive at the hands of a band of shameless artistic Jenkinses. Once more let me give emphasis to the fact that I have not a word to say against any artist of true distinction who may choose to honor us by his presence. My remarks are merely intended for those charlatans who are only too glad to divide their spoils with the picture dealer.

This artistic snobbishness is, however, a matter of but little consequence in comparison with the interest in and idolatry of foreign rank and title which have grown to such enormous proportions during the past quarter of a century and which culminate now and then in an outburst of hysterical Voodoo worship of such volume and intensity that it causes the cheeks of the earnest philosopher to grow pale with apprehension.

In a simpler and elder day, rank and title played no part whatever in American life, except in so much as they figured in the weekly story papers and cheap novels. I can remember only two varieties of noblemen in the fiction of that period, and it would be hard to say which of the two enjoyed the higher rank in the popular heart. One of these was the English lord who always wore long whiskers and spoke with an impossible drawl, and the other was the Latin noble—count, duke or baron—who had dark, melting and mysterious eyes and a long black mustache, and looked not unlike the generally accepted bucolic ideal of a bunco-steerer. These titled heroes figured in the foolish day-dreams of the young women who read about them in the Ledger and Waverley, but they were at best remote and inaccessible stars, the creatures of some distant and intangible world.

Nowadays, however, the New York papers give as much space to the "bags" made on the Yorkshire moors on the twelfth of August as do the leading provincial papers of England, while the list of presentations at the King's court causes almost as many heart-burnings and tears in Fifth Avenue as in Mayfair.

We all remember the frenzy of calf worship which marked the visit of a German Prince to our shores. Among those who noted with shrewd business eye the genuflections of the worshipers was a certain opera manager who had had many years' experience with the tiara-crowned goddesses of the brazen calf faith, opulent males of their species, and the vast army of the devout that follow at their heels; and this man straightway turned all his knowledge and experience to practical account by giving a "grand gala performance" in honor of the visitor. Highly as I esteem those clear-headed, energetic and progressive men who harnessed Niagara Falls and converted that one-time hackmen's paradise into an electric giant of all-work, I have a far greater reverence for the man who welded together the latent particles of snobbery in the town and by an alchemy of his own transformed the whole mass into gold. I am told that the very moment this sagacious manager knew to a certainty that the Prince was to attend a performance of opera in his house he went out to look at real estate, and selected for himself a home which he afterward paid for out of the profits of that one night of unbridled American snobbery.



"WE DON'T MAKE FANCY DRESSES 'ERE, SIR"

Many years ago, when the king of the Sandwich Islands honored us with a visit, P. T. Barnum induced him to ride with him in his carriage around the tan-bark arena of his "greatest show on earth," and everybody said what a clever man Barnum was. Nor does our respect for the old showman decrease when we consider the comparatively slender stock of snobbery which he had to work on in those simpler days. I wonder what Barnum would have done had he been on earth and in the show business at the time of this royal visit. Probably he would have gone out to look at blocks of real estate instead of single houses.

While we are on the subject of foreign snobbery it may be worth our while to consider the manner in which some of our distinguished citizens are regarded in that country which is the Mecca of all snobbery. And in so doing it may be well to differentiate between real snobbery—the mean admiration of mean things—and the sort of social success of which any man might well be proud and which is consequently the subject of the cheap jeers of the illiterate and the envious. For the unthinking pack is always ready to brand as a snob any man whose good fortune it is to be well received by that admirable but limited class of Britons who are fit company for a good American, though the same man might sit at the board of the Russian Czar or become the confidential friend of the King of Italy without danger of rebuke.

And yet, in spite of this generally accepted belief to the contrary, I know of no social hunting-ground in which the American snob fares so badly or the self-respecting American gentleman so well as in those well-guarded, enviously-eyed preserves of English society. And in saying this I must be modest enough to add that I am speaking not from extended personal experience but from a knowledge gained from those having the voice of authority. I am perfectly well aware that my statement will be contested by a great many who will back up their assertions by relating what happened at Lord So-and-So's or how insolent Lady Thing-'em-bob was at the garden party. As to arguments of this sort I have only to say that I cannot open a kindergarten to teach people that, in a round-up of "right Englishmen," titles cut about as little ice as they would in Heaven—a lesson which Burns tried to inculcate over a century ago and in far nobler language than I have at my command.

In his famous book on New York society Mr. Ward McAllister told the world the artless story of his visit to Windsor. It was from his own pen that the aristocracy, which Simon Barshfield rallied about the verbal banner raised by this distinguished author and dictator of fashion, and which David, the third of the royal line, has helped to maintain in the public esteem for a not unselfish purpose, first learned of his dinner with the Queen's cook at the village inn.

That Mr. McAllister dined with the Queen's cook and afterward gave publicity to that fact redounds very much to his credit and shows him to have been a man who properly respected a noble art and its artists. Certainly it is but a cheap and false wit that can find food for ridicule in his so doing. But let us hearken to what he says about the royal dining-table, of which he obtained a glimpse—thanks to the courtesy of the cook—through the pantry window.

"I have seen Her Majesty's table at Windsor Castle all ready for her. I have heard her footmen, in green and gold, reecho from hall to kitchen the note that 'dinner is served,' and then I was told to go."

What should we say to a leader of the society of London or Berlin or Paris who was glad of a chance to peek through the window of the dining-room in the White House that he might chronicle the fact that the President had two kinds of pie for dinner?

Another American of social distinction was not quite so well received as Mr. McAllister and met with a rebuff which would have been extremely mortifying to almost any one else. On one of his visits to London this gentleman found himself in need of a court dress—or, to speak more correctly, had reason to hope that a favoring tide of circumstances would provide him with a long-sought opportunity to wear one. The excellent and well-known firm of Snips & Sheers, tailors by special appointment to His Majesty the King, was recommended to him, and by a fortunate chance I happened to be in their shop—they sell other things besides court dress—when he made his appearance.

Now, of course, I do not presume to say that a gentleman as much sought after as this one is lacking in personal distinction or that his face is not chiseled after the accepted aristocratic mould. I will say, however, that if he were to attempt to pass himself off as the missing Dauphin of France he would find it easier to carry out the deception in New York than in the Faubourg Saint Germain. This gentleman, whose name figures constantly in the chronicles of our fashionable life, and whose exalted rank in the Four Hundred has never been disputed at Mrs. Catnip's table, entered the shop and asked to be measured for a court costume.

It was Mr. Sheers himself who waited on him, and for once that usually astute tradesman deceived himself most woefully. Knowing that the masquerade ball of the haberdashers' young men was looming up on the social horizon, he replied haughtily: "We don't make fancy dresses 'ere, sir. I believe there's a shop in Leicester Square where they rent all sorts of masquerade costumes an' such like. We only make court costumes for gentlemen to wear to court, sir."

With these words he turned on his heel and walked away, and behold! we had another grudge against the sort of Englishman that we are so fond of imitating.

Another story which I will relate is one which proved highly pleasing to "right" Englishmen and women when it was repeated from house to house in London not many years ago, and it is worth retelling here because the woman who figures in it has been greatly admired by those who do not even know her name for the part which she plays in it. The episode in which this woman figures dates from the time, not many years ago, when a certain English duke was a very much sought after personage in New York society. This duke, contemptuously noting the eagerness with which New Yorkers fawned upon him, had formed the habit—not uncommon among men of his rank—of going out to dinner without troubling himself to put on evening dress. The lady of whom I write had invited him to dinner without knowing of this peculiarity, and was awaiting his arrival when her butler opened the door and cast a glance at her over the heads of intervening guests which said plainly that something was wrong. She hastened into the hall to find the duke standing there clad in the checked sack suit and flaming red tie which had seemed to him "good enough" for a dinner-party of American calf worshipers. This woman, however, had presence of mind, and she advanced upon him, radiant and smiling.

"No," she said decisively as she took him by the hand, "I won't accept any excuses. You've come round to tell me why it is that you can't dine here to-night and it's ever so much nicer of you to do that than just to send a note. The dinner's a little late and you've just time to go home and dress and be back here again before we begin."

The nobleman opened his mouth to reply, but his hostess shut him off in a second: "No, you needn't make any explanations or excuses. There are three women here who are dying to meet you and you *must* come back. Remember, you've only twenty minutes, so you must hurry!" And a moment later the astounded duke found himself hurrying toward his hotel and perhaps wondering what new social force it was that was impelling him in that direction.

Despotism and Democracy

A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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CHAPTER III

THE day was the regular one for the meeting of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and there was a full attendance, every member being prompt except the chairman. Ten minutes after the hour struck Crane entered. It was almost impossible for a man to have had the personal triumph he had enjoyed the day before without showing some consciousness of it. Thorndyke had expected to see Crane crowing like a chanticleer. Instead, he was remarkably quiet and subdued. He was greeted with the chaff which Senators and Representatives indulge in after the manner of collegians. Several members addressed him as the "Wondrous Boy," and others, displaying copies of the Indianapolis editorial, presented their claims to him for Cabinet places and embassies. One member — the Honorable Mark Antony Hudgins, of Texas, a colleague of Crane, who posed as a greenhorn and was really a wit — solemnly engaged Thorndyke to write him a speech to deliver at the first seasonable opportunity, but warned him not to make it too much like the speech of the "Wondrous Boy." Thorndyke laughed. He had taken no part in the joking and chaffing. Crane's face flushed. He did not like to be reminded of Thorndyke's share in his success, but he was too considerable a man to deny it.

The meeting was brief and devoted to routine matters. The debate would begin directly after the morning hour, and it was supposed it would go along smoothly. There was, it is true, an able and malevolent person from Massachusetts who would be likely to stick a knife between the joints of Crane's armor, and two or three Southern members who would be certain to discover an infringement of the Constitution of the United States in something or other — but these were only the expected rough spots in an otherwise smooth road.

At two o'clock the debate began. Again were the galleries packed, though not to the same degree as on the day before. When Crane rose to defend the report he was loudly applauded. He was interrupted once or twice by the able and malevolent Representative from Massachusetts, who never disappointed expectations in that particular. And there were some sly allusions to the Indianapolis newspaper and the "Wondrous Boy." This bothered Crane obviously, who had a reasonable and wholesome fear of ridicule. He had his share of a certain crude humor — God never makes an American without putting humor of some sort into him — but Crane's was not the rapid-fire, give-and-take humor which counts in debate. He was always afraid of committing some breach of taste and decorum when he wished to raise a laugh. He remembered certain men whose remarks had caused a tempest of mirth in the House, but those same remarks seen in cold type next day had seriously damaged their authors. It was here that Thorndyke came to Crane's rescue. While he sat glowering and fuming and hesitating Thorndyke stood in the breach with a good story, full of wit and pith. The House immediately went into convulsions of laughter. The able and malevolent member from Massachusetts in vain tried to bring gentlemen back to a state of seriousness and disgust with affairs generally. But the turn effected by Thorndyke into the discussion put everybody into a good humor, the debate went swimmingly, as it was foreseen, and when the adjournment came it was plain that the report would be adopted substantially as it came from the committee.

Thorndyke watched the big clock over the Speaker's chair and precisely at four left the chamber, and likewise left Crane to his fate, which, however, proved to be easy enough. Thorndyke had other business on hand then.

When he got out-of-doors the bright morning had changed into a cold, determined downpour of rain. The gray mists hung over the city at the foot of the hill, and the summit of the Washington Monument was obscured by sullen driving clouds. Thorndyke's spirits rose as he surveyed the gloomy prospect. It was not much of an afternoon for visiting — he should find Constance alone.

He went to his rooms, dressed, and before five was at Constance Maitland's door. The afternoon had grown worse. A sad northeast wind had been added to the rain; the lilac bushes in the little lawn at the side of the house drooped forlornly, and the dejected syringas looked like young ladies caught out in the rain in their ball gowns.

The rain, the cold and the wind outside was the best possible foil for the fire-lighted and flower-scented drawing-room, into which the young negro butler ushered Thorndyke. The walls were of the delicate pale green of the sea — the rug on the polished floor was of the green of the moss. A wood fire danced and sang in a white-tiled fireplace, and laughed at its reflection in the quaint mirrors about the room, and glowed upon family portraits and miniatures on the walls. There were many old-fashioned chairs and tables, and a deep, deep sofa drawn up to the fire. By its side was a tea table gleaming with antique silver.

Like most men, Thorndyke was highly susceptible to the environment of women without being in the least able to analyze the feeling. It takes a woman to dissect an emotion thoroughly. He became at once conscious that this quaint, pretty, sparkling drawing-room was a home, and that what was in it had no connection whatever with shops for antiques and art sales catalogues. He had often noticed with dislike the spurious antiquity of many modern drawing-rooms, which are really museums, and represent the desire of the new for the old. But Constance Maitland had inherited the furnishings which made her drawing room beautiful and distinctive and in process of use, especially by one family, chairs and tables and tea-kettles acquire a semi-humanity which creates that subtle and enduring thing called atmosphere. The portraits on the walls gave an inhabited look to the room — it was never without company.

While Thorndyke was considering the curious fact that all the mere money in the world could not create a drawing-room like Constance Maitland's, she herself entered the room with her slow, graceful step. She wore a gown of a delicate gray color, which trailed upon the floor, and at her breast was a knot of pale yellow cowslips. A bowl of the same old-fashioned flowers was on the tea-table.

Thorndyke had never been able to contemplate without agitation a meeting with Constance Maitland. But, as on the two previous occasions, so soon as he came face to face with her nothing seemed easier, sweeter, more natural than that they should meet. He placed a chair for her, and they exchanged smilingly the commonplaces of meeting and greeting. At once Thorndyke felt that delicious sense of comfort, security and well-being which some women can impart so exquisitely in their own homes. The quiet, fire-lighted room seemed a paradise of peace and rest, which was accentuated by the northeast storm without. The surety that he would have the room, the fire, the sweet company of Constance Maitland to himself made Thorndyke feel almost as if he had a place there. And Constance, by not taking too much notice of him, increased the dear illusion. She got into a spirited discussion with the negro butler who rejoiced in the good old-time name of Scipio, to which Constance had added Africanus. Scipio had his notions of how tea should be made, which were at variance with his mistress's. After the manner of his race, he proceeded to argue the point. Constance entered with spirit into the controversy, and only settled it by informing Scipio that where tea was concerned he was, and always would be, an idiot, at which Scipio grinned in a superior manner as he departed. Thorndyke thought Scipio in the right, and said so, as he drank a very good cup of tea.

"But I can never let Scipio believe for a moment that I am in the wrong about anything," replied Constance with thoughtful determination. "You dear, good Northern people never can be made to understand that with a negro everything depends on the personal equation. He is not, and never can be made, a human machine. He is a personality, and his usefulness depends entirely on the recognition of that personality."

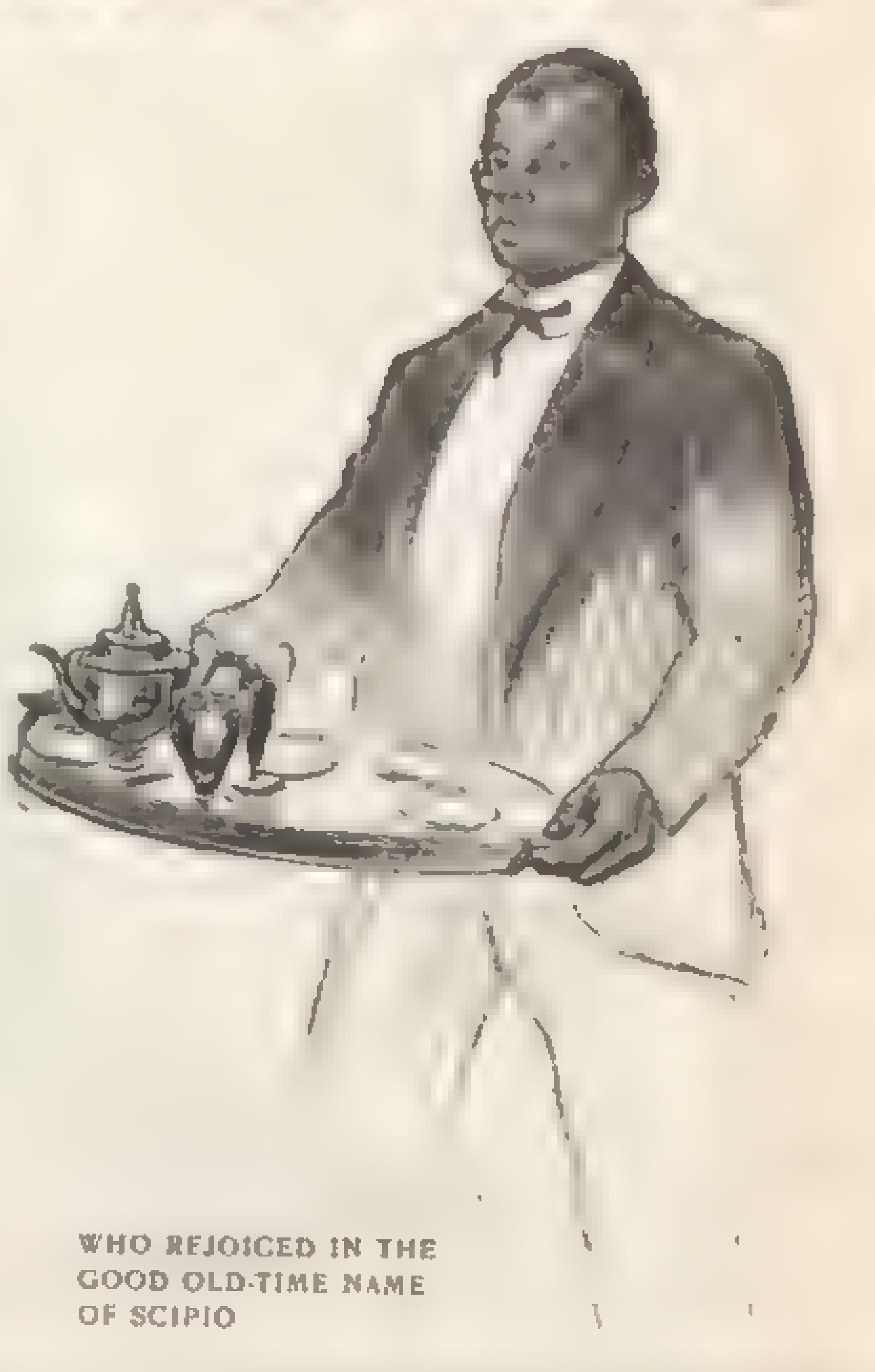
"The commonly accepted idea of a servant is a human machine," said Thorndyke, willing to champion Scipio's cause for the purpose of seeing Constance Maitland's soft eyes glow and sweet voice quicken in discussion. In the old days they had many hot wrangles over the North and the South.

"Ah, if you had been served by human machines for eighteen years, as I was, you would understand how I longed to see an honest, laughing black face once more! My negro servants do much toward making this house a home for me. You would laugh at the way we get on together. When I am in an ill humor they must bear the brunt of it. I am a terrible scold when I am cross. But when the servants are lazy and neglectful then I bear with them like an angel, and so we hit it off comfortably together. Even Scipio Africanus, who is altogether idle and irresponsible, becomes a hero when I am ill and a gentleman when I am angry."

"Another cup of tea, please."

"Already? You will become a tea drinker like Doctor Johnson. However, my tea is so good that you are excused."

The conversation went on fitfully but to Thorndyke delightfully. Like all women who truly know the world, Constance had a charming and real simplicity about her. She made no effort to entertain him; she talked to him and he replied, or was silent, according to his mood. Every moment increased Thorndyke's sense of exquisite comfort and quiet enjoyment. He had reached the inevitable stage of life when amusements are no longer warranted to amuse; when only a few things remained, such as certain books and certain conversations, which were a surety of pleasure. Nor had it been much in his way to enjoy those simple pleasures which are found only in quiet and seclusion. It was as much a feeling of gratitude as of pleasure which made him say to Constance:



WHO REJOICED IN THE GOOD OLD-TIME NAME OF SCIPIO

"I did not think there remained for me such an hour of rest and refreshment as you have given me."

Constance turned toward him her eyes, pensive but not sad. There was something soothing in her very presence. She had known and suffered much, and had led a life far from serene, and now, in her maturity, she had reached, it seemed to her, a haven of peace and quiet. She had acquired a knowledge worth almost as much as youth itself — the knowledge that never again could she suffer as she had once suffered. And the meeting with Thorndyke had confirmed her in a belief that had been her chief solace under the sorrows of her life of exile and disappointment. She knew then, that he loved her well. For some years of her youth she had been haunted by the thought, cruel to her pride, that Thorndyke, after all, had been only playing at love. But as time went on, and she knew herself and others better, she had become convinced that Thorndyke had truly loved her, and his leaving her was only what any other man of honor burdened with poverty would have done. And he had remembered and suffered, too. As this thought came into her mind Thorndyke made some little remark that referred vaguely to their past, something about a song from one of the Italian operas, those simple love stories told in lyrics which she had often sung in the old days. A blush swept over Constance's cheek, and after a little pause of silence and hesitation she went to the piano and sang the quaint old song. She had a pleasing although not a brilliant voice, and her singing was full of sweetness and feeling, the only kind of singing which the normal man understands.

When she returned to her chair Thorndyke leaned toward her with eyes that told her he loved her, although he did not utter a word. Constance, in turn, resting her rounded chin on her hand, leaned toward him with a heavenly smile upon her face — the smile a woman only bestows on the man she loves. Even if he could never speak his love she was conscious of it, and that was enough for her woman's heart. Under the spell of her eyes and smile Thorndyke felt himself losing his head — how could he refrain from touching the soft white hand which hung so temptingly near him!

"Mr. Crane," announced Scipio Africanus, and Julian Crane walked in.

Every man receives a shock when he finds he has interrupted a tête-à-tête, and Crane's shock was augmented by finding that Thorndyke was the victim in the present case. Thorndyke had not said a word about going to see Miss Maitland and Crane had meant to do a magnanimous thing by taking him there! And while outside the door he had heard Constance singing to the piano. She had never mentioned to him that she had such an accomplishment.

Thorndyke behaved as men usually do under the circumstances. He spoke to Crane curtly, assumed an injured air, and took his leave promptly, as much as to say:

"It is impossible for me to stand this man a moment."

Constance, womanlike, showed perfect composure and politeness, bade Thorndyke good-by with a smile, and then, by an effort, brought herself to the contemplation of Julian Crane. She saw then that he was very pale, and the hand which he rested on the back of a chair was trembling. The first idea which occurred to her was that Crane had heard bad news; but she could not understand why he should come to her under the circumstances. Perhaps it was only nervousness, the relaxation after great tension. With this in mind she said pleasantly as they seated themselves

"So you waked this morning and found yourself famous."

"My speech appears to have been well received by the country," replied Crane in a strained voice, after a pause.

"It is a pity Mrs. Crane was not present to enjoy your triumph," she said.

"Mrs. Crane does not care for politics. replied Crane, still in a strange voice

"I can't say that I am deeply interested in politics," replied Constance, "but I am interested in contemporary history of all sorts."

"And interested in your friends, Miss Maitland, when they are in public life."

"Extremely I was at the House yesterday to hear you speak, and read your speech over again this morning in the Congressional Record."

"Which, no doubt, you received through Thorndyke," Crane answered pointedly, after a moment.

Constance felt an inclination to get up and leave the room, as she often did when Crane was talking with her. He had no reserves or restraints, and said just what was in his mind—a dangerous and alarming practice. She controlled herself however, and looked closer at Crane. He was evidently deeply agitated, and Constance forebore the rebuke that she was ready to speak. Like a true woman, to feel sorry for a man was to forgive him everything. Suddenly Crane burst out

"Have you heard the news? Senator Brand—our junior Senator—was run over by a train at Baltimore this morning, and died within an hour."

There is a way of announcing a death which shows that the speaker is contemplating the dead man's shoes with particular interest. Without fully taking in what it meant to Crane and what he wished to convey, Constance at once saw that in Senator Brand's death lay some possible great good for Crane She remained silent a minute or two, her mind involuntarily reconstructing the horror and pity of the dead man's taking off.

Crane rose and walked up and down, his face working.

"I have committed a great, a stupendous folly," he said At the very outset of my real career I may have ruined it. I couldn't describe to you what I have suffered this day—yet no one has suspected it. I felt the necessity for sympathy, the necessity to tell my story to some one, and I came to you. I know I have no right to do it—but it seems to me, Constance, that ever since the day I first saw you you have had some strange power of sustaining and comforting me.'

As Crane spoke her name Constance involuntarily rose and assumed an air of offended dignity. But Crane's distress was so real, his offense so unconscious that her indignation could not hold against him.

Without noticing her offended silence he came and sat down heavily in the chair that Thorndyke had just vacated

"You know," he said, "in cases like this of Senator Brand's death the Governor appoints a Senator until the Legislature meets and can elect, which will not be until the first of next January. Just as I had heard the news about poor Brand at my hotel I ran into Sanders, our Governor. I didn't know he was in Washington. Sanders is a brute—always thinking of himself first. He buttonholed me, took me into his bedroom, locked the door and closed the transom. There were three other men present—all of whom I should not wish to offend. One of them has indorsed two unpaid notes for me. Sanders told me he had been looking for me, and with these other fellows—practical politicians every one of them—had already formulated a plan of campaign. The Governor would appoint me to fill the vacancy until the Legislature met in January and elected a Senator for the short term, provided I would give him a clear track then. In further recompense, he agreed to support me for the long term—the election is only two years off. Sanders has had the Senatorial bee in his bonnet for a long time, but the State organization is not over kindly to him, and Senator Bicknell is a little bit afraid of him, and naturally wouldn't encourage his aspirations. And do you know, after an hour's talk I allowed Sanders and those three fellows to wheedle me into that arrangement—and that without consulting Thorndyke, or a single friend I have in the world! Sanders is a long-headed rascal, and he knew very well that I was under money obligations to those men, and among them, aided and abetted by my own folly, I was buncoed—yes, regularly buncoed"

The rage and shame that possessed him seemed to overpower Crane for a moment, and he covered his face with his hands. Then he dashed them down and continued:

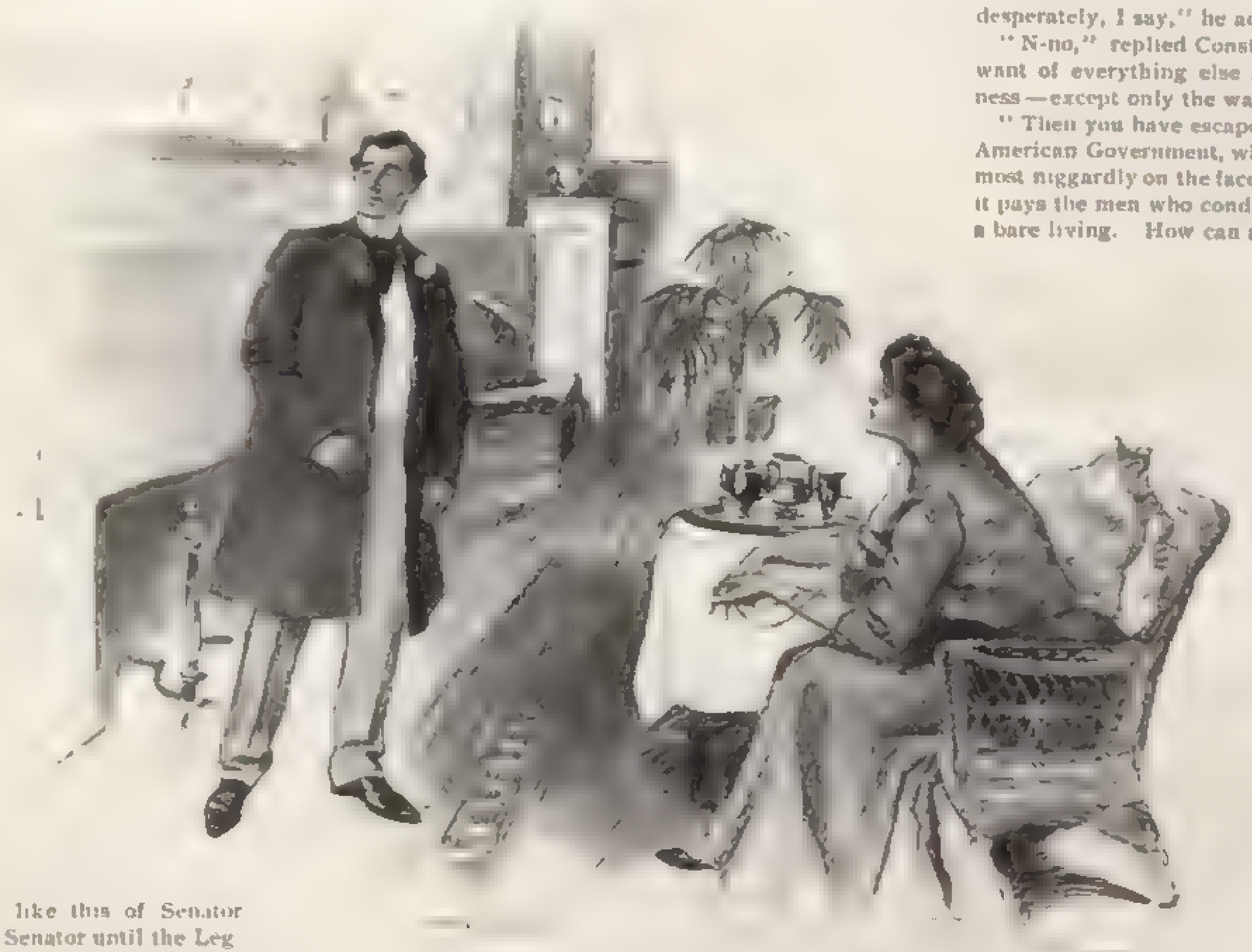
"Of course, I could have made a good showing in the race in January, and after my success of yesterday I believe I could have won. Senator Bicknell is not by any means the czar in the State which he would wish people to believe. But because Sanders dangled before my eyes the bauble of the appointment to the Senate—a present mess of pottage—and because I owed money I could not pay, I gave up the finest prospect of success any man of my age has had for forty years. Who ever heard of a stop-gap Senator that amounted to a bag of nails! And talking about two years from now, when I have just thrown away the game!"

Crane struck the arm of his chair with his clenched fist. His furious and sombre eyes showed the agony of his disappointment.

"As soon as it was done I knew my folly, and since then I have been almost like a madman. I went to my room to recover myself before going to the Capitol and managed not to betray myself while I was there. But I couldn't stand the strain until adjournment; I had to come to you."

Constance sat looking at him; pity, annoyance and a kind of disgust struggled within her. This, then, was politics Accomplished woman of the world that she was, this natural and untutored man thoroughly disconcerted her. If only she had not felt such pity for him! And while she was contemplating the spectacle of these elemental passions of hatred, disappointment, revenge and self-seeking, Crane's eyes fixed on her, lost some of their fury, and became more melancholy than angry, and he continued, as if thinking aloud

"Suddenly I felt the desire to see you. You would know how insane was my folly, but you would not despise me for it. That's the greatest power in the world a woman has over a man: when he can show her all his heart, and she will pity him, without scorn or contempt. Ah, if Fate had given me a wife like you I could have reached the heights of greatness!"



"I HAVE COMMITTED A GREAT, A STUPENDOUS FOLLY"

At those words Constance Maitland moved a little closer to him so that she could bring him under the full effect of her large, clear gaze.

"I think," she said in a cool, soft voice, with a rebuke in it, but without contempt, "that you are forgetting yourself strangely. I have often noticed in you a want of reticence. You should begin now to cultivate reticence. What you have just said has in it something insulting to me as well as to your wife—a person you seem to have forgotten. As for the political arrangement which you regret so much, I can only say that it seems to me to have been cold-blooded and unfeeling on both sides to a remarkable degree. You have spoken plainly; I speak plainly."

Constance leaned back quietly in her chair to watch the effect of what she had said. She felt then a hundred years older than Crane, who was older than she, and who knew both law and politics well, but was a child in the science of knowing the world and the people in it—a science in which Constance Maitland excelled. But even her rebuke had a fascination for him. No other woman had ever rebuked him—his wife least of all

"Do you complain of me," he said, "for telling you my weaknesses, my misfortunes? Don't you see that what you have just told me is proof of all I have said? You see my faults, you tell me of them, you inspire me with a desire to correct them. No other woman ever did so much for me. Is it forbidden to any one to utter a regret?"

"Very often it is forbidden," replied Constance promptly. "Unavailing regrets are among the most undignified things on earth. Is it possible that you have lived past your fortieth birthday without getting rid of that schoolboy idea that our environment makes us—that a man is made by his wife, or by any other human agent except himself? So long as self-love is the master passion, so long shall we heed our own persuasions more than any one else's."

"I hardly think you understand how things are with me," replied Crane, his eyes again growing sombre. "Yesterday was an epoch-making day with me. To-day, the first of the new epoch, I make a hideous mistake. It unmans me; it unnerves me. Not often do two such catastrophes befall a man together. I follow an impulse and come to you, and you are angry with me. Bah! How narrow and conventional are women, after all! Nevertheless," he kept on, rising to his feet and suddenly throwing aside his dejection, "no man ever yet rose to greatness without making vast mistakes and retrieving them. This moment the way of retrieving my mistake has come to me. I will go to Sanders—no, I will write and keep a certified copy of the letter—saying that I shall withdraw from my engagements with him. I will refuse to accept of the appointment as Senator and will contest the election with him before the Legislature. But—but—if only the man who indorsed my notes hadn't been in the combine!"

As suddenly as he had rallied Crane again sank into dejection.

"You don't know what it is to want money desperately—desperately, I say," he added

"N-no," replied Constance slowly. "I think I know the want of everything else almost which is necessary to happiness—except only the want of money."

"Then you have escaped hell itself, Miss Maitland. This American Government, which you think so impeccable, is the most niggardly on the face of the globe. With untold wealth, it pays the men who conduct its affairs a miserable pittance—a bare living. How can a man give his whole mind to great governmental and economic problems when nine out of ten public men owe more than they can pay? I owe more than I can pay, and I owe, besides, a host of obligations of all sorts which the borrower of money, especially if he is a public man, cannot escape."

Constance, at this, felt more real pity and sympathy for Crane than she had yet felt. Women, being in the main intensely practical and in their own singular way more material than men, the want of money always appeals to them. And she had an income much greater than her wants—that is, unless she happened to want an American husband. Every other luxury was within her reach. This idea occurred to her grotesquely enough at the moment. She said after a moment's pause:

"It seems to me that to make your disentanglement complete, you should, if possible, pay your debt to the man that you say helped to wheedle you into the arrangement. You might easily borrow the money—it is probably not a large sum. If—if—perhaps Mr. Thorndyke—might arrange——"

Crane instantly divined the generous thought in Constance Maitland's heart

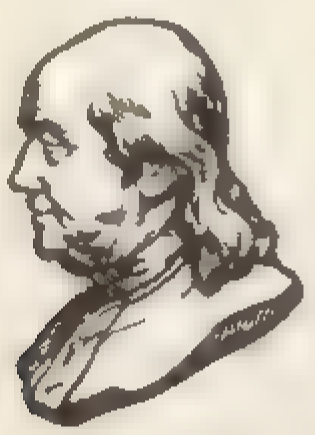
"No," he said. "I know what you would do—through Thorndyke. But it is not to be thought of With all my shortcomings, I can't think of borrowing money from a woman. But your suggestion is admirable—the payment of the money is necessary. It is not much."

Crane named something under a thousand dollars.

"Mr. Crane," said Constance after a while, "what advice do you think your wife would give you as to that money?"

(Continued on Page 22)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Oil and water won't mix, unless it's Standard Oil.

¶ Boast not of dress. Brag is only garb spelled backward.

¶ Love would rather eat green apples than have no pain at all.

¶ Explanations don't count — except against the explanationer.

¶ Ridicule is only a shower; hoist your umbrella and let it rain.

¶ The laggard's idea is to press a button for everything and do nothing but rest.

¶ The laborer who works to get higher is the laborer who is worthy of his hire.

¶ We really hate no one; we merely abhor the lack of our own virtues in others.

¶ Candor once went forth boldly and in smiles, but it crept home in tatters and tears.

¶ He is a good man who makes two thoughts grow in as much language as one thought occupied before.

¶ The man who does things makes many mistakes, but he never makes the biggest mistake of all — doing nothing.

¶ Congressmen who wear high hats with white ties, low-cut waistcoats and bobtail coats are bitterly opposed to American diplomatists appearing in uniforms.

If the Great "Merger" Stands

A GENERATION ago a daring speculator cast about for some way firmly to establish himself where he could get caste as a "financier." There was a great railway system which was in the possession of the heavy-witted sons of the men who had projected and built it. The speculator swooped upon the sleeping sons, bought control and bore off the prize amid wild shrieks of "Adventurer! Robber! Swindler!" With that "grab" as his foundation he became "eminently respectable," a "bulwark of conservatism," a "right arm of stability."

A generation passed and along came another daring speculator. He found that this railway system had passed into the hands of the descendants of the deceased "right arm of stability." And they were asleep, and off he made with the railway amid cries that were an exact repetition of the shouts of a generation before.

The moral to this tale is: Whatever may be the price of getting millions, eternal vigilance is the price of keeping them.

But this is the condition of affairs which Mr. Morgan and his multi-millionaire associates and lieutenants wish to see abolished. By the fiercest kind of competition they rose. Now that they have reached the climax of financial power have got all there was to be got out of the competitive principle, they wish to abolish it in order that they may sit secure, unafraid of audacious raiders who might otherwise disturb and dispossess them — or their heirs. Having completed their conquest they cry "Peace! Peace!"

More interesting even than this call for disarmament from the victorious conquerors is the method by which they purpose to establish a peace in which orders may flow out from them to be everywhere obeyed, and dividends may flow in upon them in ever increasing rivers. The Assistant Attorney General, Mr. Beck, lucidly described this method in his brief on the Northern Securities Company — the greatest, though not the most heavily capitalized, of Mr. Morgan's "peace" measures. Mr. Beck showed that this "merger" was

First, of unlimited duration

Second, of unlimited power to engage in any and every kind of enterprise.

Third, of such inviolable secrecy that only the "inside ring" could ever find out anything about the affairs of the "combine" and its constituent companies.

Fourth, of such curious construction that directors owning only a small part of the stock could assign to two men, who might own almost no stock at all, absolute power to do what they pleased without consulting anybody or without regard to the interests of the "combine" or its real owners.

Now, if Mr. Morgan were going to live forever, or if he could transmit his power, his purposes and his brains by some sort of hereditary arrangement that would be held sacred by everybody, then this scheme might be regarded as sound — though it is difficult to conceive of any circumstances in which it could be regarded as a good scheme for anybody but Mr. Morgan and those in favor with him. But as Mr. Morgan is not going to live forever and has not been anointed with the holy oil of kings, how is it possible to consider this scheme as anything but a standing invitation to the most unscrupulous kind of wrecker who need only wait until lazy or thick-headed sons are in possession? Under the present system the wrecker was, and is, forced to turn conserver because he has to invest his fortune in the property before he can get control of it. Under the "merger" system the wrecker need invest nothing but his wits, and the only way he could make anything would be by impairing the property and ruining its owners.

Socialists, philosophical anarchists and the like are often laughed at as short-sighted and visionary. Are their visions any wilder than such dreaming of peace and stability and *status quo* preserved? If the Supreme Court should reverse the Circuit Court and decide that there is no legal bar to the operations of the new breed of plutocratic socialist-dreamers, would it not be a mercy to them to pass a law that would compel them to keep to the ways which the example of nature and the experience of the race through the centuries mark out?

In their old age these men, and after their death their children, might hope to hold on to at least something under the competitive system. Under this system of their devising only the forbearance of rogues and "rustlers" would save them or their estates from spoliation.

The Revival of a Lost Art

WE HEAR constantly that letter writing is a lost art and that it does not belong to the rush and terseness of these modern days. There is no time for long epistles, and the polite pen is in the bottom of the hair-covered trunk or on the dusty shelf of the museum.

But is it? The other day the head of a great concern gazed at an expanse of sheets on the big flat desk before him. Quickly but unerringly he flipped the sheets away until a half dozen remained. "Neatness," he said laconically. Then he carefully read the six and made his final selection. "A very excellent letter," he declared; "well written, aptly phrased, correctly punctuated and altogether attractive." And the writer of that letter received an appointment that meant not only opportunity but liberal compensation.

Big men are so busy they do not bother about letters, say many. Wrong again. Here is proof of recent occurrence. A boy of less than a dozen years has been trained in letter writing; he is rewarded for his good work; he takes pride in it; he tried on his own account an interesting test; he wrote to several men of world-wide reputation, and the first two replies that came were from J. Pierpont Morgan and Andrew Carnegie. Last year a young man wanted the opinion of one of the busiest men in the country on a matter of interest to himself. He took pains with his inquiry. Promptly an answer was received and it began: "I am not able to reply to all the demands that are made upon me, but your letter is so admirably expressed that I am only too happy to make this an exception," and it went on to an interesting length and was signed by Abram H. Hewitt.

We have before us one of the publications devoted to the development of the South, especially to attracting the better class of settlers from other sections, and it contains a long article on courtesy in correspondence, meaning the money value of good letters. That man has the right idea. The polite letter is a power in immigration as well as in business. It has made whole counties rich; it has lifted the life and prosperity of communities.

In the mass excellence wins. There are millions of letters in every State. For the whole world the annual total is something over twenty billions. The number is beyond the imagination, but it keeps on growing hundreds of millions each year. You know how it is by your own correspondence and you also know how few of the letters you get make an impression upon you. A really good letter is a surprise, an enjoyment, a stimulus. You keep it almost as a curiosity.

A young man who can write a good letter has in that single ability a profitable resource. He is wanted in business, in politics, in journalism, in most of the higher callings. The letters need not be long but they should be neat, correct, attractive — and they should say something and say it out of the routine.

As Sure as Death and Taxes

IN ONE of our smaller cities the two most conspicuous citizens are:

First, a nonagenarian — he is ninety-six — who in look and activity is no older than the average man of sixty. All his life he has been a notorious violator of the laws of health.

Second, a multi-millionaire — he has at least ten millions — who in his private life, so far as it is known, and in the respect paid to him by the community, has all the advantages of having led an honest and honorable life. From the very outset of his career he has been a persistent and notorious violator of the laws of morality, even to those embodied in the penal code.

On one side of that city there is a graveyard. It is almost wholly tenanted by men and women who were cut off in or before the prime of life through trying to follow that nonagenarian's program for long life. On the opposite side, a few miles away, there is a penitentiary. It is filled, filled to overflowing, with men who have been sent there for trying to follow that multi-millionaire's program for success.

For every man who cheats the graveyard there are a thousand thousand who fail. For every man who cheats the jail there are a thousand thousand who fail.

He who sets out on a career of deliberate violation of law is a leader of the forlornest of forlorn hopes. No matter how conspicuous he may become through winning the long life or the prosperity he ought not to have won, he gets only a tithe of the conspicuousness he has earned. The miracle of his escape in running the gauntlet pales the miracles of Middle Ages justice in which persons walked unharmed on red hot ploughshares.

And if there were a sort of court where the claims of candidates for fame as successful law-defiers were tested, probably only a very few of those who presented themselves would be accepted. For example, the hardy nonagenarian has been for thirty odd years a sufferer from chronic rheumatism, and at certain seasons he has many successive days of agony that are said to be horrible to contemplate. Chance visitors hear nothing of this rheumatism — though they always hear how the old man has never worn an overcoat and has always eaten and drunk what he pleased. In like manner, there may be facts in the case of the multi-millionaire which are not placarded on his palace doors. George Eliot never said anything more profound than "Consequences are unpitying." If private lives could be exposed, if history and biography could be rewritten in truth, if *all* the facts in any given case could be known instead of only the often misleading glimpses of a few facts which may not really be important, we might realize more clearly that the moral law is as capable to enforce itself as is the law which says, "If you put your fingers in the crack of a door and then shut it, your fingers will be pinched." Tea-table anticipations of the Day of Judgment may not be so wise or so just as they fancy themselves.

One of the great difficulties in the way of education in moral law is the same as the one that makes slow and painful education in physical law: human unwillingness to believe that every cause has an effect and every effect a cause. It is so much more comfortable and so much less troublesome to believe that things "just happen." Then the man who falls into difficulties can rail against his luck and save his vanity. "Hard luck" lost him his job or got him into the hospital or the jail. And the person who comes along with the cold, unsympathetic, brutal "cause and effect" theory is more dreadful than the doctor with his drugs or the jailer with his cell. For he cuts into the most sensitive part of the human organism — vanity.

The laws of the universe in their application to man are all of a piece, are all part of a general scheme of cause and effect, are all grounded in supreme common-sense. The healthy man, the successful man, the good man are simply persons who are perfectly adapted to their environment, as a fish is when it is in the water, or a polar bear when it is in regions of eternal ice, or a man when he wears an overcoat on a cold day or keeps his hands off his neighbor's goods.

PRESIDENTS THAT PUSH

THE REASONS FOR THEIR SUCCESS MADE CLEAR IN THE RECORD OF THEIR CAREERS

By Forrest Crissey

I—A. J. EARLING

AT THE mention of the "Golden Age of railroad building" the public mind reverts to the pioneer period of the West when the great transcontinental lines celebrated their completion with imposing ceremonies. The strokes that drove home each golden spike were heard by the whole nation and the people exclaimed: "Another mile post in the history of American civilization!"

In strange contrast to the noise and enthusiasm of these celebrations is the present public indifference to the monster expenditures for the rebuilding and extension of the leading railways of the West—expenditures which make those of the pioneer days seem small by comparison! Very few persons outside of those best informed in railroad and financial circles are aware that, in the past three years, more millions of dollars—about three to one—have gone into permanent railway improvements in the "Great West" than were expended in an equal period in the palmiest days of the pioneer era of construction.

And by the same token, mention of the "kings of American railroad building" calls to mind, even with the younger generation, the names of Huntington, Stanford, Oakes Ames, Jay Cooke and Henry Villard, with scarcely a thought for the group of men who to-day are changing the map of this continent and writing a new chapter in the history of American commerce.

But these men are worth knowing and worth knowing about. Because the world of affairs has expanded to so vast a total, with interests so diversified, the doings of these men make far less noise and attract only a tithe of the public attention drawn by the achievements of the old-timers; but there is as much romance and inspiration in the careers of the quieter modern "kings of rail" as in those of the earlier time who stood in the limelight of popular attention when the West was young.

Most of these modern men are chief executives of the most progressive lines and systems spreading westward from Chicago; they have come up from the bottom and gained their mastery of railroad construction and management in the passage from the humblest and the intermediate to the highest steps of the service. What each of these men stands for in the modern railroad world, how he has arrived at his measure of influence and what are the lines along which he is working are matters of moment to those who keep pace with the vital elements in present-day progress.

President Earling a Veritable Glutton for Work

OF A. J. EARLING, President of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company, it is often said: "No other president knows his road as Earling knows the St. Paul." This, however, is the view of the outsider, and a claim which the quiet head of this great organization would probably be first to repudiate were it brought to his attention. But the soundness of the observation can scarcely be questioned when it is stated that he entered the service of the St. Paul as a telegraph operator thirty-seven years ago and has ever since been continuously in its employ.

There is genuine inspiration to the ambitious young man in the humbler ranks of railroad work in the bare recital of the stages by which Mr. Earling has progressed to his present position. At the age of eighteen he was put on the pay-roll of the road he now serves as president. After six years of service as a station operator he was promoted to the train dispatcher's table at division headquarters. Here he remained for five years. His next advance was to the position of assistant division superintendent. Four years at this post brought him promotion to the division superintendent's desk, where he put in two years. Here he made a big jump ahead, being appointed assistant general superintendent. Another two years pushed him forward to the place of general superintendent. Still another two years were sufficient to see him advanced to the office of general manager, where he remained for nine years, during a portion of this period being also the second vice-president. Finally, in 1899, he reached the presidency of the road with which he had begun as telegraph operator.

In view of this remarkable record of continuous service, is the statement that he knows his road more intimately than any other road is known by its president to be questioned?

In the course of Mr. Earling's last seven years of service at the telegraph key he was actually on duty, so far as the dispatching of trains was concerned, for twenty-four hours a day and did not miss fifty days out of the whole period. Nothing can indicate better than this fact the completeness with which he has given himself to the road he now directs. During all the years in which he did train dispatching he had a telegraph instrument and a train sheet on a little table close beside his bed. A night operator attended to all other messages save the "orders" for the movement of trains. When a call of this kind came the wire leading to Mr. Earling's bedside was "plugged in." At the first click of the call he would swing himself from between the sheets, get the location of the trains on his line, dispatch the requisite orders, and then swing back into bed again and drop to sleep almost as quickly as he had awakened.

MR. A. J. EARLING
PRESIDENT C., M. & ST. P. RAILWAY

Although a strict disciplinarian, President Earling has been known to confess to friends that he once failed to hold a subordinate to the stern letter of the law. But the question of his justification for the leniency may safely be left to the reader on the statement of facts—a statement which is significant as not only showing the character of the man but also that of the service in which so many years of his life were spent.

Through one of those strange mental elisions which have contributed many a bloody chapter to the history of railroad wrecks, a night dispatcher on Mr. Earling's line gave conflicting orders involving the certainty of a head-end collision of a fast freight and a passenger train.

Only a few moments after he had given the orders the dispatcher discovered his terrible blunder. Both trains had left the last stations at which they could be reached with orders, and as the dispatcher realized that they could not be intercepted by human agency, a vision of the accident, of the dead, the maimed and the dying, flashed upon his mind with the distinctness of a stereoscopic view.

The Train Dispatcher's Prayer

IN AN agony of despair he "plugged in" upon the wire running to the private room of the chief dispatcher, to whom he clicked the message, "Come down at once." Then he started in to face the awful interval of waiting for the call for the "wrecker" that would come from the station nearest the fatal meeting-place of the trains.

From pacing the floor, the half-crazed dispatcher who had made the blunder suddenly wheeled about and passed into an adjoining room. There he threw himself upon his knees, and in an agony of prayer appealed to God mercifully to spare the doomed passengers and train crews from the fate which could only be averted by divine intervention.

Although not habitually a religious man, a strange composure took possession of him as he rose from his knees. Without analyzing his course he returned to the telegraph key, again called up the chief dispatcher and sent the message, "Don't come."

After a seeming eternity of suspense he heard the call from the operator at the station nearest the probable point of the wreck. He almost fell to the floor with faintness as he listened to the report: "Passed No. 46 on the siding." Although weak and spent from the sudden relaxation which this news of deliverance brought, he nerved himself, by almost superhuman effort, to pick up the run of his train sheet and issue orders for the movement of the trains. When the train which had taken the siding came into division headquarters and its conductor and engineer entered the dispatcher's room there was a moment of silence and an exchange of glances which told more than words. Then the engineer said:

"I'd just struck the long, straight stretch of track across the bottom, Jim, when I saw the flicker of a headlight coming. I pulled up with a jerk, reversed and backed for that siding faster than any train ever backed on this line. There was just time to throw the switch and pull in on the siding when that freight zipped past us at a fifty-mile clip. The back coach just barely cleared the main track in the nick of time. But all this is just between us."

There was no need of this pledge of secrecy, for the next day the dispatcher faced Mr. Earling and made a frank confession of the "lap order." His face, however, spoke of the awful sufferings of that night, for the agony of those few hours had added years to his age.

As he looked at the dispatcher's face and listened to his strange account of the answered prayer, Mr. Earling felt his sense of discipline dissolve in sympathy, and he replied:

"Under the rules you ought to be discharged at once, but the circumstances are peculiar. If the incident were known among other men, so that it would weaken the discipline of the road generally, we should have to let you go, but as it is you may go right ahead with your work as if nothing had happened."

When the dispatcher found his voice he answered:

"I'm much obliged, sir; but I shall never handle a train sheet again. That's my last order."

And so it was. At the dispatcher's request he was transferred to another department of the work. This episode was the basis of Frank H. Spearman's graphic story of The Last Order, and is one of the few incidents of President Earling's variation from the strictest line of discipline.

No better illustration of Mr. Earling's devotion to the interests of railroad men can be given than the fact that he declined to take out a patent on the "manual block system," of which he is the inventor, and which has been generally in use, for years, on many of the Western railroads. Knowing that it would greatly contribute to the safety of train operation, he desired that its adoption should be unhampered by the monopoly guaranteed by letters patent. Therefore he sacrificed his private interests and gave the railroads the free benefits of the invention.

Thoroughness and independence are perhaps the two most distinctive features of Mr. Earling's policy. In many important particulars his road has been a pacemaker in modern railroading. Since 1896 the St. Paul road has built all of its freight cars and its big shops have turned out an average of fully fifteen cars a day. This innovation has been so successful that the company is now preparing also to construct all the locomotives needed for the operation of its lines. At first these will be turned out at the rate of eight a month.

One-management control is a keynote in the St. Paul policy, and this great corporation has more miles of road under the control of one management than any other road in the world. Its administration believes in the policy of direct responsibility and simplicity of organization, and consequently has no subsidiary lines or companies, no "wheels within a wheel."

In theory and practice Mr. Earling holds that a high development of the territory through which a railroad runs is a fundamental obligation upon the company and that this obligation continues long after the territory has been developed into well-settled country. He is a firm believer in such expansion as is best calculated to strengthen the property and develop its immediate and adjacent territory.

* * *

His Office in His Hat

"WHEN I was elected to the Forty-seventh Congress," said Representative William P. Hepburn, of Iowa, "a good friend of mine, who had assisted in managing my campaign and knew the sentiment of the people in the Eighth Iowa District, said:

"'Hepburn, I've got only one piece of advice to give you, and that is: don't get the big head there in Washington and come back here with a high hat. Stick to your slouch, and your chances for reelection are excellent.' Acting on his suggestion I shunned high hats and was sent to two Congresses.

"During the session of the Forty-ninth Congress, however, I was chosen with others to escort the body of a deceased member to San Francisco. As a mark of respect I wore a high hat with the rest of the conventional attire. On the way back, still wearing that hat, I stopped off at Iowa.

"'See here, Hepburn,' exclaimed my political adviser, 'that hat won't do. It'll ruin you here.'

"I ventured to believe that my constituents would not turn me down merely on account of the style of hat I wore. But I was woefully beaten at the next election.

"I promptly discarded my offending head gear, and although it was too late to redeem my reputation for that year, I managed in time to live down my indiscretion and was reelected to the Fifty-third Congress. Since then I have been honored by the confidence of my constituents and no occasion has tempted me to forswear the slouch hat."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles on successful railroad men.

LEARN T ADVERTIS

M. L. HALLETT

Many others are doing what this student has done

In a recent contest in New York our graduate was pronounced the best [illegible]

Some wonder why it is that the country boy can make a success in the commercial life—in the advertising world—and in the social whirl [illegible] great city. They can see how a young chap may become a successful farm[illegible] but that he should cut loose from his daily associations and training, and enter t[illegible] arena of a Metropolitan city, without any certainty of success, baffles the ordinary pe[illegible]

Now we have an example of pro[illegible] coming from the little city of Stroudsbu[illegible] Pa., and we expect to see him clim[illegible] ladder of prominence in the advertising [illegible] H[illegible] chosen a profession where hard work ambition and determination are rewarde[illegible] [illegible] business that pays a man wh[illegible] he is living and does not wait until he dies to [illegible] riches

The following clipping is from the Stroudsburg, Pa., Times

Won the Laurels!

A most interesting contest in advertisement writing took place between M. L. Hallett, of Springfield, Ma[illegible] and H. D. Sanborn, of Elmira, N. Y., in which Mr. Hal[illegible] was declared the winner and awarded the prize [illegible] handsome gold medal. Both young men are capable ad writers.

Mr. Hallett the successful contestant, is a bright young ad man of no mean ability, is 22 years of age, and hai[illegible] from Stroudsburg, Pa. He is a graduate of the P[illegible] Davis Advertising School of Chicago, and is a credit to that institution

This is what Mr. M. L. Hallett says about his victory:

Really I cannot help feeling a little proud of my success over Sanborn. Consider it quite a "feather in my cap." Thanking you for your kind interest, I am as ever

Very truly
your Student
M. L. Hallett

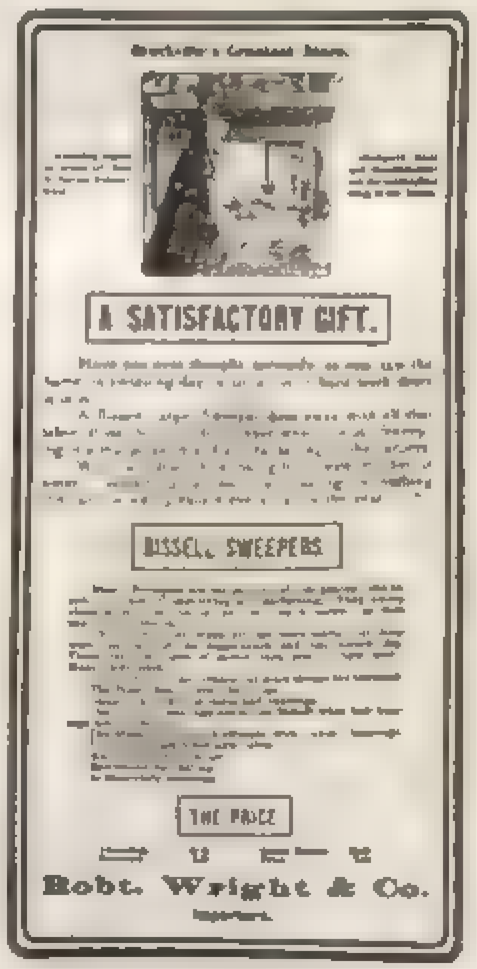
GEORGE A. WRIGHT a prize winner twice in succession

MR. GEORGE WRIGHT

Led by a flattering offer to go to England, Mr. Wright accepted the advertisement writing of the Bile Bean Co., Leeds, England. After a short stay, Robt. Wright & Co. induced him to return and resume charge of his old position, where he is now located.

The Page-Davis Co. is in receipt of the following notice, taken from the Brockville Recorder and forwarded to us by Mr. Geo. A. Wright

FOR THE SECOND TIME
Geo. A. Wright Wins the Bissell Carpet Sweeper Advertisement Prize


A SATISFACTORY GIFT.
BISSELL SWEEPERS
THE PRIZE
Robt. Wright & Co.

FIRST PRIZE $75.00. ROBERT WRIGHT & CO
Brockville, Ont.

For the last two years the Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, have instituted an advertisement contest, offering handsome cash prizes, to be competed for by handlers of their goods in all parts of the country. The prize for 1900 was won by Mr. George A. Wright, advertising manager for Robt. Wright & Co., of this town. To-day Mr. Wright was notified that he had also been successful in winning first prize in the 1901 competition, and a check for the amount of the prize, $75.00, was inclosed. Mr. Wright thus wins the big prize for two years in succession, which is certainly quite an honor and a high tribute to his genius and ability in that line. The advertisement with which the prize was won was one that appeared in the Recorder last December, and the Recorder's artist, it is needless to say, also feels very happy over the result in that his work has achieved such signal distinction.

There were over 3000 competitors for the prize, including all the leading newspapers in Canada and the United States. Mr. Fred Macey, of the Fred Macey Co., Grand Rapids, was judge [illegible] after a very [illegible] examination awarded the prizes. The Recorder congrat[illegible] Mr. Wright on his success and trusts he may go on achieving still greater fame as an [illegible]

The letter written by Mr. Wright to his instructors, Page-Davis Co., Chicago:

THE PAGE-DAVIS CO., Chicago, Ill.
Brockville, Ont., February 17

GENTLEMEN: You will no doubt be pleased to know that one of [illegible] successful for the *second* time in winning the Bissell Carpet Sweeper [illegible] contest [illegible] host of competitions in Canada and the United States. [illegible] dollars for the first, and Canada is on top and the Page-Davis people deserve their share of the credit

Respectfully yours,

George Wright

Advertising Manager [illegible]

READING THIS ANNOUNCEMENT IS BUT A START TO SOMETHING BETTER

Now answer it at once—it takes one minute and one cent. Mr. Page and Mr. Davis will be pleased to correspond with you and explain everything to your fullest satisfaction.

Send for our Handsome Prospectus—It tells all—It's FREE

Page-Davis Company

Suite 518, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago
***or* Suite 1518, 150 Nassau Street, New York City**

WHAT HAPPE

The following letters are ar ranged consecutively as receive from Mr. Jones and mark hi progress in the study and th ultimate success. This youn man rose from a silk salesman t advertising manager.

The following is the story of a success ful man who received [illegible] ing education through the Page-Davis Correspondence School. He [illegible] making a good salary. We might ven ture to say, more than he ever could [illegible] hoped to command in his previous pos tion

How It Happened

J. E. Jones, a silk salesman for W. I Foley in the small city of Ho[illegible] Texas, noticed our "ad" in one of th Sunday papers that read as follows

> **We are prepared to privately teach by mail practical advertisement wr[illegible] ting, good salaries; big demand; send for prospectus. The Page-Davis-Co., Chicago.**

He answered it on the morning of June [illegible] and in five days from the date of receivi[illegible] our prospectus he forwarded his applicatio[illegible] He then began his life's work in earnest [illegible] appreciated the opportunity we offered to tho[illegible] who have the desire to rise from their beate[illegible] [illegible] our directions, and the pos[illegible] [illegible] off the shackles of servitude

Houston, Texas, June [illegible]

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: [illegible] I must say I [illegible]

Yours truly,
J. E. JONES

We answered the above letter and presente the facts fairly and honestly before him and h reply was

Houston, Texas, June 18,

PAGE-DAVIS CO.

GENTLEMEN: [illegible] find draft for [illegible] tuition. I believe I can [illegible] I [illegible] king for a course. I am not much in th[illegible] [illegible] ne, but I am [illegible] dress good and al[illegible] [illegible] Would rather not se[illegible]

Yours truly,
J. E. JONES

Mr. Jones displayed energy and ambition fro the very start and he diligently followed out ou instructions in every instance. After he ha progressed one month he moved to Marlin, Texa where he soon secured a position as a salesma in a dry goods house. On July 28, 1899, M Jones writes as follows

Marlin, Texas, July 28

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: I must say your system of teach [illegible]

Yours [illegible]
J. E. JONES

Notice to

Concerns desirous of enga writers at a salary of $25 to communicate with us.

O WRITE
SEMENTS

NED TO JONES

J E Jones

W[illegible] progress [illegible] Mr. J[illegible] [illegible] se[illegible]

Marl[illegible]n, Texas, Nov. [illegible]

PAGE DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: After [illegible] Texas write [illegible] vertising "for G[illegible] [illegible] ing dry [illegible] I wo[illegible] [illegible] start [illegible] kind [illegible] Yours truly,

J. E. JONES

[illegible], Texas, December 10

PAGE-DAVIS CO.

GENTLEMEN: I am [illegible] I need now is [illegible] send herewith my [illegible] Do you mean [illegible] kind expression, [illegible]

Yours truly,

J. E. JONES

[illegible], Texas, December 23

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: [illegible] out your last [illegible] I have [illegible] gained. The [illegible] were [illegible], which is [illegible] business for this burg [illegible]

J. E. JONES

Galvest[illegible], Texas, January 3

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: About preparing [illegible] I will mail [illegible] If it does [illegible]

Respectfully, J. E. JONES

Galveston, Texas, January 16

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: In replying [illegible] 2nd inst., will say [illegible] followed out [illegible] $[illegible] per week [illegible] keeps me [illegible]

Yours respectfully, J. E. JONES

And now to conclude, Mr. Jones writes

[illegible], Texas, January 20

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

[illegible] who may w[illegible] creating and fascinating work

Respectfully, J. E. JONES

Employers

ging competent advertisement
$100 per week are requested
his service is gratis.

What Louis G. Booth has done you too can do

From Clerk to Advertising Manager of One of the Largest Wholesale Jewelry Houses.

What we have done for him we want to do for you. Will you give us the opportunity to prove our claim? Our students are successes—we are a success and to be successful deal with successful people.

A year or so ago Mr. Booth was a jewelry salesman on a small salary: today he is the advertising manager for one of the largest wholesale jewelry concerns in the country—Benj. Allen & Co. A few words from his own pen tell the story.

Messrs. Page-Davis Co.

GENTLEMEN: Pardon me for not answering you before, but as you realize the busy season keeps me humming I simply neglected it. You ask me what do I think of you. It is impossible for me to write it. It would take too much paper. Just let me say that when I began the study of advertising I knew nothing at all about it and held a menial position. Today I am advertising manager for Benjamin Allen & Co., one of the largest wholesale jewelers in the country. Under these circumstances what more could I say?

Yours respectfully,

Booth

L. G. BOOTH

These twelve men are now earning $735.00 every week. Before they studied the PAGE-DAVIS COURSE they were earning $225.00 per week.

The reason for you to qualify yourself in this most important factor in business is as plain as your A B C's

Each case forcibly and practically illustrates the varied uses and advantages of this substantial acquisition

INDEX

(A) [illegible]

(B) [illegible]

(C) [illegible]

(D) [illegible]

(E) [illegible]

(F) [illegible]

(G) [illegible]

(H) [illegible]

(I) [illegible]

(J) [illegible]

(K) [illegible]

(L) [illegible]

A R. B. LA FONTAINE

B F. K. JOHNSTON

C D. A. RYAN

D E. K. HEILWAY

E V. H. PECK

F B. J. KICHLINE

G N. ROTHSTEIN

H W. A. WEBSTER

I A. J. ROHN

J V. W. GATES

K LESTER TAYLOR

L M. B. MARTIN

DO YOU REALIZE THE FULL SIGNIFICANCE OF THESE FACTS TO YOU?

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The Reading Table

The Spoonerism

OUR candidates for the Rhodes Scholarships, it is understood, will have to undergo some kind of examination as a test of their qualifications. If in the course of this ordeal they were confronted with the proposition, "Define a Spoonerism and give illustrations," few of them, however well coached in textbooks of rhetoric, would be able to supply an answer. Yet it is safe to say that every successful candidate, before his first term at Oxford is over, will be a competent authority on this remarkable figure of speech.

It derives its name from a distinguished Oxford "don" who, after a tutorship of thirty years has just been appointed to the wardenship of New College. He suffers from a tendency to misplace the initial consonants of some of the words he uses. For instance, it is reported that he once had to rebuke an undergraduate for idleness. The point he wished to emphasize was that two whole terms had passed without fruitful results. "I am sorry," said Mr. Spooner, "to have to speak so severely to you, but I am informed that you have broken many rules of the college, you have been incorrigibly lazy, and to cap it all you have deliberately tasted two worms!"

No doubt some of the stories attributed to Mr. Spooner are invented, and some should be attributed to other persons. It may be convenient, however, to group together here a few that are reported to spring from this source, with the proviso that no sworn affidavits are offered in confirmation. Some are concerned with the pulpit, which, of course, gives many opportunities for confusion of expression. The Mr. Spooner of fable is said to have aroused sympathetic feelings among the boating men in his academical congregation by declaring that "Peter cozed, and the crew went out and wept bitterly." Preaching in the college chapel at the time of the diamond jubilee of her late Majesty he remarked impressively, "Now, my brethren, you have a very queer dean, a very queer dean indeed." As his own relations with the dean of the college were not just then the most amicable, this observation was especially enjoyed. In his farewell sermon at the parish church where he was once vicar, he called his congregation to witness that he had always been a shoving leopard to them. On another occasion he is said to have asked, with much dignity, "Who is there among us that has never felt a half-warmed fish within his breast?" And he is declared to have announced a hymn as beginning "From Iceland's greasy mountains."

One of the stories attributed to Mr Spooner bears on the face of it evidence that it belongs properly to some one else, for he is an accomplished musician. The rightful hero of the tale, whoever he may be, was asked if he were fond of music. "Yes,' was the answer, "but I have a very poor ear. In fact, the only tunes I can really remember are 'God save the weasel' and 'Pop goes the Queen

It remains to be recorded that Mr. Spooner's tendency to verbal contortion once caused him considerable personal inconvenience. He was wandering about Greenwich, inquiring in vain for a hotel called "The Dull Man." No inn of that name was known anywhere in the neighborhood, and passers-by whom he consulted could not suggest any clue. At last a happy thought struck a policeman at the street corner. "I see what you mean, sir; what you want is not The Dull Man at Greenwich, but The Green Man at Dulwich

Yet another story is of even more value to students of the Spoonerism for it suggests that the gift may be hereditary. A little son of the house at breakfast one morning, wishing his father to give him the marmalade, made request as follows: "Please pass the parlor-maid, father."

A Player's Memories

SEATED, the other day, in the office of one of his London theatres — he is managing two and building a third — Sir Charles Wyndham said: "During my first visit to Washington I met John Wilkes Booth, destined later to play so lamentable a part in his country's history. Our first approach to an acquaintance was made on the steps of Willard's Hotel. I gave an organ-grinder a penny. Booth, who was standing there, did the same, and turning said to me with a smile, 'What a bond between us is art.'

"He was a remarkable man, one whom you would instantly single out in a crowd. His eyes were black, penetrating and flashing, possibly the flash of insanity. He was a man who knew nothing at all of conventionality, and did not mind pain. One night he was

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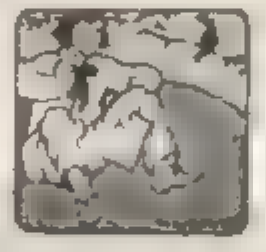
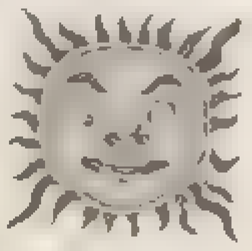
A SPRING DAY

By Charles Battell Loomis



8 A. M. It doth appear that spring is here,
For verdant blades are seen;
The robins sing like anything,
The lilac bush is green.

10 A. M. A summer breeze and then a freeze.
Black clouds, a lusty gale;
The robin's toes are deep in snows,
He's buffeted with hail.



12 M. Anon a thaw, though winds be raw,
And now the Torrid Zone
Has spilled its heat on field and street,
And roasting people groan.

2 P. M. The blossoms come and young bees hum.
We don the shirtwaist gay;
Now cooling drinks at golfing links —
"It's like a summer's day."

4 P. M. Once more it blows and likewise snows,
The lilac buds are freezing.
5 P. M. While home we fare for winter wear,
6 P. M. Poor spring retires, sneezing.

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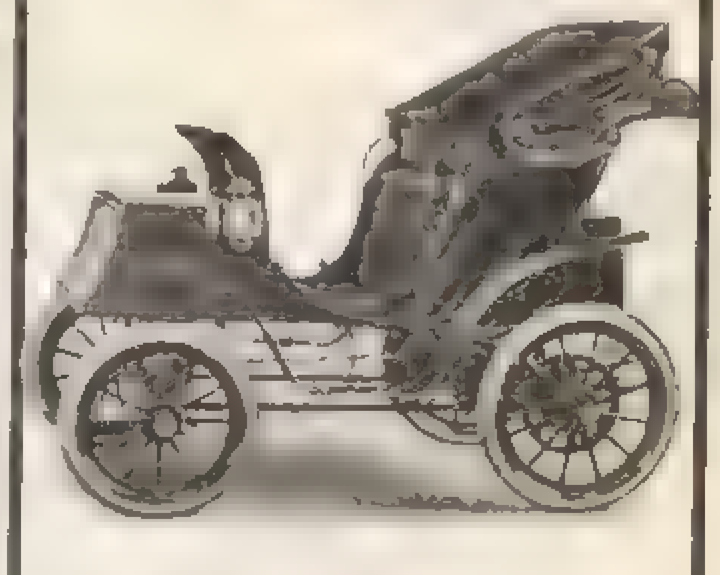

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playing in The Marble Heart, although that day he had had a bullet extracted from his neck, which was stiff and bound up in a handkerchief. He had an apology made for him before the curtain, but went on playing his rôle with a passion that carried no trace of physical pain

"He was a charming and delightful companion and would have been the greatest actor of his day. He was far superior to his brother, Edwin Booth, and of better instinct and spontaneity

"Mr. Joseph Jefferson and myself were the first to take out our own companies. In those days traveling arrangements were far below the perfect standard to which they have now been brought in America, but though comfort was sacrificed the picturesque was enhanced

"I recall an amusing and unique incident that occurred while my company was journeying from New Orleans to Memphis, where an engagement was to be played. On arriving, one morning at eight o'clock, at a little town called Granada, we were told that we should be delayed for twenty-four hours by a break-down. We went off to the hotel for rooms and breakfast. In about two hours a deputation of citizens called to ask whether I would not give a performance there that night, as we were bound to stay. Three difficulties presented themselves: our baggage had gone ahead and there were no costumes; when I looked at the hall I found they had no scenery, and, quite an important point, in view of the limited population, I feared we should have no audience. The first two they were obligingly willing to dispense with, and I was assured that they had no doubts as to an audience. If I consented they promised to send mounted runners out into the country round about, and felt sure of a crowded house. Upon this I took my chances and agreed. At about four o'clock I looked in at the hall and asked the manager how they were doing. 'Go upstairs and see,' he said, settling himself back complacently. When I looked in I saw a great collection of chairs, kitchen-stools, armchairs, library-chairs, chairs of every make and description. Going back I said, 'I see nothing except that the place which was empty this morning is half full of chairs

"'That's exactly it,' he answered with genial assurance. 'Every one who books brings his or her chair, and for every chair that you see there will be an occupant to-night.' And there was. Beyond that, many more arrived equipped in the same practical manner. People arrived from all over the country bringing chairs in their carts, while whole families came trooping up later with servants marching behind, each carrying four or five chairs on his head. It was an extraordinary sight and a most pleasant experience, and so far as the performance and its reception were concerned the night was declared a record one for Granada

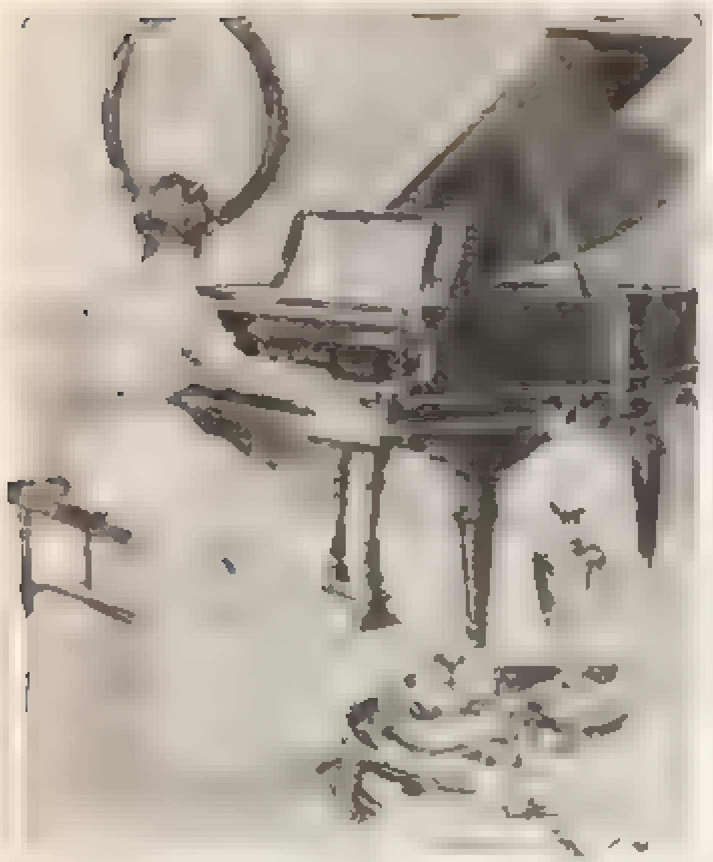
"When I played in St. Petersburg the first intimation the manager had that the Czar and members of the royal family would be present that night was the arrival of the Imperial cook to make coffee and pastry to be served to them during the presentation. The Czar, Alexander III, a charming, reserved man, frequently attended the performances with his family. It was an unwritten law that an actor should never turn his back on the Imperial box, no matter what the demand of the scene on the stage might be, an unwritten law that I transgressed.

"Another inevitable custom was that in acknowledging a recall the actor must bow first to the Imperial box, whether it were full or empty

"During our stay the Czar placed a carriage and pair at my disposal, and on the occasion of the blessing of the Neva had the further attention to detail an officer to be with us during the ceremony

"One night at the opera, after the close of our engagement, the request was sent through the Minister of Interior that we play in English privately before the Czar the next evening, which we did in a little piece called The Happy Pair. Prior to that we had played in French. Four weeks after our return to London we received a communication from the Russian Ambassador, M. de Stahl, asking us to come to the Embassy as he had gifts for us from the Czar We thought it a hoax, and would not go. Four days later I happened at a supper-party to sit next to [illegible] who told me that M. de Stahl had said he could not understand why we declined to come. The next day we went and received them, after having narrowly escaped hoaxing ourselves by staying away."

—*William Armstrong.*



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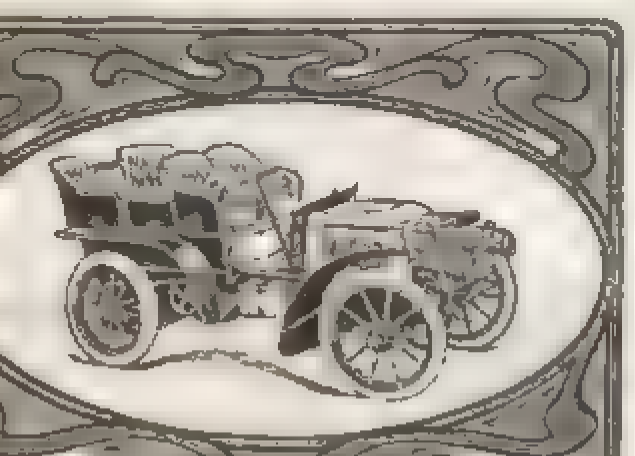

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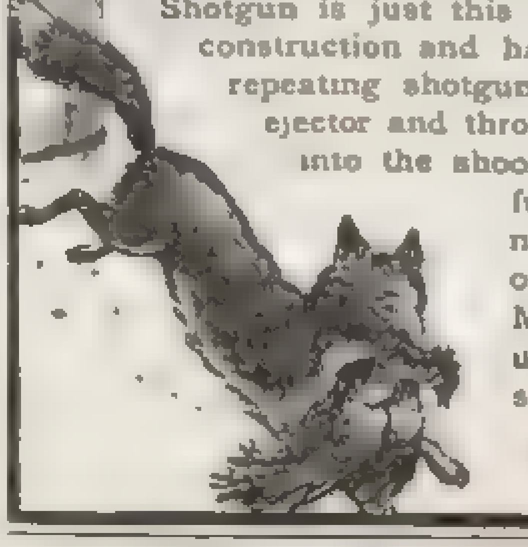

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Recollections of M. de Blowitz

(Continued from Page 3)

"Yes, but in the mean time they have not hesitated to violate my rights. It was a great trouble to me, as I value their friendship very highly, and I fancy that mine is not to be despised by either of them. In so many different points we come into contact with each other, and the policy of a nation should take this seriously into account. Then, too, friendship between nations is not only manifested by diplomatic actions, it is shown also by the equitable way in which it judges a country. My country is judged superficially and that is the reason it is calumniated. I value the opinion of Europe and I wish that credence were not given there to those who amuse themselves with spreading satirical reports about us. I am told that you have seen a great many people here, and, as you must be in the habit of observing, will you tell me whether you have drawn any inferences from what you have seen?"

"If Your Majesty will allow me to speak frankly, and I can scarcely do otherwise, as if I did I might be obliged to write to-morrow the contrary of what I said to-day, my opinion is this: I believe that every evil from which this country is suffering could be remedied, and easily remedied. But there are two difficulties: the first is, that all depends on the unique will of Your Majesty, and consequently Your Majesty would have to give up to a certain degree this absolute will. The second difficulty is that, when Your Majesty decided to do this, those whom Your Majesty commands would have to agree to this partial and progressive abdication. Now, the curious part is that those who depend on the absolute will of Your Majesty will probably be the first to resist a change which would prevent them from screening their own faults under the cover of the absolute orders of their Sovereign. But, if once this were obtained, if Your Majesty could succeed in creating an administration with the capabilities and the energy necessary for carrying out the reforms decided upon, it would be an immense step toward the improvement of Turkey. Your Majesty holds in his hand all liberty, because he alone can will everything. If Your Majesty would open his hand, little by little, setting gradually free this liberty, in proportion as the country is capable of accepting and of using it, Turkey would rapidly rise from her present position."

"I understand perfectly well what you have just said," answered the Sultan. "I am glad to find that you do not share the opinion of those who believe that this country cannot recover. As to what you say with regard to myself I am of your opinion, and I have quite decided to gradually open my hand. The difficulty is to know just how far to go. When it was seen that this country could not support a constitution, and a parliament which was not the entire representation of the country, but only of a part of the country, people came to me and began to talk about responsibilities. It was another way of reorganizing a constitution. I refused this. Those who talked about responsibilities only saw in this a means of substituting their will for mine at the expense of others, and the great mass of the country would only have changed from the will of one to that of another. I am now trying, as you have just said, to prepare this country for the more independent part it has to play, and I have already modified many things which are not seen outside the country, but which are producing an effect within."

Then returning obstinately to his first idea he asked:

"Do you think that the English will soon consent to evacuate Egypt?"

"I have already had the honor of replying to Your Majesty on this subject," I said. "But I will take the liberty of remarking that England is in Egypt against her will. When she asked Your Majesty to go with her to Egypt, influenced as she was by that secret dread which takes possession of all who are laying their hand on no matter what Ottoman territory, she was absolutely sincere. It was a great and terrible mistake of Turkey to refuse to accompany her, thus obliging England to go alone. She never meant to remain there. History will confirm with equal astonishment both this proposal of England and Turkey's refusal. The only consolation of Turkey, if there can be any consolation, is that in this question France was no wiser than she was.

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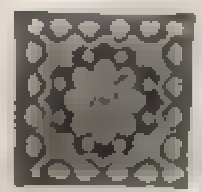

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I knew perfectly well that I had just attacked the Sultan directly. I therefore awaited his reply with some impatience. I thought, or rather I feared, that he would bring forward some of those subtle arguments, which the organs of the Ottoman press have endeavored to circulate, in order to attenuate the effect of the refusal of the Porte. But Abdul-Hamid I repeat and I proclaim it, is a man of superior mind, who when he is struck by sound reasoning is perhaps annoyed but at the same time influenced by it. As he had no good arguments to offer, and he would not stoop to poor ones, he did not reply but changed the subject. This was, as any one can see, a tacit approval of what I had just said, and I learned later that it was to be interpreted in this way.

"When are you leaving?" he asked

"To-morrow, Your Majesty

"So soon! I am sorry you are not staying longer. But I should like you to bear in mind that, if you write to me, either about things that have happened or about current topics, I will answer you. If, for state reasons, I am unable to, I will tell you plainly that I cannot answer. Take note, too, that if ever you come again to Constantinople you must come the very day of your arrival to see me. You have only to say that it was my wish that you should come, that it was by my order you asked to see me, and I promise you that I will receive you. And as I am now talking to some one who understands the gravity of the mission confided to the veritable journalist, who endeavors to find out the truth and to publish it, remember that I do not wish to suppress existing liberties but to give new liberties; that I do not wish to increase the financial troubles of my empire but to remedy them, and that I do not wish to confiscate justice but to establish and consolidate it. Remember that this nation which bears in itself those causes of its weakness also contains the elements of great strength, and that I wish to cure the former and make use of the latter."

Abdul Hamid rose and at this moment there was an expression in his eyes which showed that he was deeply moved. I quite understood that he felt sincerely what he had just been saying to me, but that at the same time he saw rising up before him all the obstacles which stood between his plans and their realization. He had just been pleading, as it were to a European journalist the cause of his race and of his people, and a struggle was perhaps going on within him between the duty of the monarch and the pride of the Kalif. It did not last long, though. Abdul-Hamid drew himself up, went a few steps with me and then, taking my hand in his, held it a few minutes while he spoke.

"His Majesty thanks you for your visit which he will remember with pleasure," interpreted Raghib Bey, "and he begs you to accept this in memory of this conversation."

He handed me a box containing the insignia of the second order of the Medjidieh just as I had bowed to Abdul-Hamid for the second time at the door of the room in which he had received me.

I found my friends where I had left them. They were rather surprised at my long absence. I explained to them what had happened and we decided to go to Osman Bey, the first chamberlain, and present my thanks according to the custom of the country.

Osman Bey, one of the most enlightened Turks, who has established and endowed the largest existing printing works in the Ottoman Empire, received me with the affability peculiar to Turks of the educated class, and after offering us coffee, called one of his officials, who appeared to be accustomed to this duty, to fasten on the right side of my coat and to place round my neck, in spite of my tourist's costume, the insignia of my new dignity, so that as Osman Bey said according to the prescriptions "the will of the Sultan may be accomplished."

I then left the Yildiz Kiosque with my friends. The numerous Turks whom we met saluted me respectfully without appearing astonished at my accoutrements which made me feel somewhat embarrassed.

The guards of the Palace shouldered arms, and when I had passed through the last gateway and saw the crowd looking at me, understanding that I had just had an interview with the Sultan, I said to myself

"I only hope that no caricaturist will catch sight of me!"

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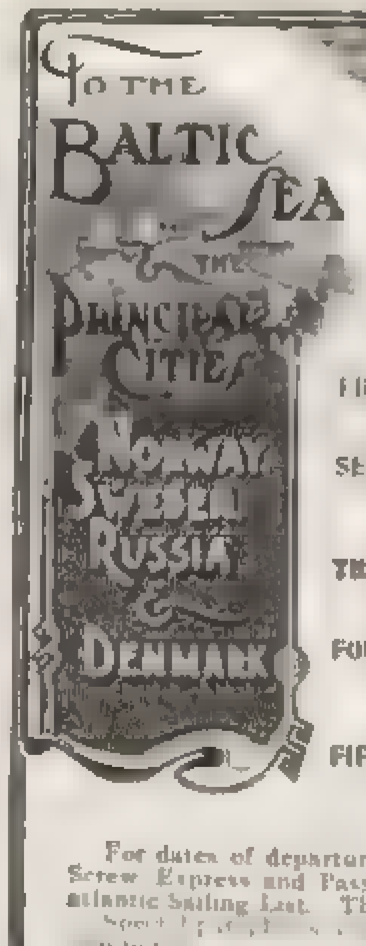

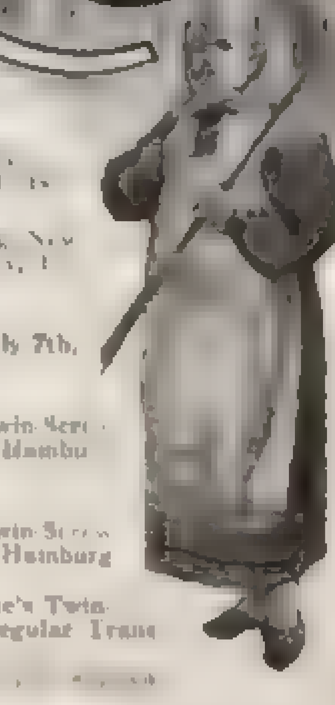

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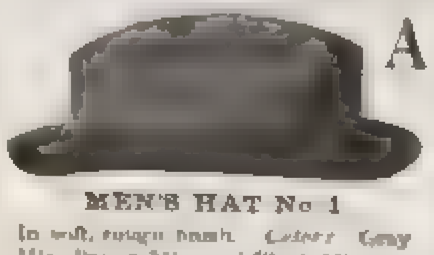

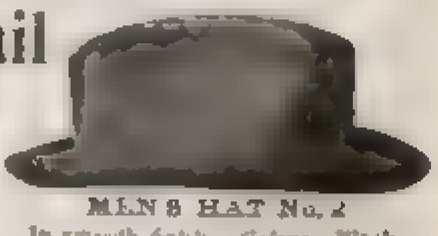

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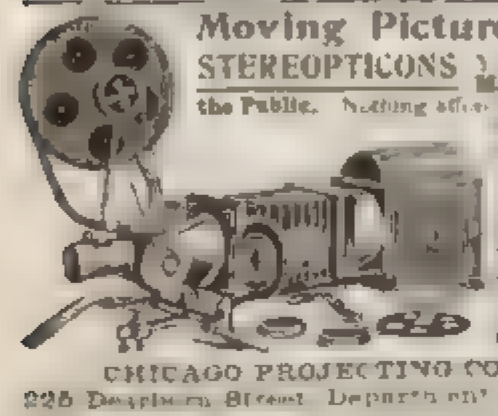

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Despotism and Democracy

(Continued from Page [illegible])

Crane smiled a little.

"Annette is a regular Spartan when it comes to practical matters. She would advise me to give up my rooms at the expensive hotel and go into the cou[illegible] by for the remainder of the session."

"Could any advice be more judicious?" asked Constance. "And is it any disadvantage to a public man, who is known to be a poor man, to live plainly?"

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Crane. "You are right! It would show those fellows in the Legislature next January that I have clean hands. What an admirable suggestion! And I can save at least enough to pay half what I owe on that note before the end of the session."

"You forget," said Constance gently, "that the suggestion really is your wife's. Perhaps if you had listened to her oftener you would have found life easier. You are perhaps like many another man—he marries a pretty little thing, and she remains to him a pretty little thing. Meanwhile, she may have developed a capacity for affairs far superior to his."

Crane did not like the hint that perhaps Annette's head for affairs was better than his—but he had heard several home truths that afternoon.

He rose to go, and his changed aspect confirmed his words when he said earnestly to Constance:

"I came in here with shame and despair in my heart. I go away enlightened and encouraged and comforted beyond words. You will at least let me say that it is to you I owe it."

"Good-by," replied Constance cheerfully.

The feeling that another woman's husband or lover can be enlightened, encouraged and comforted by her is a very awkward circumstance to a woman of sense.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

◆

The Home-Coming of Bill

By Hayden Carruth

NOT all of the former denizens of Sentinel Butte had been notable for strenuous wrestlings with material things; it appeared there had been men of studious and artistic impulses as well. One of these had been devoted to the study of fiction, according to Mr. Milo Bush, whose memory supplied the following details:

There just never was a man so took up with reading as old Henry Barleyback. Greatest reader you ever seen, 'less it was his wife, who was 'most as bad. Their son Bill was some on the read, too, but not so much, alternating his hours of stoodiousness with periods of artistic effort with the fiddle, as the old man used to say. They took the New York Weekly Fambly Fudge, a journal devoted to Art, Science, Literatoor, Philosophy and Political Ecconomy, which always had chunks of eight long stories with the lovely heeroine a-hanging over a percerpice at the end in every case. Says I to the old man one day after looking over a copy: "Old man, them there lovely critters do hang over percerpices pretty un[illegible]nermous, don't they? [illegible]?" "The villain persoos 'em relentlessly," says the old man, heaving a sigh. "Bully for the villain," says I; "more length to his [illegible] not ever taking much stock in Art, Science, Literatoor, Philosophy and Political Ecconomy. "Ah, they will be rescood," says the old man; "the heero is a-coming licketty-split." Then he goes on [illegible] No. [illegible] To be continued [illegible] By the author of The Poisoned Gumdrop; or [illegible]

[illegible] percerpice nothing like so long. You can just chase along to the next chapter and get 'em rescood. Though it's some aggervating when they say, 'We must now, reader, take leave of the

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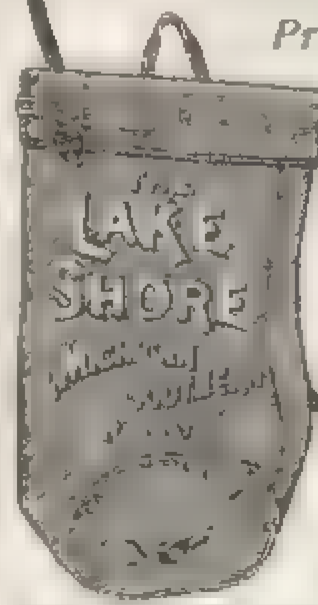

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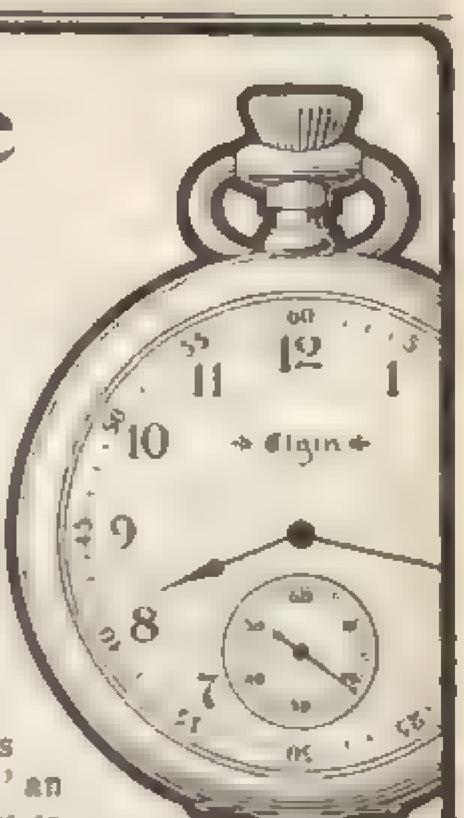

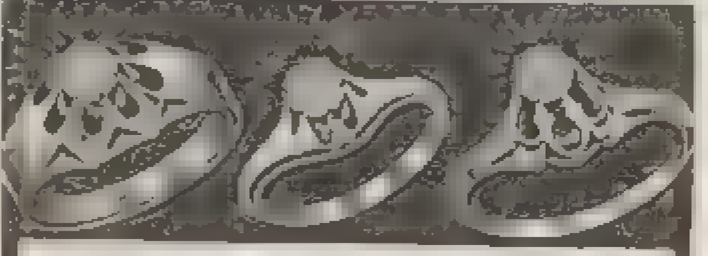

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A Good Shaving Brush

should be carefully made of selected materials properly put together.

All lather brushes made of bristles are almost sure to have a few loose hairs, not long enough to be caught in the cement; these will come out in the use during the first week. No matter how carefully the bristles are prepared, they will resume their natural "curl" after the first or second wetting. For use, the brush is as good as ever, but it does not look so.

For perfect satisfaction a **Badger Hair Shaving Brush** should be used; it costs more at first, but is more economical in the end

ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
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lovely creeter, Lady Pentonville, only darter and heiress of the stern old Lord Newgate, Marquis of Tyburn, and return to the boodoor of the Comtesse of Clichy,' and she a-hanging over a percerpice by a single hair, and the country full of villains and redskins. But it can't be helped—these here authors will harrer you up this way"

The old man got so took up with reading that he didn't pay much attention to anything else. One day a stranger come along moving West with one mule and one ox hitched to a kivered wagon, and he stopped and borrowed $5 of old Barleyback; and the old man never got over looking for him to come back and restore that five, as he said, and mebby make it five hundred "That's according to my reading," says he "you help the young man when he is struggling and back he comes after a while and mebby marries your darter." It was always a great trouble to the old man that he didn't have a darter to be romantic about But he made the most of his boy Bill, while he lasted, for along towards one spring Bill up and run away from home and disappeared. At first this rather pleased the old man as being storified. "Bill has gone to seek his fortune," says he. "He will return to the old home and make us all rich" But it soon got pretty lonesome without the boy, and the old man worried a good deal and got some thin and downcast.

It went on all summer and fall, and still Bill didn't come back. Then as it came along two days before Christmas the old man got an igee. He was half tickled to death over it, and though he was coming down town he turned around and walked straight back home. It was dark by the time he got there, and he went right out into the kitchen and says he to his wife

"[illegible] don't you know how they always come back to the old homestead Christmas [illegible]?"

"Yes, that's so, Henry," says she. "Or just as the minister stands up to marry the girl to the other feller."

"Never mind about that," says he; "Christmas is our game Bill will be back to-morrow night

"Well, I hope so," says she

"Hope so!" says old Barleyback, cross as a bear; "he *is* coming. He's read the books 'most as much as us—*he* knows what's proper. He may be far away, and it may be a hard pull for him to get here in time, but he'll make it, see if he don't. Only we've got to play our part."

"We must be setting by the fire a-mourning him as dead," says the old lady

"Correct," says Barleyback, "with the lamp in the winder, like this." And he takes the kerosene lamp and goes over and sets it on the winder-sill. "Its durned beams shine out and guide the wanderer, you know" he goes on. "He sees 'em and says he: 'Home at last, thank Heaving! Alars, I have wandered fur since here I passed my innercent youth! Ah, will they be glad to see me? Does any heart still beat for the Wanderer? Oh, there is the old gate, and the old willer tree, and the old barn sheltering the patient kine, and the old grindstun, and there, Heaving be praised! the old doorway out of which I passed. Home, mother, joy, alars! I will creep up, raise the latch and walk in!' That's the way it always is, and we must be ready for it"

"Well, there'll be time enough to get fixed 'fore to-morrow night," says his wife.

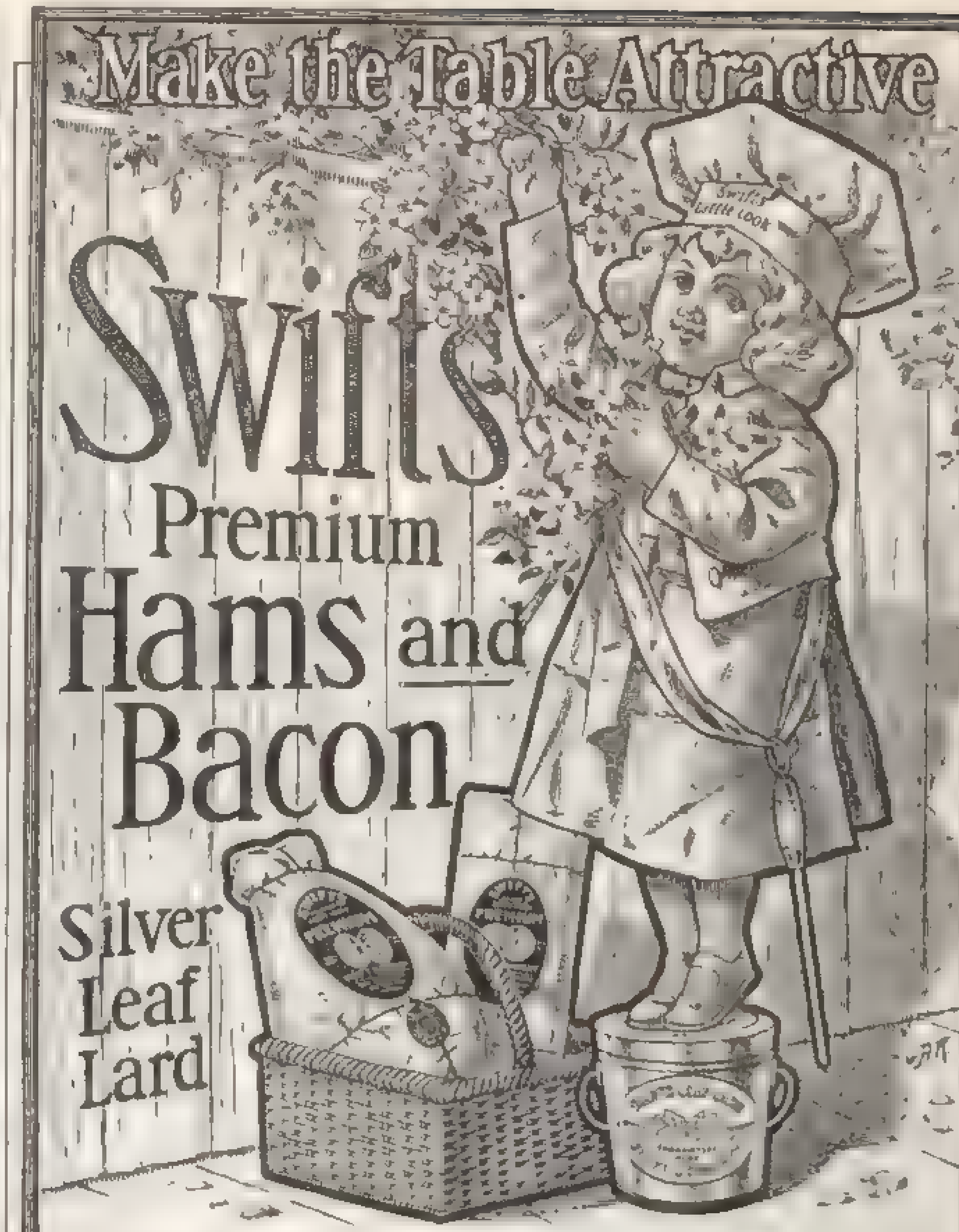
"Oh, yes; but I was kinder rehearsing," says the old man. "Mebby we can have Mis' Jones come in and play the organ soft like in the front room—that always adds Then we'll set right here 'fore the fire," he goes on, setting down near his wife by the stove "We'll be setting here and a-talking 'bout him, as I said. Does seem a pesky long time since Bill went away," says the old man, sort o' solemn

"Yes, it does," says the old lady, wiping a tear with the corner of her apron

"And Bill was a fine boy" goes on the old man "Our only son. It's been mighty hard to get along without him. I ain't said much about it, but my heart has been full. We think we have troubles, but they will be all gone with our darling boy back in our arms once more. He *must* come. I *know* he will come."

Just then they heard the door open and they rose up and turned around. There stood Bill. The old man give him a look like a thundercloud

"You jim fizzled fool," shouts he, "you're twenty-four hours ahead of time! Get out!" and he grabs up the fire-shovel and makes for him, and Bill retreats. And I'll be hanged if the boy didn't have to go down to the hotel and stay till next evening 'fore they'd let him come near the house.



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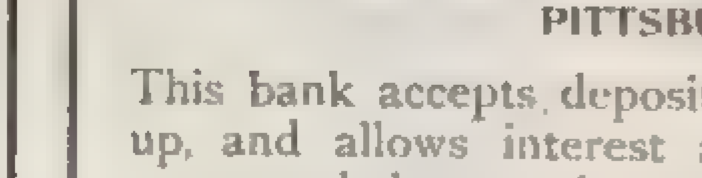

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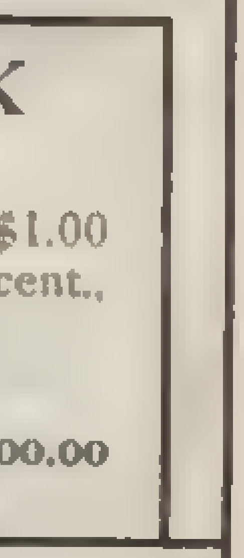

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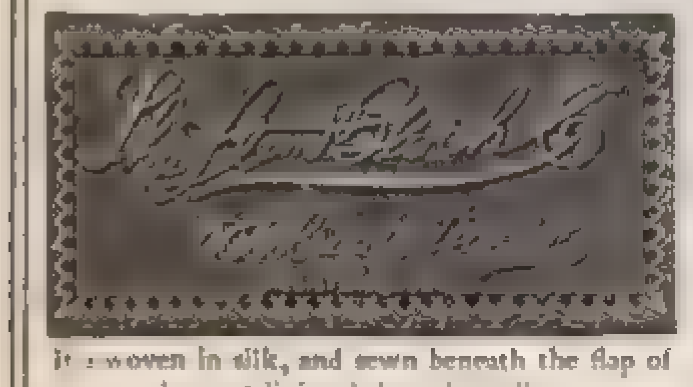

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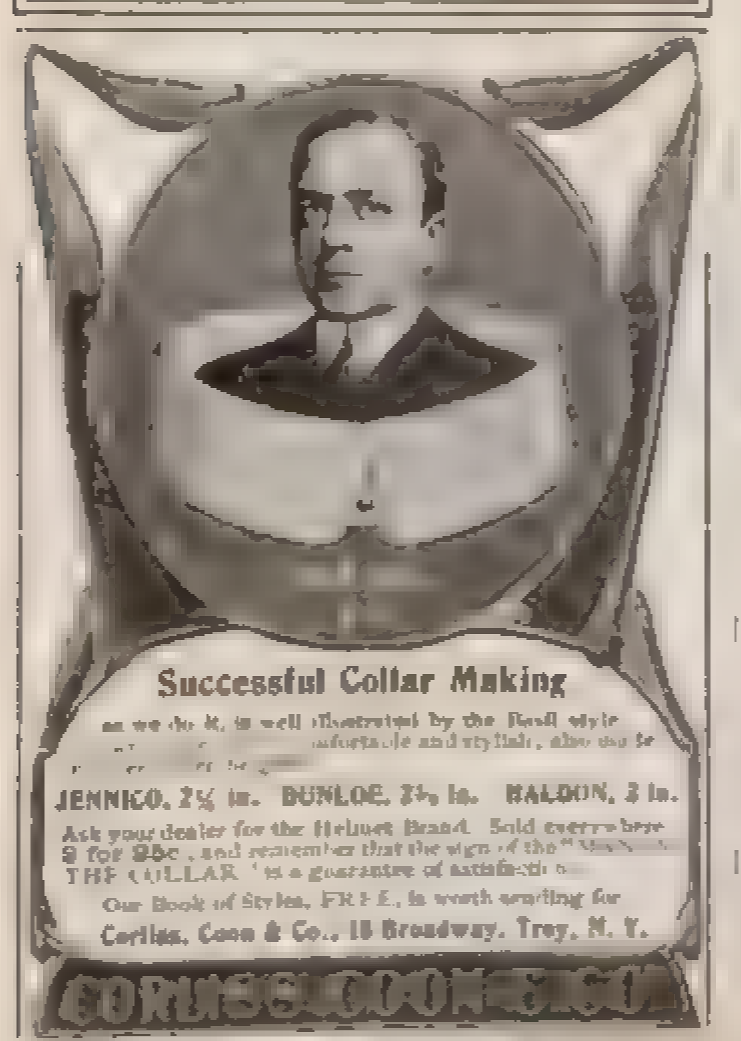

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Practical Business Precautions

By Otto Young

NO AMOUNT of petty precautions and complicated checks can make up for a failure to exercise good judgment in selecting sound timber for executive and responsible places in any business establishment. Here is where the head of any big enterprise finds himself put to the test. If he is not able to form a ready and reasonably accurate judgment of human nature he is lacking in the most essential requirement for success.

Let it be said, then, that the cardinal precaution which every business man should exercise is that of surrounding himself with honest, capable and active men. Inability to pick assistants of this kind makes all other precautions of doubtful value and discounts the most painstaking system of checking that may be devised. Carelessness in the choice of men for positions of any considerable responsibility is inexcusable. Lack of thoroughness in running down the records of all employees who are considered for responsible places is, however, of too common occurrence. This is a piece of inattention that accounts for many losses sustained by large business houses which suffer from employees who "go wrong."

The merchant or other man of business who is an extensive employer of clerical, accounting and executive labor should insist upon knowing the complete record of every man who handles his money or goods. This does not mean that he should accept a letter of commendation from the man's latest employer as proof of the applicant's desirability or integrity. Nothing short of a complete abstract of the applicant's record as an employee, beginning with his first position and continuing in an unbroken chain to his latest place, makes a [illegible] satisfactory and substantial basis for employment.

Of course, this is sometimes impossible to obtain, but it should always be approximated and serve as the standard of requirement. Why should a man be less particular about knowing the complete record of the employee who is to handle thousands of dollars of his money than he is to be certain that there are no weak spots in the title of a piece of property in which he desires to invest? To leave a possible cloud on the record of a lieutenant selected for an important place is a stroke of business as bad and careless as would be that of leaving a chance for a cloud on the title of a piece of real estate.

Watching an Employee's Way of Living

After a man's record has been sifted to the bottom by personal and searching investigation, and he is found to be above suspicion and is accepted as an employee, the next important precaution is that of studying his manner of living. If a man drops into the habit of being late in the morning, the conclusion that he keeps late hours at night is a fair inference, which is generally sustained by investigation. Promptness, on the other hand, is a fairly reliable indication of a steady and well-ordered life. Not many men who live fast and keep late hours at night are able to be invariably on time in the morning.

It may be put down as a safe rule, then, that late in the morning quite generally means late night hours—and the latter ordinarily also carries with it the proofs of fast living. To say the least, the employee trusted with responsibility, but who is not prompt, becomes a proper subject for investigation. If he is found to be living beyond his salary—spending more than he earns—there is only one more vital fact to be determined—that is: has he a private income which warrants his expenditures? If such is not the case, the wisest course is to dispense with that man's services after the accounts or affairs under his charge have been thoroughly overhauled.

It is not a general practice on the part of large mercantile houses to employ auditors or examiners outside the ranks of its employees, but this may be a prudent custom to follow. Whether the checking is done by an outside expert or by a person regularly in the employ of the establishment, there is no doubt that the overhauling of accounts should be carefully and systematically prosecuted at regular intervals.

The CROSSETT Shoe
"Makes LIFE'S WALK EASY"
For MEN of TASTE and JUDGMENT
$3.50
$4.00

Men who have to use their brains to solve difficult problems don't want to be bothered with uncomfortable feet. A neat-fitting, easy shoe relieves them of all worry on this score and allows freedom of thought for more important cares.

The Crossett Shoe Makes Life's Walk Easy

Ask Your Dealer For Them or Send For Our Booklet—Free.

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, Inc., Maker
North Abington, Mass.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

is a [illegible] than electricity or acetylene and cheaper than kerosene. **No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor.** Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with a match. Every [illegible] **Agents Wanted Everywhere**

THE "BEST" LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.
THE BEST LIGHT

A man bought a house for $5300, painted it with

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint

and sold it for $6000—That's paint profit

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint [illegible]

Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company [illegible] of Paint Knowledge and Advice free to **Patton Paint Co., P. O. Drawer 231, Milwaukee, Wis.**

DEAFNESS

The Morley Ear-Drum

is the most recent and most effective *Invisible* device for the relief of deafness. It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

The Morley Company, Dept. T
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

CHEAP RATES California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado. We secure reduced rates on household goods of intending settlers [illegible] above States. Write for rates. [illegible]
Trans-Continental Freight Co., 3-330 Dearborn St., Chicago.

10 DAYS TRIAL

We will send any bicycle to any address with the understanding and agreement that you can give it **10 DAYS' TRIAL** and if you do not find it easier running, hand[illegible] better finished and equip[illegible] more money you can return it **to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.**

$10.95 Buys our new **HIGH-GRADE 1903 NEWTON BICYCLE**, which we guarantee stronger, easier riding, better [illegible] better frame, wheels, hubs and bearings than [illegible]

OUR 1903 NAPOLEON BICYCLE [illegible] ONE HALF [illegible] est price asked by others. [illegible] **Free Bicycle Catalogue**, hundreds of pric[illegible] bicycles and supplies, our **Free Trial and Guarantee Proposition** and our **Most Astonishing Offer**, cut this ad. out and mail to **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago**

FROM FACTORY TO CONSUMER

$26.50 BUYS A BUGGY (with top $33.50) superior quality, style and durability. Our entire output of two enormous factories sold direct to [illegible]

PRICES DEFY COMPETITION

We manufacture a full line of Buggies, Car[illegible] and Harness, guarantee everything we sell [illegible] ship on approval. Money back if not satisfied.

SAVE DEALERS' PROFITS

Write immediately for our **catalogue** and **special inducement**, it will interest you.

UNION BUGGY CO., 402 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

Accident Proof Iron Cribs

with **high sliding sides and closely spaced spindles**, prevent **Mothers worrying**, as the Baby **can't fall out**, climb over or stick its head [illegible]. Fitted with high grade woven wire [illegible]

Ask your dealer for **Foster's No. 40 Ideal Crib.** For illustrations and particulars add

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO.
4 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.

Rifles
Pistols
Shotguns

You cannot use too much care in the selection of a firearm. Our 4[illegible] years' reputation speaks for arms that are

Standard, Accurate and Reliable

FREE. Our 128 page illustrated catalogue, [illegible] your vacation, and advice as [illegible]

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.
165 Main Street
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

FREE
"FROZEN DAINTIES"

Send your name for a copy of the new edition of this guide to making ice creams, sherbets and frozen dainties of all kinds. It is elaborately illustrated, and every recipe can be relied upon. We send it free because it recommends the *Triple Motion*

WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZER

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO
Dept. D, Nashua, N. H.

YOU CAN BE A WRITER

Learn Journalism and Story Writing by mail, during spare hours. Send for our free booklet "**Writing for Profit;**" tells how [illegible] story writer, [illegible] **Manuscripts sold on commission**, either [illegible] plan. If interested, send for free copies of "**Rules of Sales Department**" and "**Manuscript Syndicate.**" THORNTON WEST, Editor-in-Chief, founded 1895

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
No. 67 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

Surveillance over the receiving end of a mercantile concern should be quite as strict as over the selling end. Collusion between drivers, receiving clerks and inspectors offers an opportunity for fraud on a larger scale than is to be found in almost any other department. Peculations here "run into money" with astonishing rapidity, but the operation is so difficult to accomplish without detection that it is, generally speaking, not often attempted. There are too many different checks upon each transaction to make ventures in this field of dishonesty particularly tempting or popular. However, it is possible, and therefore this loophole should be carefully guarded by the merchant who would not leave his business at loose ends.

In a well organized mercantile house there is little chance for drivers or delivery-men to make away with goods. They are stolen from more often than they steal — for they are held responsible for the goods placed in their care and must make good all losses. Perhaps this requirement sometimes works a hardship on some who, in spite of fair diligence, have packages filched from their wagons while making their rounds. Not to have this rule, however, would be to encourage carelessness and dishonesty and to court constant leakage in the department.

Precautions Made Possible by System

Even in an establishment having several hundred employees it is difficult to exercise all the precautions I have stated, but I know from personal experience that they may be carried out with a fair degree of precision and success in a concern having nearly four thousand persons in its employ. System will accomplish seeming impossibilities, and the mercantile business, large or small, that is not carefully systematized, cannot hope for success in these days of keen competition and small profit margins.

A fruitful source of leakage in a large mercantile business is that of careless measuring and inspection. This may seem, to the layman, to be getting things down to a decidedly "fine point"; but when it is remembered that thousands of yards of valuable fabrics are measured each day on the counters of a big city store the possibilities of careless measuring may be realized. The loss of an eighth of a yard on each dress pattern would amount to hundreds of dollars in the course of a month's sales in a big metropolitan store. The same observation applies with equal force to careless inspection. The inspector who allows better goods, or more of them, than are paid for, to slip through his fingers is a dangerous and costly source of leakage in any house. Small items make large totals with astonishing rapidity in an establishment having annual retail sales mounting high into the millions of dollars.

Any extensive retail store in a metropolitan city sustains a constant assault from the thieving fraternity. There is no way of arriving at the volume of loss from this unrelenting raid, but it may be said that the total would seem very large to the average country merchant and to the layman. To the sum actually lost in goods stolen must be added the cost of maintaining a system of house detectives. This runs into a very considerable amount in the course of a year.

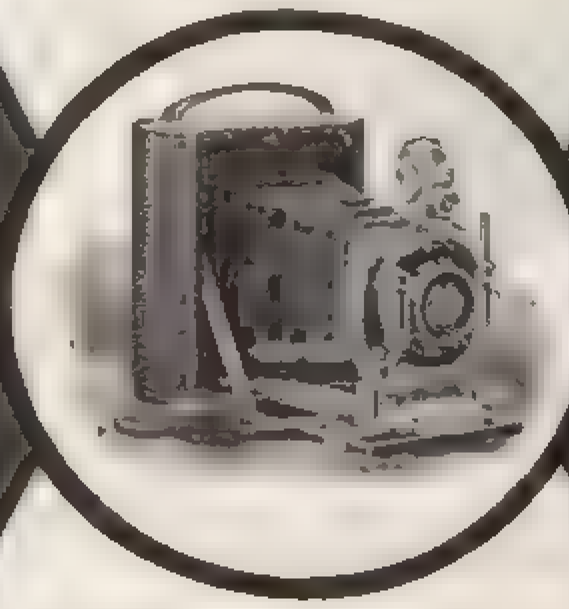
Goods in a great department store must be freely displayed and exposed. This places them within reach of all comers. Where the shoppers number from 50,000 to 75,000 a day the task of keeping them under anything like careful surveillance is almost an impossibility. One precaution is to have experienced detectives posted near the entrances to "spot" the well known and professional thieves and shoplifters. Men charged with this duty become remarkably expert and literally carry in their minds an extensive "rogues' gallery." When an incomer is identified in this manner he — or more often she — is requested to leave the establishment. This request is generally complied with, and that without words or argument. Only a hint is needed to the thorough-paced professional.

Schemes Devised by Shoplifters

Some unique and astonishing schemes are devised for the purpose of robbing the big city stores. Perhaps the most bold and dashing feat of this kind which has recently come to my attention was successfully carried out by a little girl not more than fourteen years old. She had been well coached and costumed for the trick. Whether she planned her campaign herself or was managed by some criminal more mature is a matter of conjecture.

In a rush of bargain-day trade a clerk made

The Greatest Photographic Year Book Free



As the Premo is recognized as the best of all cameras, so is the Premo Book recognized as the authority on the best things photographic. It practically describes and accurately illustrates all the requisites to successful photography including The

PREMO

a name that covers a series of cameras, so wide in their range; so complete in their individual equipment, as to practically solve every problem of the photographer's art. Made in all styles and sizes. Ranging in price from $2.50 to $350. Ask your dealer for the Premo Book, or send your name and secure it **free** by mail

DEPARTMENT N, ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO., Rochester, N. Y.

DEARBORN JUNIOR Typewriter Table Cabinet

$12.00
DELIVERED

[illegible] Write for catalogue of **Dearborn Typewriter Cabinets**

Dearborn Desk Company, *Manufacturers of Typewriter Cabinets exclusively.*
1936 First Av., Birmingham, Ala., 360 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Pose by Author
"Breaking a chain"

READ

Lung and Muscle Culture

The most Instructive Book ever published on the vital subject of

Breathing and Exercise

64 pages. Fully Illustrated
200,000 Already Sold

Correct and Incorrect Breathing described [illegible] etc. Book sent on receipt of 10 cents.

P. VON BOECKMANN, R. S.
1123 Hartford Bldg., New York

WEDDING INVITATIONS and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-Date Styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75 cents. Samples and Valuable Booklet, "We[illegible]"
J. W. COCKRUM, 527 MAIN STREET, OAKLAND CITY, IND.

360 FOREIGN STAMPS, 10c. 104 var. from Malta [illegible] 10c. 200 [illegible] 15c. 300 var. 50c. 500 var. $1.25. 1000 [illegible] $4.00. 40 var. [illegible] S. 10c. [illegible] free. Agents wanted. Stamps on approval at 50 per cent.
L. Crowell Stamp Co., 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

SOLE SAVER A preparation to make your shoes and [illegible] waterproof, prevent [illegible] with the necessity of rubbers. It makes light [illegible] out-wear the uppers. Easily applied. Send [illegible] cents in stamps for sample and our price offer.
STATEN CHEMICAL COMPANY, Box 3258, BOSTON, MASS.

STUDY LAW At Home

Our way of teaching law by mail has prepared our students for practice in every State, for success in business and public life. The original school, established 13 years. Write for catalog to
SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
250 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

A Safety Deposit Vault at Home

We make over 15 styles and sizes of
Meilink's Fire and Water Proof Vaults.

The smallest, 14 x 9½ x 6½, weighs about 75 lbs., the largest 24½ x 16 x 18, weighs about 300 lbs. Prices, $8.00 and upwards. Liberal Freight Allowance to All Points. The only Damp Proof vaults made, prices away below all others. Free Catalogue giving photos, prices and proofs.

THE MEILINK MFG CO
1022 Jackson Ave
[illegible], Ohio.

The Florsheim SHOE

The "Canterbury"

Button Oxford Patent Colt Vamp, Seamless top of dull finished kid – A new creation

The Foot-Form Shoe

No go ahead man wants to waste time trying experiments on his feet.

Strenuous people require an easy going shoe. One made on anatomical foot shapes in endless variety.

Just one make of shoes made that way — the "Florsheim" shoe — that means the inside of the shoe is in the form of *your* foot. There's a "Florsheim" shoe for every foot. The same materials — and bench work and style — and fit — and finish that you would get for $8 to $12, if made-to measure by an exclusive custom shoe maker.

Most styles sell for $5.00. "Florsheim" woven in the strap, or stamped in the sole.

Find a dealer who sells the "Florsheim" shoe He'll tell you shoe truths — "Florsheim" Shoe truths. Send to-day for

1903 Booklet Free

"The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting"

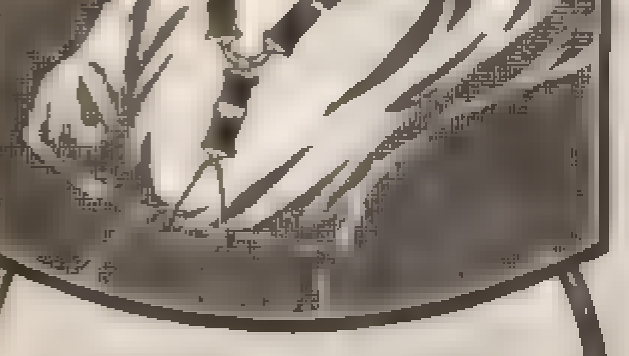
Florsheim & Company

Chicago, U. S. A.

Cyclo Suspenders

are made with a

Ball Bearing Back



A practical Suspender idea. A simple self-adjustment that instantly conforms to the slightest shoulder movement; insures perfect ease to the wearer. **Cycle Ball Bearing Suspenders** are [illegible] Trimmings will not rust. French gilt, price 50c. If your dealer doesn't keep them, send his name with price and receive sample pair

Ball Bearing Suspender Co.

703 B. B. Avenue

Shirley, Mass

Because of their construction

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

give most

Comfort and Service

Guaranteed

"All breaks made good"

"President" on buckle means "Cannot rust" 50c. and $1.00.

Any shop or by mail prepaid

The C A Edgarton Mfg Co

Box 731 L, Shirley Mass.

CORRECT WEDDING INVITATIONS

Announcements, visiting cards and society stationery direct from the makers at one profit prices.

A Book Free Simply send us your name on a postal and we will send you a 24-page book of correct society forms, lithographed from original steel engravings on fine paper—Shows over 100 forms—Write for it to-day.

THE FRANKLIN PRINTING & ENGRAVING COMPANY

507-511 Superior St., Toledo, Ohio

a sale, received from the customer a ten dollar bill, and rapped on the counter for a cash girl. Another customer was waiting for the clerk, and when a voice answered "Number forty," and a girl in the regulation "cash" uniform of the store came up, the check slip, the goods and the ten-dollar note were handed, without second thought, into the upstretched hands of "Number forty." The latter disappeared in the direction of the cash and wrapping desk—and was never seen again! She contrived to secrete the goods under a counter without being seen and to make her way out of the store—perhaps under cover of a wrap hidden at a convenient place for the purpose of aiding her escape. Of course this scheme could not be repeated, as all the clerks thereafter were alert for another attempt of the kind and carefully scrutinized all unfamiliar cash girls

The greatest care must be taken in the matter of accusing any person of theft, as a single mistake of this sort would lead to a costly suit for damages. One court judgment on this ground might easily mount high into the thousands of dollars and go beyond the value of all the goods stolen in the course of an entire year. No clerk in the establishment with which I am connected would presume to accuse a customer or bystander of stealing even if the latter were plainly seen to pick up an object and make away with it. Instead, a house detective would be summoned and the suspect shadowed until there was absolute corroboration of the theft by a second person, one experienced in the detection of shoplifting and capable of exercising mature judgment

The cleverest ruse ever employed by a store detective to induce the return of stolen goods was that habitually followed by an old man who held a position on our detective staff. He would push close behind the person with the stolen goods and begin muttering: "Better put it back! Better put it back!" If the suspect looked around, the detective's eyes were rolling in another direction. But his words almost invariably did their work and the goods would be slyly left somewhere before the shadowed criminal reached the door. His warning seldom failed to produce the desired effect. This saved disagreeable scenes and complications, and also the risk of making an accusation not capable of absolutely legal proof.

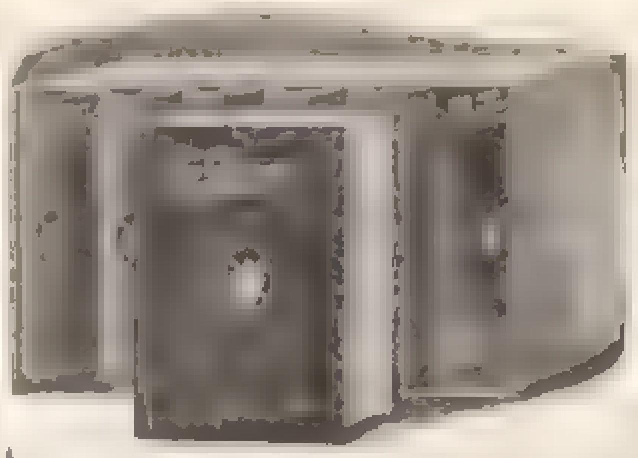
The Problem of Wealthy Kleptomaniacs

Many kleptomaniacs are caught, and among them women of wealth and social position. While these seem to have a considerable amount of public sympathy, it is difficult to see how they deserve it so much as do the poor and desperate unfortunates who steal to satisfy the pangs of hunger or some other pressing form of necessity. If any offenders of the shoplifting fraternity are entitled to extreme leniency, they are those who are driven to it by desperate want, not by a freakish monomania

It is possible to steal something besides the goods of a store. There is a class of persons who make what may be termed fictitious purchases. These are monomaniacs on the subject of buying. They make purchases of goods on a "transfer" or order them delivered "c. o. d.," never for a moment intending to receive or to pay for the articles ordered. If bought on a "transfer ticket" —which is devised for allowing various purchases in different departments, and by which the packages may be bunched and paid for at the "transfer" desk—the purchases are left unclaimed and without settlement. In case the goods are to be paid for "c. o. d., they are refused when delivered. These transactions are made purely for the excitement of buying, and the practice robs the store of the time of the employees and forms one of the most irritating nuisances possible in the routine of traffic.

Close watch should be kept on the work of his buyers by every merchant doing a large business. He should be sure that they are not unduly influenced by the men from whom he buys; that they are, in other words, wholly above favoritism.

If their purchases are generally sound and in line with good judgment, and if they do not accumulate undesirable goods, it is fair to presume that they are honest and competent men. On the other hand, if they are prone to pick up bad bargains, it matters little whether their error is one of judgment or favoritism—they are not to be retained in either event and should be dispensed with. An unsound buyer is one of the most expensive luxuries which a merchant can possibly maintain.



HOW TO SECURE THIS

$25 Set of Books=Free

To just one hundred young men I am going to present **"The Art and Literature of Business,"** which comprises six well-bound octavo volumes of approximately 400 pages each. It deals with the history, science and art of advertising, and tells exhaustively of every branch of the business.

The mechanical details, such as printing, engraving, etc., are taken up in their regular order, and the book is thus admirably adapted to the needs of the student of advertising and the business man who appreciates the necessity for a deeper insight into recognized methods of publicity, but who has heretofore been unable to secure a suitable reference work.

In a recent review *Public Improvements*, New York City, says:

"Each page contains some well-turned phrase that gives the whole a distinct literary flavor not generally met with in books of the kind. It is crowded with aphoristic philosophy that arouses and carries an interest from page to page. To all busy men this book will give great pleasure, for it treats of advertising in such a way as to make it as good a literary feast as a classic of the day."

J. F. LILLY, of Wright, Lilly & Co., Financial Agents, Colorado Springs, writes

"The first volume of the Edition de Luxe of **'The Art and Literature of Business'** has been read with much interest and profit. I consider this volume well worth the price it cost. Any young man contemplating a business career should make a careful study of advertising — the new force — and I have failed to hear of any set of books containing as comprehensive and authorized statements of the principles of advertising as this series. If there is anything better, the author will find me an easy victim."

CARL ABNER REAM, Advertising Agent, Canton, Ohio, says:

"I consider **'The Art and Literature of Business'** a masterpiece, and don't think any person engaged in business of any nature whatever can afford to be without it."

The price of the six volumes, complete, is $25 cash, or on installments

I Will Give Away One Hundred Sets

To those who take my Course of Instruction in Advertising Writing and Management

There is no other thing so needful to the young man in business as a knowledge of advertising. It is the great force of modern business and no merchant or manufacturer succeeds without it. The advertisement writer and manager is one of the highest-priced employees in any business, and his opportunities for advancement are the best.

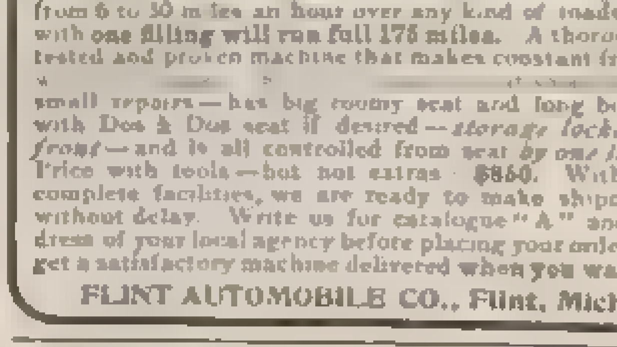
Any man with a good common school education, energy and common sense can win a place for himself in the advertising world. Many of those who have followed my instructions now hold positions with leading concerns, and are receiving from $30 to $125 a week. Good ad-writers usually earn from $20 to $100. The accompanying picture will give you an idea of what one man has done in less than ten years, beginning with a desk and a fountain pen. My course of instruction costs $40 cash, or $50 in installments. It is the best investment any father can make for his son or that any young man can make for himself. A remittance at once will secure the full course and a $25 set of **"The Art and Literature of Business" free.**

A handsome prospectus of the course, giving full particulars and evidence from students as to its benefits, will be sent on receipt of three two-cent stamps, to pay cost of mailing, and there will be included my booklets, **"How Shall a Young Man Succeed," "Other People's Brains,"** and **"The Ill-Fortune of Brother Bill."**

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES

50 Spruce St., New York

This Building erected and occupied by one of the world's greatest advertisers, Mr Robert Bonner, publisher of the *New York Ledger*, now [illegible] in America. Five floors are occupied by cylinder and job press rooms, paper stock rooms, composing room; art literary and publication departments, general offices and newspaper and magazine advertising agency. The adver- [illegible]



THE "HARDY" (Flint Roadster)

"The Touring Car for Two"

A GASOLINE automobile with the size, power, strength, comfort and elegance of the touring car but the price of a good runabout. Run by our own full [illegible] from 6 to 30 miles an hour over any kind of roads, and with **one filling will run full 175 miles.** A thoroughly tested and proven machine that makes constant friends [illegible] small repairs — has big roomy seat and long body — with Dos à Dos seat if desired — *storage locker in front* — and is all controlled from seat *by one lever.* Price with tools — but not extras — **$850.** With our complete facilities, we are ready to make shipments without delay. Write us for catalogue "A" and address of your local agency before placing your order and get a satisfactory machine delivered **when you want it.**

FLINT AUTOMOBILE CO., Flint, Mich.

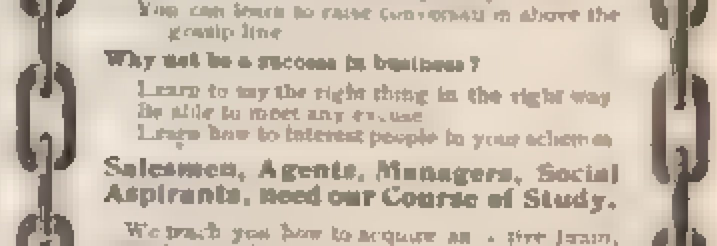
Smith's Adjustable Index Tags

"Save 20 per cent. of a book-keeper's time."

Instantly applied or moved to meet changing conditions. 400 kinds of printed tags, including [illegible] kept in stock. Tags to write on. Used by U. S. P. O. and War Depts.

Cat. & Price List Free Sample Tag 5 Cents.

Department F CHAS. C. SMITH, EXETER, NEBRASKA



How to Converse

Your body testifies to your physical strength
Your speech shows your mental ability

How to Converse

Is the strongest Link in Your Chain of Accomplishments

TAUGHT AT YOUR HOME

Why not take your proper place in society?

You can learn to fill the [illegible]
You can be an interesting [illegible]
You can learn to tell a story or a joke
You can learn to raise conversation above the gossip line

Why not be a success in business?

Learn to say the right thing in the right way
Be able to meet any excuse
Learn how to interest people in your schemes

Salesmen, Agents, Managers, Social Aspirants, need our Course of Study.

We teach you how to acquire an active brain, bright eye, elastic muscles, symmetry of figure, complexion proper carriage ease of manner

Write at once for our information booklet

20th CENTURY INSTRUCTION CO.

Box 1 320 Broadway, New York

STAMMER

Our 200-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering" sent Free to any address. Enclose 6 cents to pay postage. LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Hoskins' Imprint **Stands for Perfection**

So closely identified with the art of social engraving is the name of

HOSKINS

that it stands as the criterion [illegible]

WEDDING INVITATIONS

Tea and Visiting Cards, Invitations for Receptions

[illegible]

THE HOSKINS STORE
909 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

VOSE PIANOS

Have been Established over 51 Years

They combine delicacy of expression with durability of construction.

The *Pure Tone* is fortified with an absolute mechanical strength that is a distinguishing feature of every *Vose.*

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. *Send for our descriptive catalogue H, which gives full information.*

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
161 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Why Not Shave Yourself
Don't Be A Barber's Slave

"Griffon" SAFETY RAZOR

gives a close or an ordinary shave, instantly adjustable, easily cleaned and kept keen. For sale by all dealers or sent on receipt of price

Price, $2.00 GUARANTEED

Send for our handsome booklet, FREE

Griffon Cutlery Co., 443-444 Broadway, New York.

Pennsy Rack, $3

[illegible]

Cecil H Sherman & Co 29 So 11th St Phila.

Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

The Red Terror

DURING the last two years an unprecedented number of translations of French memoirs and autobiographies have been issued by both English and American publishers. They have proved to be so popular and form now so large a portion of the literary food supplied to the public that they ought to have a special notice.

Some of these books have been given by their publishers to translators who had a critical, even a scholarly, knowledge not only of the French and English languages, but of the subjects treated.

But others have been left to the handling of ignorant hacks who not only have lost the flavor of the text in transplanting it into another tongue, but have abridged it mercilessly. It is not only a dead body which they give us but one cut and hacked beyond recognition.

With all these drawbacks, however, the recent large output of these translations affords an opportunity to the American boy and girl who know only their own language to begin their study of French history through French biography, which is, after all, the only way to begin it. An amusing proof of the avidity with which these books have been read was the sudden fury with which book reviewers here and in England lately pounced upon Mrs. Humphry Ward when she lifted the plot of Lady Rose's Daughter bodily out of the life of Mlle d'Espinasse and made a novel of it. Two years ago, before the publication of the translation of the love letters of the French Sappho, the "borrowing" would most probably have passed undetected. The fictitious English heroine is, by the way, but a feeble reflection of the real Julie whose words still scorch and whose tears sear the heart of her reader, long as she has lain in the grave.

Among the American translations those of Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley (*Hardy, Pratt & Co.*) are conspicuous. She has chosen the most important books to work upon and has been usually accurate and intelligent in her work. She showed this intelligence by making the famous memoirs of Mme. de Motteville the initial book of her series. The condition of France under Anne of Austria and her lover and master, Mazarin, are nowhere else pictured so sharply. The Queen's waiting woman and confidante each night locked her door and sat down to record the doings of the court and people during the day with what Sainte-Beuve calls "a most reasonable mind and decent pen." A shrewd little woman, but neither romantic nor malicious, her pictures are correct as photographs. Day after day she showed the slowly changing relation of sovereign and people, the growth in the masses of the spirit of revolt which showed itself in the rational demands of the Fronde, and was to end thereafter in the guillotine and the Red Terror.

Aside from its historical value, no novel holds us with so rapt an interest as this story of Anne, a woman whose blood was that of a race which had ruled for centuries, to whom her subjects always were inferior creatures, akin to dogs or rats. With smiling contempt she faced mobs of them crying out for her blood; yet in soul and body she was the slave of a greedy, vulgar plebeian, whom she loved. The Cardinal, while he lived, did not spare the lash on his poor chattel. But when he was gone she stood upright, and presently died like a queen and a holy martyr.

It is a unique story. Having read it, our young student should take up the Memoirs of the Duc de Saint Simon. There are twenty volumes of this book in the original, which Miss Wormeley has cut down to four. She usually shows fine discretion in her abridgments. But slaughter so wholesale as this necessarily degenerates from murder into butchery. To use a homely simile, there is the same difference between the original work and its translation as between a royal sirloin and a pot of hash. But even this mutilated summary makes for the careful reader a consecutive page to Mme. de Motteville's memoirs in the history of France. The great Duke, like the obscure waiting-woman, secretly wrote for many years at night in the solitude of his chamber the story

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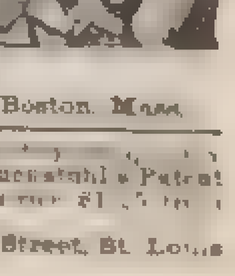

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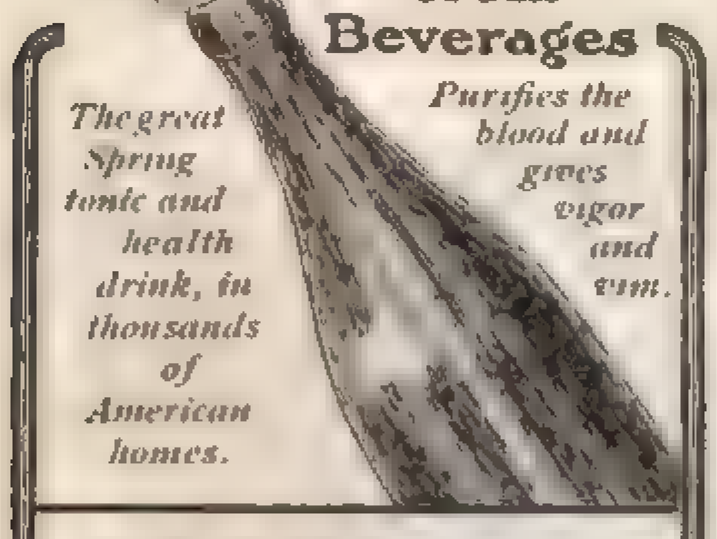
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of the court and of the black tides of human life around it

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It is a story not without significance to Americans

The student would do well to next read Horace Walpole's and Madame de Sévigné's Letters, if he would make the court of the grand Louis as familiar to himself as are his own street and his neighbors. Whether his sympathy will be with the brutish fellow in the fields who boils grass to keep himself from starving or with his mistress in the château who may lose her virtue, but never her good breeding, is perhaps a matter of temperament. There certainly was a strong and just case on both sides

Several translations have recently appeared bearing on the two following reigns. M. de Saint Armand's Life of Madame de Pompadour (*Scribners*) is, like his other books, perfunctory and lifeless, and bears the marks of a literary job undertaken for a given price. But as far as it goes it is correct.

The Memoirs of Madame Du Barry, translated by H. T. Riley, and of which a limited number were printed for the Caslon Society were compiled with much skill, and perhaps give as faithful a picture of the famous courtesan and of Louis XV and his court during his old age as can be found. Nothing can be more foreign to modern eyes than the glimpse of Versailles with its magnificence and its filth, the couches of solid gold and the open sewers in the halls, the priceless pictures and statues crowding the chambers, with not a single bathtub in sight; lace fichus and strings of diamonds worth a principality covering necks still red with smallpox, and strangest of all, the homage the servile worship given to a family coarse in body and brutish in habit beyond other men, even in that brutish age

A little Memoir of the Princess Hélène de Ligne, edited by Lucien Perey (*Richard Bentley & Son, London*), throws a significant side-light upon the position and character of the noble women of France at that time

Helène was the daughter of a Polish prince of enormous wealth and was sent when eight years old to the Abbaye aux Bois, a convent where only French girls of the highest rank were educated. There they were taught to sing, to dance, to speak one or two languages and to bear themselves in every strait as noble women of France. They learned that lesson well. These were the women who held the famous salons of Paris during that century, where wit and good breeding reached their finest flowering, and they were the women who looked down silently from the carts on their way to the guillotine with a calm surprise at their shrieking murderers.

At thirteen the parents usually notified the child that a husband had been chosen for her and brought him the next day to the convent. Great was the anxiety of the bride and her playmates to see him. If he were young and smiling, what universal joy! But no girl ever doubted that the bride would be pleasant and courteous in this new relationship. That was a matter of course. Presently, no doubt, the lover would come. They whispered of that with smiles and finger on the lip.

The child bride was betrothed in great state, then went back to her playmates and in a year or two was married and carried away to the court and the great world. Presently—the lover came, and she loved him. Was she so much to blame? Our little Polish Princess Hélène was married and afterward found her lover, and made her way to him, as she tells us, over three coffins. The story is worth reading. There is something to be said even for those faithless wives of Paris

When the beginner in French history has come thus far there are a dozen memoirs

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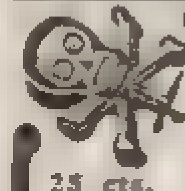

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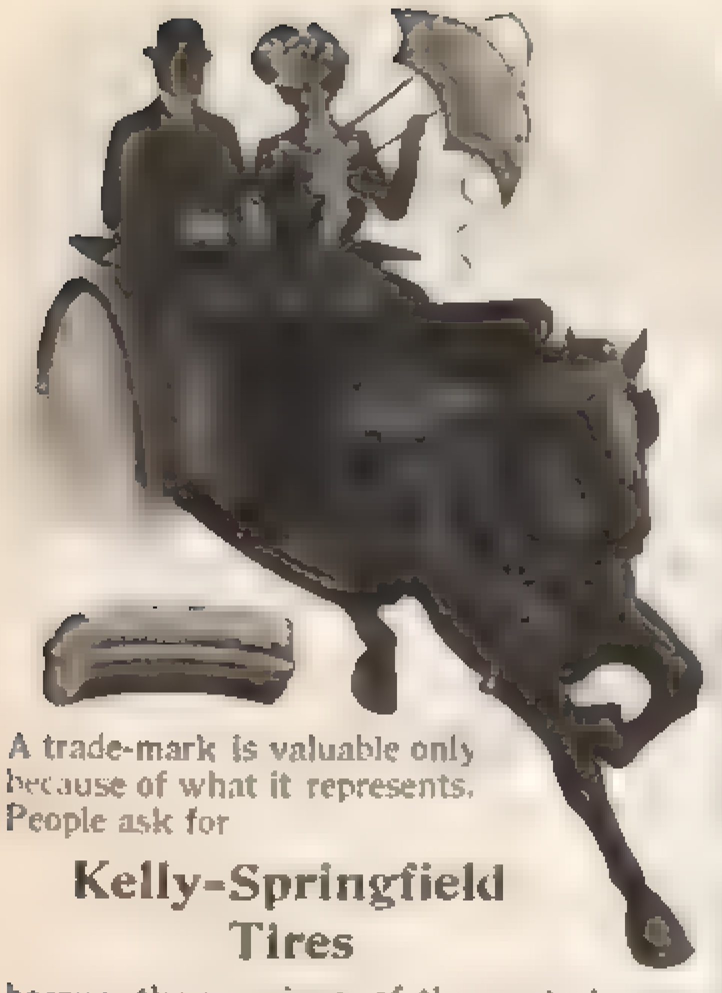

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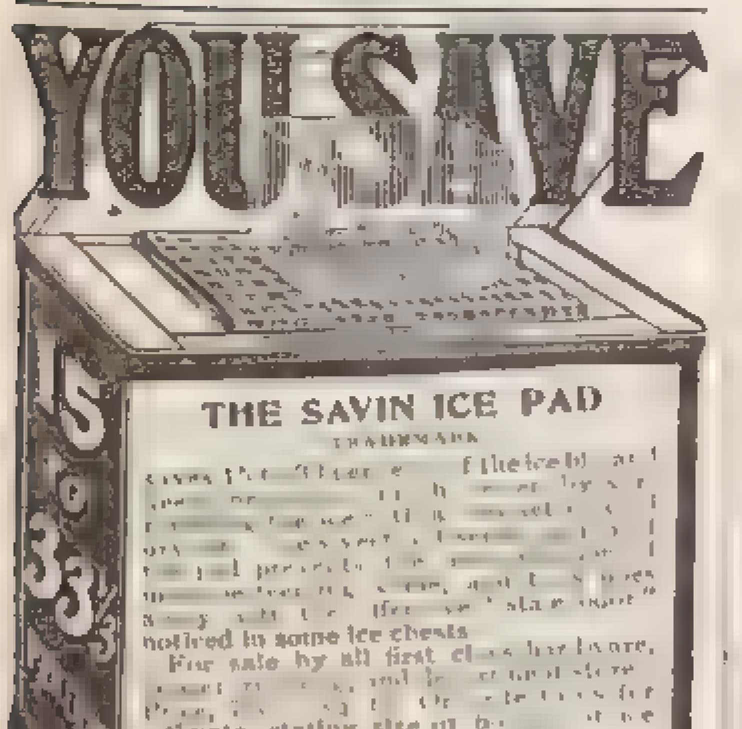

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which he should read simultaneously. Every historian of that period oddly becomes a special pleader either for or against Jacques. The student can correct the exaggerations of one biographer by those of his opponents.

Among these books are the first six volumes of the series of thirteen by Imbert de Saint Armand upon the Famous Women of the French Court *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*.

A Life of Marie Antoinette, by Maxime de la Rocheterie *(Dodd, Mead & Co.)*.

The Secret History of the Court of France, by De Challice *(Henry Colburn, London)*.

When the student has learned the details of the great tragedy of modern history from these private gossips he will be ready to listen more calmly to the foremost of all special pleaders, Carlyle.

The Guardian of Marie Antoinette, just published *(Dodd, Mead & Co.)*, is the most important recent contribution to the history of the period. It is an abstract of the private letters written by the Comte de Mercy Argenteau, Ambassador from Austria to the French court for the Empress Marie Therèse. They date from the arrival of Marie Antoinette in France a bride until the birth of her second child, eleven years later. The shrewd Comte was, in fact, a friendly spy sent by the Empress to watch over her daughter and to advise her. His report was dispatched weekly to her, not through the mails, which were open to the King, his ministers and his mistresses, but by secret messengers. These letters have been kept in the Royal Archives of Austria and are translated into English now for the first time.

They show us the court and the nation of France as they appeared to the keen eyes of a foreigner. There is no special pleading here. His sketches are bald facts; the senile old king who would not give a sou to the starving people whom he loathed, but who spent millions on his vices; his daughters, grown old and malignant in their virtue; his sons, one "fit to keep the bar of a country inn," the other the heir to the throne, an overgrown child, half witted and filthy in person; both court and people under the rule of the vulgar, kindly mistress of the king, the illegitimate daughter of a hostler. Into this little world came Marie Antoinette, a child of fifteen, innocent, affectionate, tactless and as eager for amusement as any other girl of her age.

We all know the miserable story.

But this book shows us that the most tragic figure in it was not the young girl dancing gayly down the road to the guillotine, but her mother who had set her feet upon that road.

Marie Therèse was the last of a long race of kings. It was natural that she should give her life to placing her children on thrones.

Once, the story goes, she opened the map of Europe before her little girl and asked: "What country should you like to rule over?"

"France," promptly replied the child, "because it has had the greatest and the holiest king of the world."

The shrewd mother reported the saying to Louis, who thereafter was resolved that this child should become the dauphine.

The marriage was urged on hastily. The vigorous old queen anxiously trained the little girl in the art of ruling. She taught her how to dress, how to speak, how to hold the impertinent in check, how to control her own curiosity and impulses, and above all to submit to God. She knelt beside her daily and prayed with her. The great ruler was as vehement in her religion as in her policy. When the girl was married and gone, her old mother besieged God for her incessantly, and wrote her interminable letters of advice.

One is glad to find that the young girl always gave back her love. When she first set foot in her new kingdom her only words were: "I never shall see *her* again," with bitter tears.

She never did see her again. The old Empress, warned by Mercy year after year of the gathering dangers around her child, wrote endless warnings to her, and prayed and wept and sent little presents from home to comfort and please her just as any poor mother would do.

She died, fortunately, before the end came.

Another genuine book is the Memoirs of Mlle. des Echerolles *(John Lane, London and New York)*. It is the true story of a child, one of the *haute noblesse*, during the Reign of Terror, written in after life by herself. It is inartistic, inconsequent and real. One hears the thud of the ax in it and smells the dripping blood.

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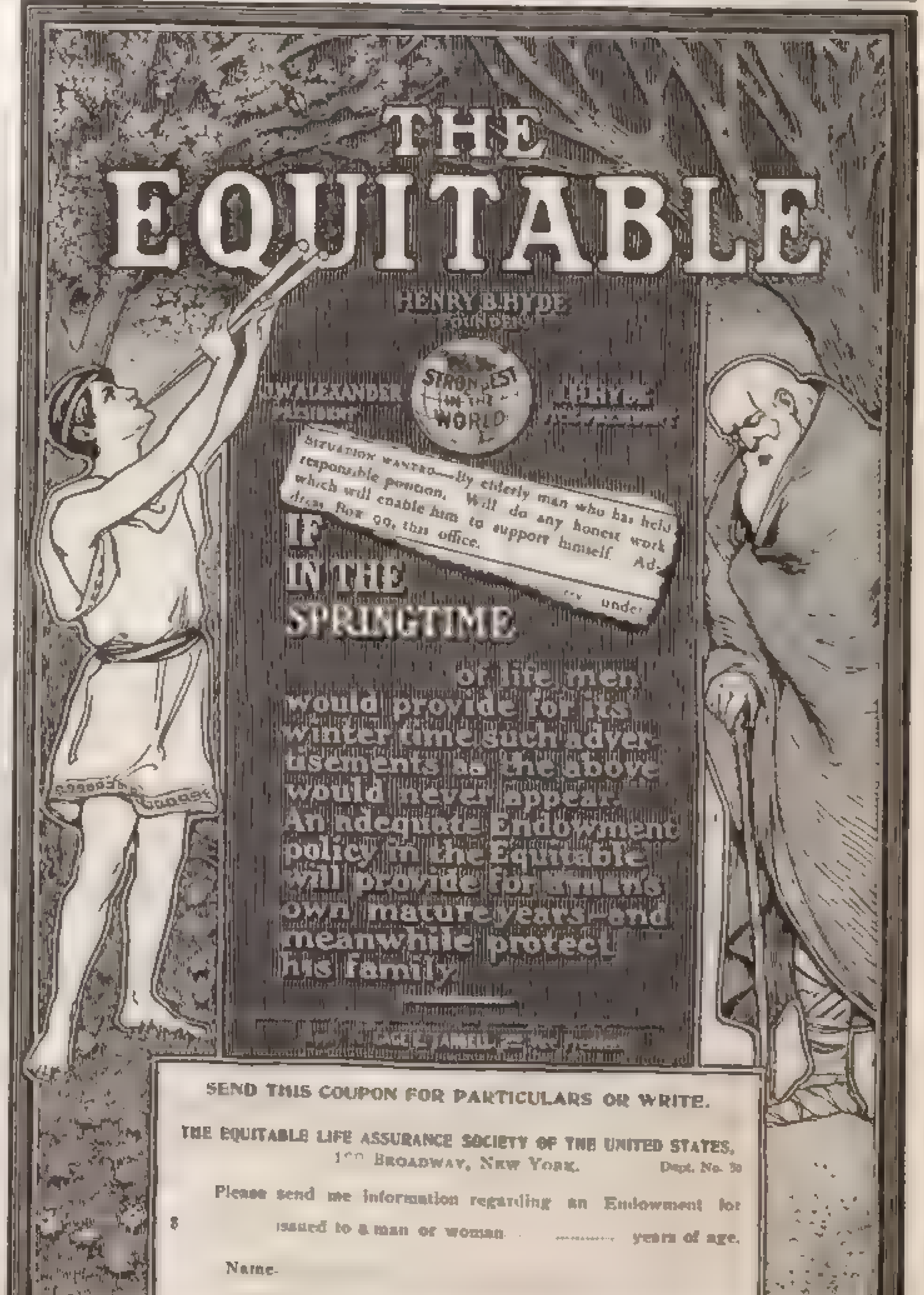

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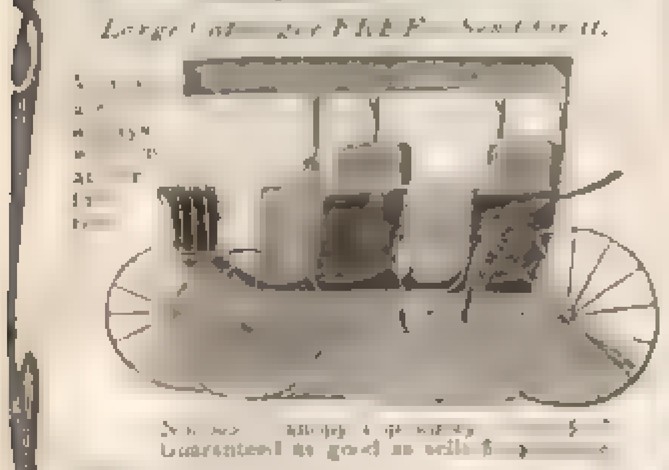

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THE CONTRABAND BIRD TRAFFIC — The strange transformations undergone by familiar friends in the vernacular of the trade.

TAME birds are beginning to reappear in many localities where, a few years ago, it was believed they had been practically exterminated. In some places this is the result of the protection afforded the birds by Government and State authorities.

In the work of safeguarding threatened species many interesting incidents occur. It is unlawful at any time to sell or kill robins in the District of Columbia. It was known that in defiance of the law a fashionable café included robins on its menu. They were served as "Jerusalem pheasants." The waiters were wary, and when Government ornithologists tried to get evidence against the establishment by ordering these birds, the establishment was always just out.

Stratagem was employed. A man who had none of the telltale airs of the scientist was used as a decoy. He regaled himself on "Jerusalem pheasants" and smuggled the bones into his pockets. The next day he reported to the Biological Survey. The skeletons of his feast were reconstructed and examined and found to be the remains of robins.

Doctor Palmer confronted the café management with the evidence. The restaurateur sent for his lawyer, a prominent man who had once been on a hunting trip with President Roosevelt.

"These fellows," said the café owner, "cannot prove I sold robins inasmuch as the heads and feet of the birds were cut off and destroyed."

"On my Western trip," counsel replied, "there was a bird expert in the party. That ornithologist could identify any species if we passed him the wish-bone or any bone of the breast. As you can't very well serve your 'Jerusalem pheasants' minus the breast, I advise you to compromise and do it quickly."

The restaurant man weakened. His two thousand robins in cold storage were confiscated and a liberal fine imposed. Robins are safe now in Washington. This season they have appeared in numbers.

Every spring, particularly just before the Easter display of millinery, Doctor Palmer organizes an inspection of all establishments in Washington dealing in ladies' hats. In simultaneous cooperation with him throughout the various States are local wardens.

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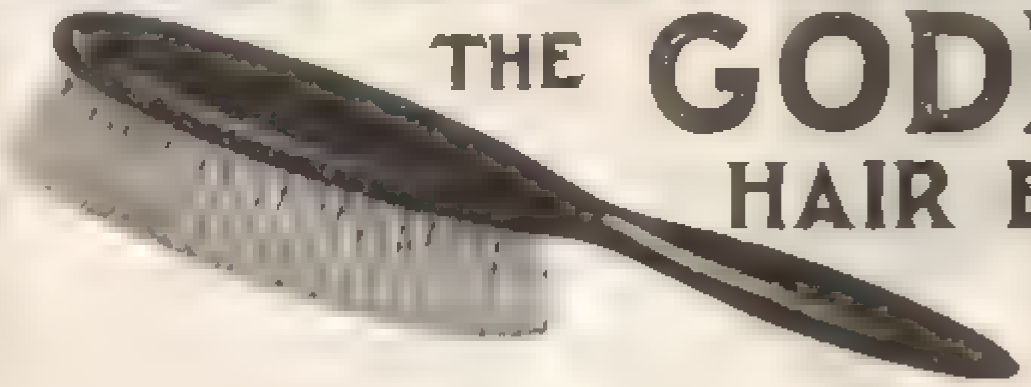

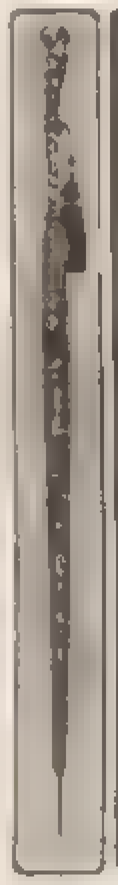

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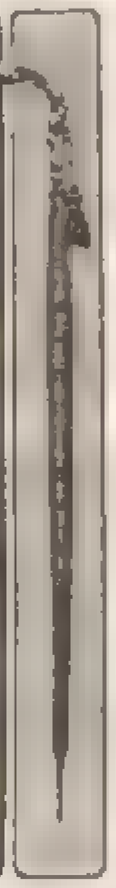

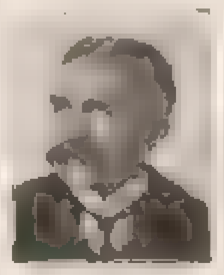

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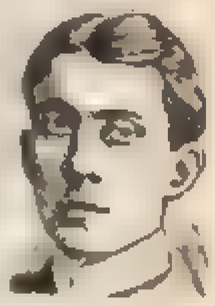

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All hats trimmed with feathers of gulls and terns and other protected birds are seized. In some places the penalty imposed upon this contraband traffic is severe, but action is suspended where dealers agree to return the proscribed feathers to the wholesalers. The result is that most dealers are becoming wary of purchasing a stock of hat trimmings liable at any time to get them into trouble.

The trade, therefore, in artificial birds manufactured from feathers of barnyard fowl, ingeniously fixed to wire and wadding, with eyes of colored porcelain and beaks of bone, is growing prodigiously. In fact, in recent enactments prohibiting the importation of birds into the United States special exception is made of birds and bird plumage manufactured from the feathers of hens, roosters, ducks, geese, peafowls, Guinea fowls and turkeys.

Doctor Palmer was asked why such persistent effort had been made to protect gulls. He cited three reasons for their preservation. The first is that their piscatorial habits are an unfailing guide to the location and movements of schools of fish, the gulls thus rendering a great economic service to the fishing industry. In the second place, the work of the birds as scavengers in populous harbors is incalculable. Their destruction would be a menace to health. The third point in their defense is that they are picturesque, adding much attractiveness to many of the great American ports.

SCIENTIFIC RICE CULTURE — The Gulf planters are introducing Japanese methods, but do not fear Japanese competition.

SCIENTIFIC agriculture promises a new system of rice culture in America which will greatly lessen the cost of harvesting and will double the productivity of the plantations. It is an interesting fact that, in order to obtain this important secret in rice growing, America has been obliged to turn once more to Japan.

A few years ago it was found that the rice then grown in America was not sufficiently strong to stand machine methods. A new variety, called Kiushu, was introduced into Texas and Louisiana from Japan with results that have been very satisfying to planters. This variety is not subject to breakage in milling.

A new problem soon developed. Rice could be planted in the Gulf belt in March, April, May and June, but the time of harvest for these crops was about the same, regardless of the date of planting. Centuries of cultivation along regular lines had fixed the time of ripening. If the seed was planted late it grew to maturity with that much greater rapidity. As harvest rates for labor are high it has multiplied expenses to have to gather the crop in a short space of time. Experts, therefore, were sent to Japan recently to select seed of early, medium and late maturing varieties so that American planters can prolong the harvesting over several months. Fifteen varieties have been brought to the United States. Under scientific auspices this seed has been planted, and when fully tested will be distributed throughout the rice belt. It is believed that the experiments will disclose that the Japanese rice will retain the habits of growth fixed by ages of cultivation. If so, rice growers will be enabled to regulate the maturing of crops so that harvest-time can be extended over three or four months, and will require little, if any, more hired help than planting. It is estimated, moreover, that with this promised innovation the increase of rice production for each farmer will be from fifty to one hundred per cent.

Although the visiting scientists found much in Japan of profit to American rice husbandry, what they saw convinced them of the groundlessness of the economic fear prevalent in some quarters that Japanese agricultural products may ultimately compete with American in the home markets of the United States. Japan has a ratio of population of 3000 to every square mile of arable land. If Iowa fields were cultivated on the Japanese plan, that State would sustain a population of 150,000,000, while Texas would support over 600,000,000 people. In Japan there is a very narrow margin between consumption and the greatest possible production. The rice farmers of Japan have perfected their methods in fields many of which average about thirty-five feet square. The tax on these diminutive plantations is enormous, being not less than at the rate of eight dollars an acre. If an American farmer owning one hundred acres had to pay eight hundred dollars in taxes he would have little zest for agriculture.

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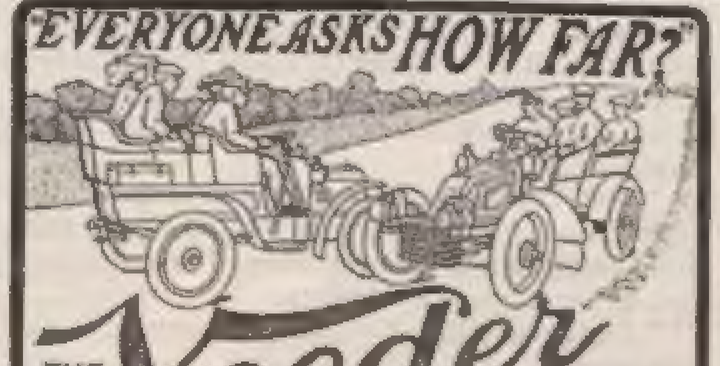
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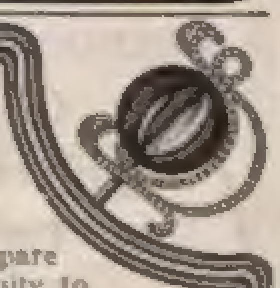

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A West Point Start

(Concluded from Page 7)

eye of his around the chamber and endangering the chandelier's integrity with the thunders of his voice.

"Then I came down to imitations of people I had seen and heard, and told stories, and those boys applauded everything that was worth applauding and I don't know but some things that weren't worth it.

"Well, when I went off and Captain Randolph came around to congratulate me I felt that little Bob Green, ex-hotel clerk and man-in-want-of-a-job, had found it, all right.

"Why, I felt as if I were seven feet high, and as if the United States were Heaven and the cadets were angels, and that it was perpetual summer outside, and that dates were growing on all the trees irrespective of the kind of tree, and that if Daniel Webster could have looked in on my triumph he would have said, '*Never* in my life, young man, did I *ever* enthrall an audience as you have enthralled this one.' Consider what I had been before supper and you won't blame me for getting the big head.

"The boys went trooping out with their military stride, imitating my imitations, and followed by the officers and their wives and last of all the soldiers of the post, and then the business man of the combine came into the little room and said, 'Well, I suppose that now you'd like me to do a little business with you. It was a good show.'

"And then, for the first time, it struck me that I was in a fair way to become dishonest. Whoever that money belonged to it didn't belong to me and I said impulsively, 'I want to see Colonel Miller.'

"Colonel Miller is the high muckamuck of West Point, and I suppose it was a little like saying to a man in front of the White House, 'Say, will you run in and tell the President that I want to see him out here for about five minutes?' But I got the Colonel and he was a very unassuming, agreeable gentleman, too. I didn't give him a military salute, but I gave him an ex-hotel clerk's bow and then I said, 'Colonel Miller, were you satisfied with the entertainment this evening?'

"He expressed himself as having been very much delighted and said that it would do the boys good, and when he was through I said:

"'Thank you, I feel repaid; but I want to say that I can't accept the money that this gentleman wants to give me because—well, you see, I've played a trick on you all.'

"The Colonel stared at me in surprise.

"As hastily and as briefly as I could I told him all about myself and the events of the evening and the temptation to which I had yielded, and I wound up by saying, 'If you think I have earned a fee, all right, but, of course, the money this gentleman has was intended for Mr. Ingraham, and does not belong to me.'

"The Colonel thought a minute, plumping his right fist into his left palm and then reversing the process, and at last he said:

"'Your course was a little unconventional, but you certainly succeeded in amusing the boys, and that's what they came here for to-night, and although you don't seem to be a *regular* but only a *volunteer*, still there's no doubt but you're the hero of this occasion, and to the victor belong the spoils.' Then he offered me his hand, waved me toward the treasurer and left the room.

"But just then I had a new thought, almost as brilliant as the first one. I said 'Wait a minute' to the treasurer and I followed the Colonel out into the auditorium. 'Colonel Miller,' said I, 'would it be out of the ordinary run for me to ask for a testimonial that I can use in a circular? I feel that this is a turning point in my career. If I can entertain West Point cadets I suppose I'll do for 'most anybody.'

"The Colonel elevated his brows prodigiously, coughed deeply and pursed up his lips, and then he said, 'Young man, I wonder *why* you never succeeded before.'

"That was all. Then he left me with the treasurer."

The train slackened up as it ran into Albany. The little group began to say appreciative things to Mr. Green, but the most eminently practical one of the lot, the one who was engineering the excursion, said:

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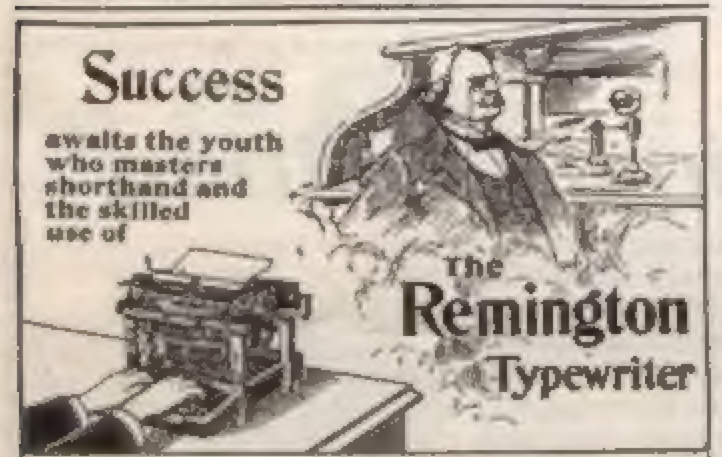

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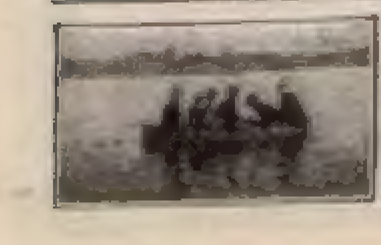

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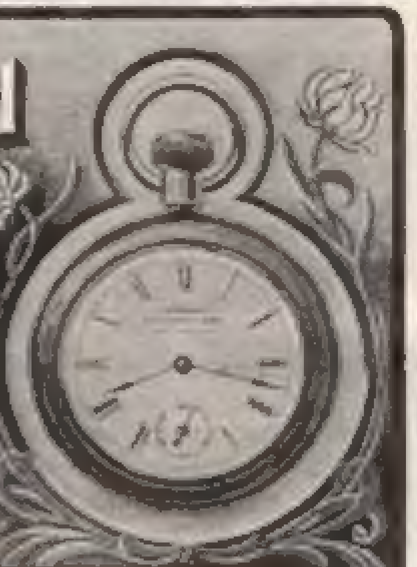

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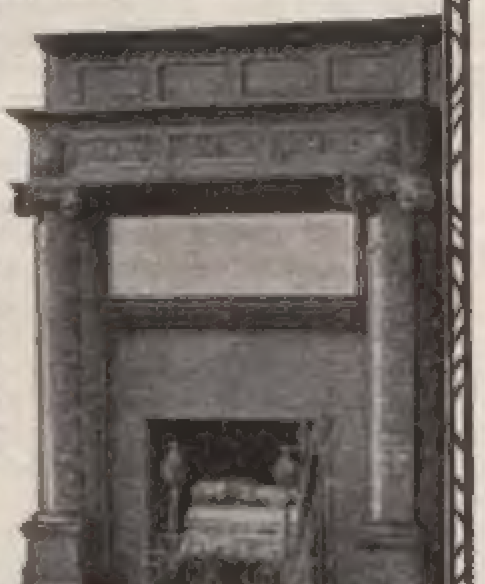

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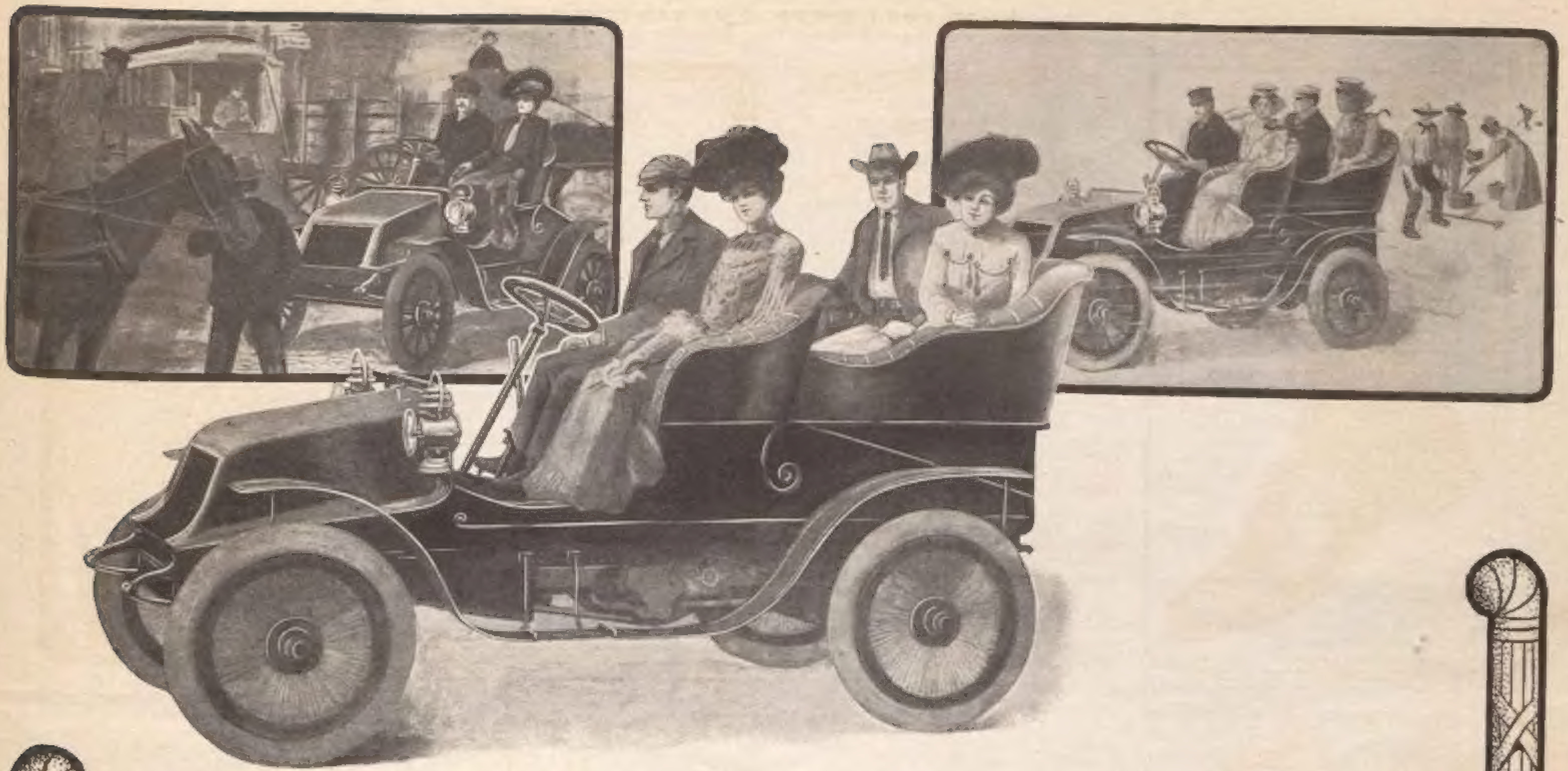
TELEGRAPHY

Thoroughly and quickly taught. Expenses low and can be reduced one-half by working for board. Railroads give our graduates immediate employment and furnish free passes to destinations. We have more places open for our students than we can fill, and can give choice of railroads in several States. Write for catalogue. *We pay railroad fare to Janesville.*

Valentines' School of Telegraphy, Janesville, Wis.



With Your Foot on the Button, One Mile or a Hundred

is reeled away with luxurious ease, safety and comfort, and the same simple method of

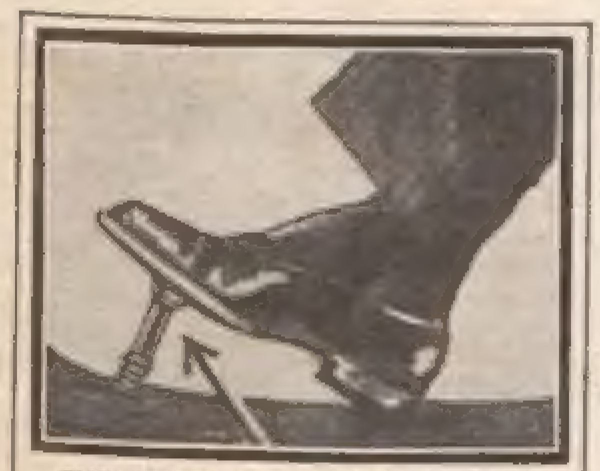
PERFECT SPEED CONTROL

enables you to thread a way quickly and safely through a crowded city street, or run at exhilarating speed on the boulevard or country road, when you travel in the

Winton

One of the cardinal virtues of the Winton is that it is always "well in hand." By the simplicity of its operating mechanism it enables the driver to be at perfect ease under all conditions, without burdening his attention with this or that gauge or lever. The speed is controlled by the spring "governor-button" under the driver's right foot. (See illustration below.) By simply increasing the pressure on this button, speed of car increases; relieve the pressure, the car slows down. No exertion—no effort—no distracting of attention. When, in addition to the mechanical reliability of the Winton, you consider its luxurious appointments and beauty of construction, you will appreciate its wonderful popularity.

Price of the 20 horse-power Winton Touring Car, complete with full brass side-lamps, horn, tools, etc., is $2500. Visit any of our branch or agency depots and the excellence of the Winton will be fully demonstrated.



THE WINTON "GOVERNOR-BUTTON."

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES:

New York, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, 150-152 E. 58th Street, Percy Owen, Manager.
Chicago, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, 1400 Michigan Avenue, Chas. H. Tucker, Manager.
Philadelphia, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, 246-248 No. Broad Street, A. E. Maltby, Manager.
Boston, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, Berkley and Stanhope Streets, Harry Fosdick, Manager.
Cleveland, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, Euclid Avenue and Huron Street, Chas. B. Shanks, Manager.

Albany, N. Y., Jas. Lucey, 167 North Pearl Street.
Baltimore, Md., Cook & Owesney, 1118 Cathedral Street.
Binghamton, N. Y., R. W. Whipple & Company.
Buffalo, N. Y., W. C. Jaynes Automobile Company, 873-875 Main Street.
Cincinnati, O., The Hanauer Automobile Company.
Columbus, O., Avery & Davis, 1199-1201 Franklin Avenue.
Dayton, Ohio, Kiser & Company.
Denver, Colo., Colorado Automobile Company, 321-16th Street.
Derby, Conn., N. L. Bliever.
Des Moines, Iowa, Hopkins-Sears Company.
Detroit, Mich., W. E. Metzger, 265-269 Jefferson Avenue.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Adams & Hart, 12 W. Bridge Street.
Hartford, Conn., Brown, Thomson & Company.
Indianapolis, Ind., Fisher Automobile Company, Cyclorama Place.
Keene, N. H., Wilkins Toy Company.
Los Angeles, Cal., The Locomobile Company, of the Pacific.
Louisville, Ky., Sutcliffe & Company, 328-330 W. Main Street.

Milwaukee, Wis., The Bates-Odenbrett Automobile Company.
Minneapolis, Minn., A. C. Bennett, 24-26 Eighth Street, North.
New Haven, Conn., H. C. Holcomb, 105 Goffe Street.
Omaha, Neb., H. E. Fredrickson, 1502 Capitol Avenue.
Pittsburg, Pa., Seeley Manufacturing Company, East End.
Portland, Me., F. O. Bailey Carriage Company, 165 Middle Street.
Reading, Pa., Reading Automobile Company, 6 South Fifth Street.
Rochester, N. Y., Rochester Automobile Company, J. J. Mandery, Manager.
San Francisco, The Locomobile Company, of the Pacific.
Springfield, Mass., A. A. Geisel, 36 Dwight Street.
St. Louis, Halsey Automobile Company, 4259 Olive Street.
Syracuse, N. Y., Syracuse Automobile Company.
Toledo, O., Toledo Motor Carriage Company.
Toronto, Canada, Canada Cycle and Motor Company.
Troy, N. Y., Jas. Lucey, 359 Fulton Street.
Utica, N. Y., Miller-Mundy Motor Car Company.
Washington, D. C., Cook & Owesney, Stanton Court.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY, Berea Road, Cleveland, U. S. A.

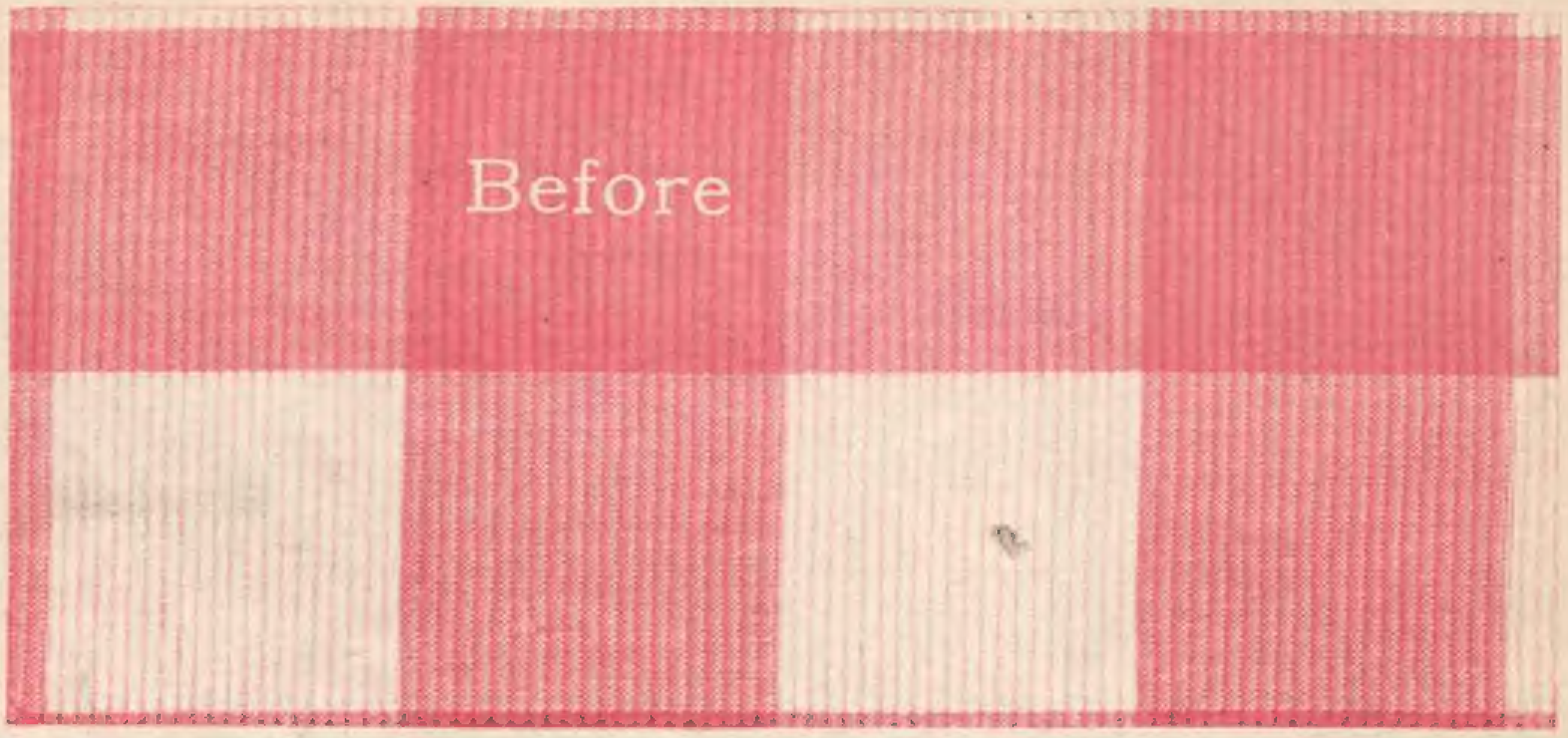
Messrs. R. A. Whytlaw,
Son & Co., New York City

Gentlemen: Will you kindly examine the piece of red and white checker board Piqué herewith? This is of your manufacture. One end (one-half of the piece) has been submerged for forty-eight hours in a solution of **Pearline** *twelve times the ordinary wash tub strength. This is a more severe test of the effect of* **Pearline** *upon fabric and colors than would be*

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED ORDINARY WASHINGS.

Can you tell us which half of this piece has been submerged? Does the color or the fabric show the slightest deterioration?

Yours truly,
James Pyle & Sons



She Who Fears Pearline

for colored wash fabrics, fine ginghams, delicate laces, etc., should herself make a test similar to that herein described. In this test we took a risk 1700 times as great as an ordinary Pearline wash where the contact period is 20 minutes and the quantity of Pearline used only 1-12 of that used in our test.

THE TEST The piece marked "after" was cut from the same goods as that marked "before," and was then soaked for 40 hours in a solution of Pearline 12 times as strong as the suds prescribed in Pearline directions.

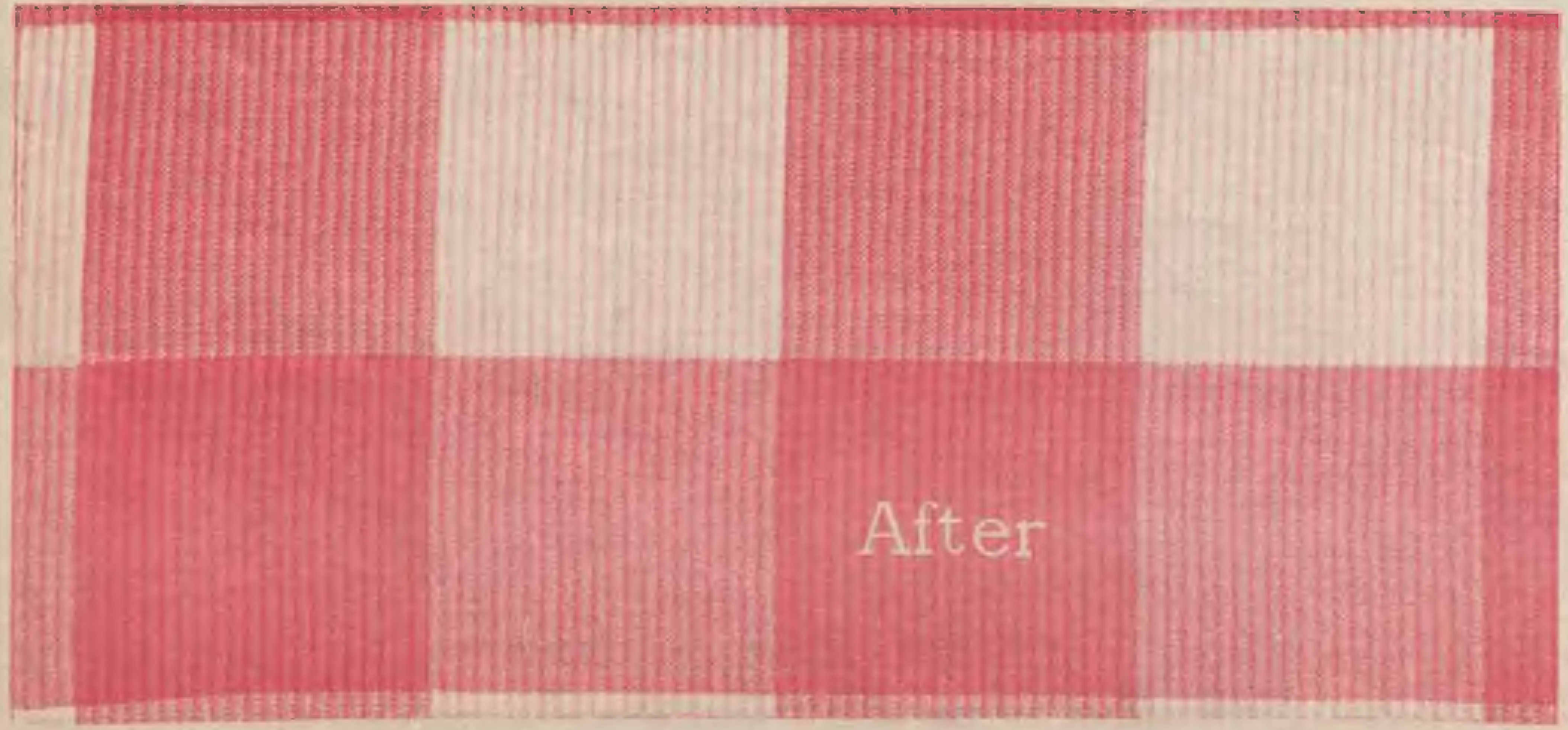
THE RESULT Both pieces were photographed side by side. An expert cannot detect any loss or deterioration of color or fabric—there isn't any. Read accompanying letter from R. A. Whytlaw, Son & Company.

Prove Your Wash Fabrics

THE TEST Obtain a sample of material before buying: Cut it in half: Soak for any length of time one portion in a solution of *Pearline* as strong as directed for heaviest, coarsest washing. Rinse in clear water. Compare the portion washed with the unwashed half.

There will be no loss of color if the material is trustworthy.

If color fades when washed with *Pearline* **the material is not wash fabric**



Messrs. Jas. Pyle & Sons
New York City

Dear Sirs: We have your favor of the 17th, along with the cutting of red and white checker board Piqué. In reply, we beg to say that the white in the end WHICH WE BELIEVE to have been submerged appears to us to have been improved, i. e., a cleaner white, and the red comes up a slightly deeper tinge than in the original—improved, if anything. So far as the fabric is concerned, we

COULD NOT DECIDE WHICH END

had been soaked in Pearline.

Yours faithfully,
R. A. Whytlaw, Son & Co.
W. A. McCreery, Treas.